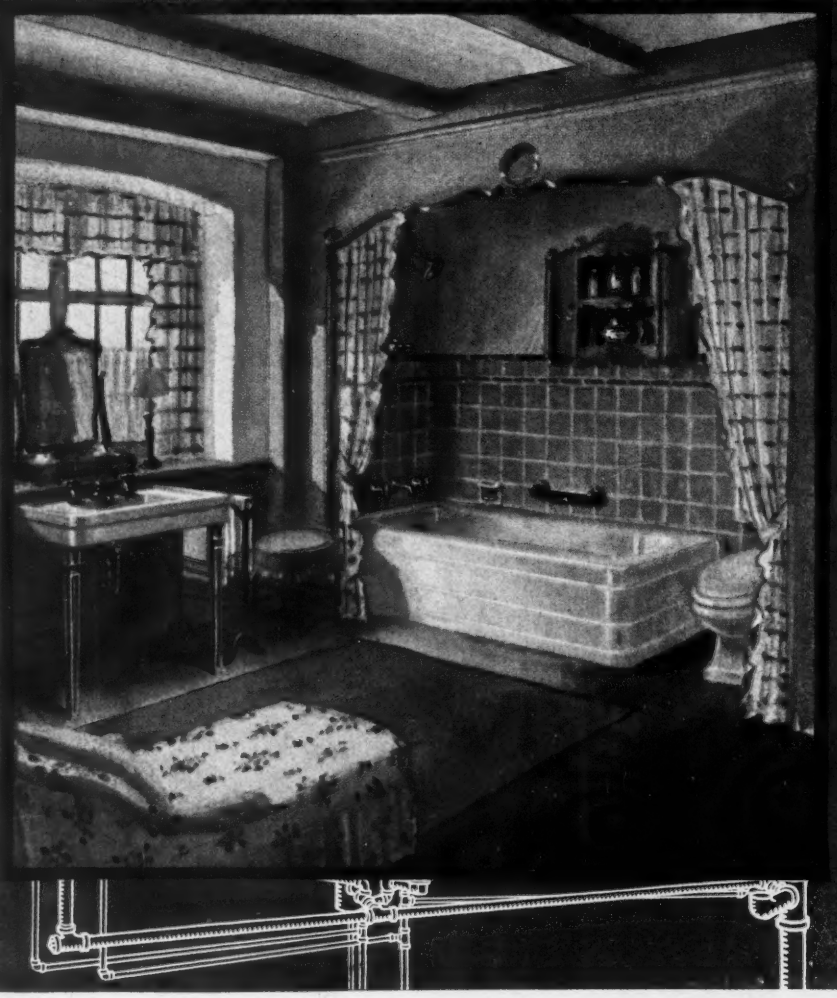
Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan
APR 9 1930
May
35 Cents

Mr. COOLIDGE

Speaks His Mind on

Prohibition - The Market
riff - That Senatorship - Another Term

1855 · SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY · 1930



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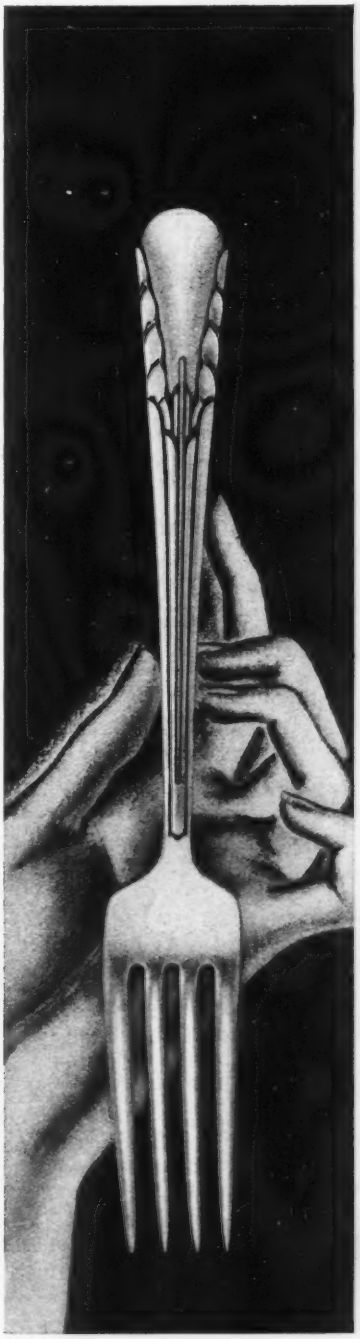

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Fine Arts Division . . . Wallingford, Conn.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

VOL. LXXXVIII NO. 5

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RAY LONG, President. THOMAS J. WHITE, Vice-President. AUSTIN W. CLARK, Treasurer. ARTHUR S. MOORE, Secretary.

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MAY
1930

Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG
Editor

This is my ideal for an Epitaph

I AM so much an admirer of Calvin Coolidge and so gratified by his close association with this magazine that at times I may see greater virtues in the things he says than others see who are less enthusiastic. Just the same, I don't believe anyone will disagree with my belief that in the last sentence in his article in this issue he has set down a credo which might be adopted to advantage by every one of us:

"I should like to be known as a former President who tries to mind his own business."

"*Mind his own business!*" Think of all the trouble, all the grief that might be avoided if all of us did that. Think of the time that might be saved, the energy that might be conserved. Think of the failures who might be successes, of the heartbreaks that might be avoided; the homes that might be preserved . . .

"Here lies Ray Long, a man who minded his own business."

If those who know me best can conscientiously engrave that on my tomb, I'll feel that I have succeeded well in life. And if, after reading Mr. Coolidge's article, I fail to justify the inscription, it won't be because I haven't tried; it will mean only that I, like so many of you, was too weak to live as I wanted to live.

Reflections from by CALVIN

The Former President *here tells* Just What Playing *the* Market, *the* Suggestion Another Term, *and* MINDING In *the Companionship of my* Home, *with my* Fish

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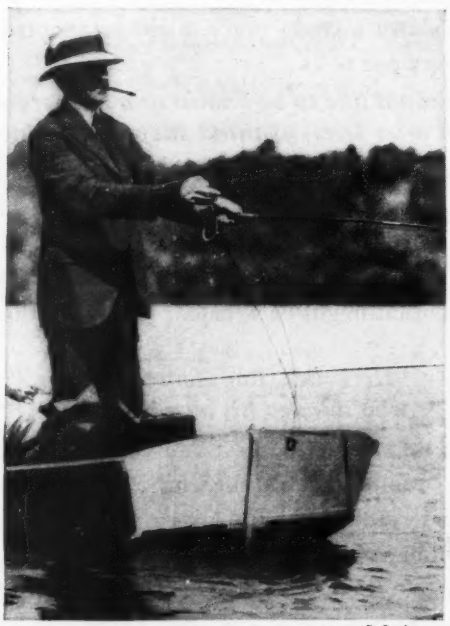
WHEN I left the White House a year ago my main desire was to get home where I hoped again to have the enjoyments of private life. I carried with me many offers of employment to which I had replied that I would consider them after I had retired from public office. I expected to take some kind of permanent occupation which I could decide upon at my leisure.

Although I was in excellent health, and felt greatly relieved at my freedom from governmental responsibilities, of course I found I was both physically and mentally considerably exhausted. I needed rest so much that it proved very hard to confer with all the people who sought to see me. Some to my regret had to be disappointed.

It soon developed however that I could not have all the pleasure of retirement that I had anticipated. Many messages came to me from all parts of the Country. A large number of newspaper men and picture men appeared, each anxious for copy. I helped them all as best I could, but I saw them in groups, because I felt that such obligations as I had in that direction were still general, rather than individual, and that the only fair attitude was to treat them all alike by giving whatever I could to all the press to use if it so desired. I did not wish to give interviews, or to be quoted, but to furnish any information I could when it was sought. Naturally I have also tried to avoid taking part myself in what appeared to me to be sensational and inconsequential discussions, although I have no power to prevent them.



P. & A.

For a long time I had wanted to make some record of my early life in rural Vermont, and give some account of my entering the office of President and why I left it, because many of these details were known only to myself. It did not seem appropriate to publish these while I was in office.

After these articles were prepared it was apparent that, if the interval between them were filled in, it would make the sketch of an Autobiography. It was my hope to produce a book that would not only have some historical interest, but would be useful for those in public life, in educational work, in preparation for citizenship, and would be especially a book that parents would wish their children to read.

As I was trying to give a description of some of my own experiences, that were oftentimes subjective, I have sometimes been thought to be lacking in good taste. Of course I was. Men in public life in this Country are permitted to indulge in the luxury of good taste only moderately. Those who enter that field are forced for the most part to sacrifice their sensibilities.

But when I received a letter from a scholar, who is eminent in two continents, praising my book, which he said he had placed beside his Bible, I knew that the effort and the sacrifice I had made were not entirely in vain. I had contributed something, notwithstanding its imperfections, to the record of the story of my Country.

THIS work was done before May, though the publication ran on into November. While many offers have come to me to enter journalism I have not done any further writing of consequence. Nor have I been willing to go about making speeches.

What I might do in journalism would be on the editorial side. I should be expected to supply criticism of the subjects with which I have had most experience, which would require me to deal very largely with the affairs of government. I felt that would be distasteful to me.

When I left Washington it was because I believed my work in the government service was done. I decided to withdraw from it entirely. All my contacts with it are severed, all my sources of information about it are closed, and I have no special knowledge of the facts concerning most current events, which would enable me

Private Life

COOLIDGE

He Thinks *about* Prohibition, *the* Tariff, *that he run for* Senator, *the* Talk *of* One's Own Business

with any degree of certainty to discuss them. I have been unwilling, therefore, in these early days of my retirement to give interviews, make speeches, or write extensively about them because I wished to avoid being an officious intermeddler.

It is my theory that those who are charged with authority and responsibility should be the source of information concerning their own conduct. Of course our press and teaching forces, both lay and clerical, have certain duties to perform in these premises, but after a man relinquishes an office, he should relinquish to his successors the privilege of constantly giving to the public his ideas concerning the way in which it is being administered.

Wide World

While I have no intention to foreclose forever my right to comment, I have refrained from it, because if I did not discuss current public questions, it would be assumed that my opinions were unfavorable, and I have thought I could be of more service by leaving their discussion to those who had responsibilities for them. Those who have been chosen to lead should do the leading without outside interference. It is my desire to contribute to them my support.

There are some subjects about which I have some special knowledge, or relationship and responsibility. I can more often discuss these. One of them is life insurance. Because I had assumed some duties in that field as a Director of the New York Life Insurance Company, and because my experience with it and my studies of it convinced me that the influence which it exerts upon our economic life is so vast, important, and beneficial that it should be more fully understood, I made a short address on that subject.

My speech was given a broadcast over the whole Country by a large number of radio stations and was printed in many newspapers so that it reached a great many people. During the month of January in which it was delivered the Company wrote about twice as much insurance as usual.

While my address probably contributed something to that result most of the credit is due to Darwin P. Kingsley, who is one of the great insurance executives, and the highly efficient organization he has formed for securing and handling the business of his policy holders.

When I can render some service of that kind I am willing to attempt it, but in general I feel it my duty to let those who have authority make their own public statements.

No utterance is quite so easy as criticism. Man is finite and his actions do not reach perfection. If a speech is made, if a book is written, if a law is proposed, if an office is administered, almost anyone can demonstrate that they are not just right.

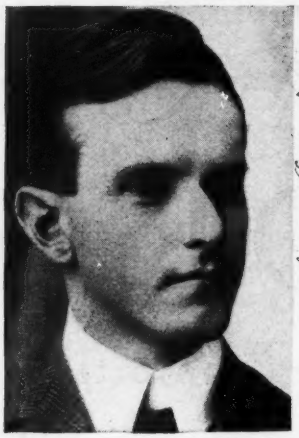
Such comment probably furnishes some amusement and interest to the indifferent, and supplies a good deal of relief to the envious. ***We have some people who have secured considerable reputations for wisdom and independence of thought and action merely by constantly proclaiming that they have made the astounding discovery that no person and no thing are perfect.***

That field is so sufficiently occupied that I should have no inclination to enter it. My tastes and desires have always led me to attempt to work on the constructive side of affairs. There is a large amount of good in the world. It is possible to accomplish much by making the most of the instruments that are given us, even if they are not perfect. If we will all do the best we can with what we have, instead of stopping to find fault about it, progress will be assured.

Because I hold these opinions I have not felt that I could make political speeches since I retired. My whole training in that respect has been of a constructive nature. My effort has been to inform the people on

Pole, *my* Books *and my* Friends I am *Content*

EVERY HONOR THAT COMES FROM PUBLIC OFFICE I HAVE HAD. I DO NOT SEEK FURTHER HONOR



Keystone

As a young man in the Legislature of Massachusetts

© Keystone

As the Governor who had the courage to fight the police strike

what had been done, what I proposed to do, and my reasons for doing it.

My speech was coupled with the power which some office conferred upon me to attempt to put into operation the policies which I announced. Because of my training I now find that utterance without power seems vain.

If I began to make public addresses, especially on any political occasions, it would no doubt be assumed that I was desirous of more public office. **I do not wish to resume that burden.** In the companionship of my home, with my fish pole, my dogs, my books and my friends I find I am extremely content.

The only things I miss are the pleasures of entertaining my friends and the power to help many people who still apply to me for assistance. But even for these there are compensations in the many expressions of gratitude that come to me from the Country, and in the relief from many years of responsibility.

As long as I live and remain in normal health no doubt I shall continue to be discussed as a candidate for some public office. No sooner had I reached home than it was proposed in some of the press that I should try to go to the Senate. Every little while some one suggests that I should again be President.

> Too many people were trying to make speculation take the place of production. That hampered business. The result was inevitable . . . It was a painful experience.

These efforts come for the most part from sources that are friendly to me, but not from those who have my confidence. ***So far as I know my close friends who know my wishes are in no way responsible for them. I have tried to avoid giving them even the countenance of notice.***

They will no doubt persist. If I were to make formal denial of them they would reappear in a few days under the assumption that my attitude for some reason had changed. For that reason I have simply ignored them.

When I left Washington I left public office. It is an incomprehensible relief and I have no intention of returning to it.

While I am not insensible to the compliment that is implied in expressing a desire to see me in the Senate, it does not appeal to me as appropriate. Every honor that comes from public office I have already had. I do not seek further honor in that avenue, nor do I wish to assume the burdens that it would entail.

It is not to be denied that I owe much to my party and my Country, but that debt makes it all the more obligatory that my conduct and decisions in their behalf should be in accordance with my best judgment. It does not seem probable that I could be helpful in trying to assume a subordinate public office.

I am aware of the example of John Quincy Adams and of Andrew Johnson. Their retirement from office was such that they may have felt that they wanted vindication at the hands of the voters. That is not my position. For me to go about soliciting votes, for my friends to be appealing for support, in order that I might have more office, when I have already had enough, would not be a pleasing spectacle. Massachusetts has plenty of men who can serve her in the Senate better than I could. If the Commonwealth wants able service I see no reason for assuming it must turn to me.

If I were in the Senate it would not be agreeable to many of my colleagues, and with all my desires to be helpful it would probably oftentimes be an embarrassment to the Administration. ***To have a former President in Washington exercising political power would result in all kinds of uncomfortable complications. Only the necessity of serving in some national crisis, so great as to subordinate all other considerations, would warrant it.***

Yet I do not mean to underestimate the Senate or the honor that still attaches to its membership. In its conception it is a great, independent, legislative body and a citadel of liberty.

No one could feel above serving in that branch of the Congress. But I do not feel it is a proper place for me.

I passed to a higher rank twelve years ago when I was elected Governor of Massachusetts. To take a back track now would be to give up a position which I believe it is important to the Country for a former President to hold. ***In my judgment I am not available for Senator. It would involve me in so many incongruities that success in that field would be nearly impossible.***

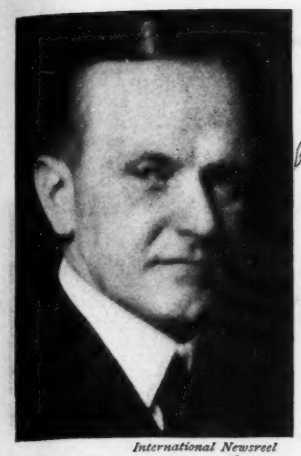
WHILE I do not share altogether the prevailing lack of esteem in which the Senate is held I fully realize the need of sending to that Chamber men of ability, character and training. For that reason I have rejoiced in the report that Dwight W. Morrow, our Ambassador to Mexico, will accept an appointment as Senator from New Jersey and later stand as a candidate for the election.

If I were in his place I might be willing to adopt a like course. But I am not, so I am going to suggest to those who are discussing the need that they believe there is for me, that he can provide more talent than I could and exercise it in a more effective way. A sound business man, a scholarly lawyer, a wise statesman, he is eminently qualified to discharge the duties of any public office.

Nor do I have any sympathy with those who are discussing again making me President. The service that I could give to the people in that office I feel is done.

I sought to provide a period of tranquillity, certainty, and economy, under which the Country could recover

I Should Like To Be Known As A Former President Who Minds His Own Business



International Newsreel

As the man who – so some thought – was shelved as Vice President

Keystone

As the President who put a steady hand to the Ship of State

from the exhaustion of the World War; when it might liquidate its debts and develop its resources, so that it would be in a sound financial position from which to enter the next era of progress.

The people turned to an efficiency engineer who is thoroughly equipped to guide them in such a movement. Of course President Hoover is entitled to my sympathy and support.

We have but one President. His success is the success of the Country and his failure is the failure of the Country. After he takes office the common interest requires that the people should not oppose him and try to build up a case against him, but should support him and try to assist him in the general discharge of his duties.

That does not mean any subserviency on the part of the legislative and judicial branches of the government to the executive branch, any abolition of independent thought and action, or any diminution of constructive criticism. Nor is there any obligation on the part of the Country or his party to follow a President when he goes outside the well established tradition, policy and platform on which he was elected. But it does mean that opposition merely for the sake of opposition is wrong in principle, and where it exists, in order better to serve the welfare of the Country should be superseded by a spirit of cooperation.

The Country cannot always be tranquil. There come times when there must be rearrangements and reorganizations. Such a period always creates more or less uneasiness and commotion. While it lasts it is inconvenient and in many ways disagreeable. But it would be a great mistake to confuse the process with the result.

The making of repairs, or the erection of new structures, always cause considerable discomfort while they are proceeding, but when they are finished they contribute to the beauty and fullness of life. We are continually tearing down and rebuilding. Our activities in that direction are usually the measure of our progress.

We require a periodic survey of the administrative machinery of the national government to determine what replacements, alterations and new construction are necessary. Without it we would soon run into a system of rank bureaucracy, or decompose in a dry rot.

It is never popular in some quarters of official Washington. Its need can be very accurately measured by the displeasure those regions manifest. ***Scraping the hull of the ship of state is a very uncomfortable operation for the barnacles. But it has to be done if the craft is to remain seaworthy.***

It is difficult, however, to secure a continuity of policy, which is the main basis of certainty in governmental affairs, without a considerable continuity in the civil service. Fossilization will be avoided if the heads of departments and the bureau chiefs are competent. The only reason for making changes is to secure improvement.

If promotion should depend on merit, demotion should depend on lack of merit, otherwise the service becomes excited, timid, disloyal and ineffective. There are many reasons for insisting that those who are vested with authority shall have the sole responsibility for its administration, chief among these is the fact that the foundation of a Republic rests on the principle of delegated authority.

When a business gets into difficulties oftentimes a thorough reorganization will afford a complete remedy. The reason for this result lies in the ability to construct a really new business. There is a wide difference, however, between our national government and a business concern in this respect.

Our government is made up almost completely of the human element. Our real government is not located in the departments at Washington, it dwells in the hearts of the people. It can have no other habitation in a Republic.

For that reason, however much we shuffle and change our departments, we do not thereby provide a new government. That will remain the same. But of course we may increase our respect for it by providing a better administration of it.

Probably few people expected a reorganization of a bureau for the administration of the law concerning alcoholic liquors would settle the prohibition question. Under our institutions of government it can only be settled when public opinion concerning it is settled.

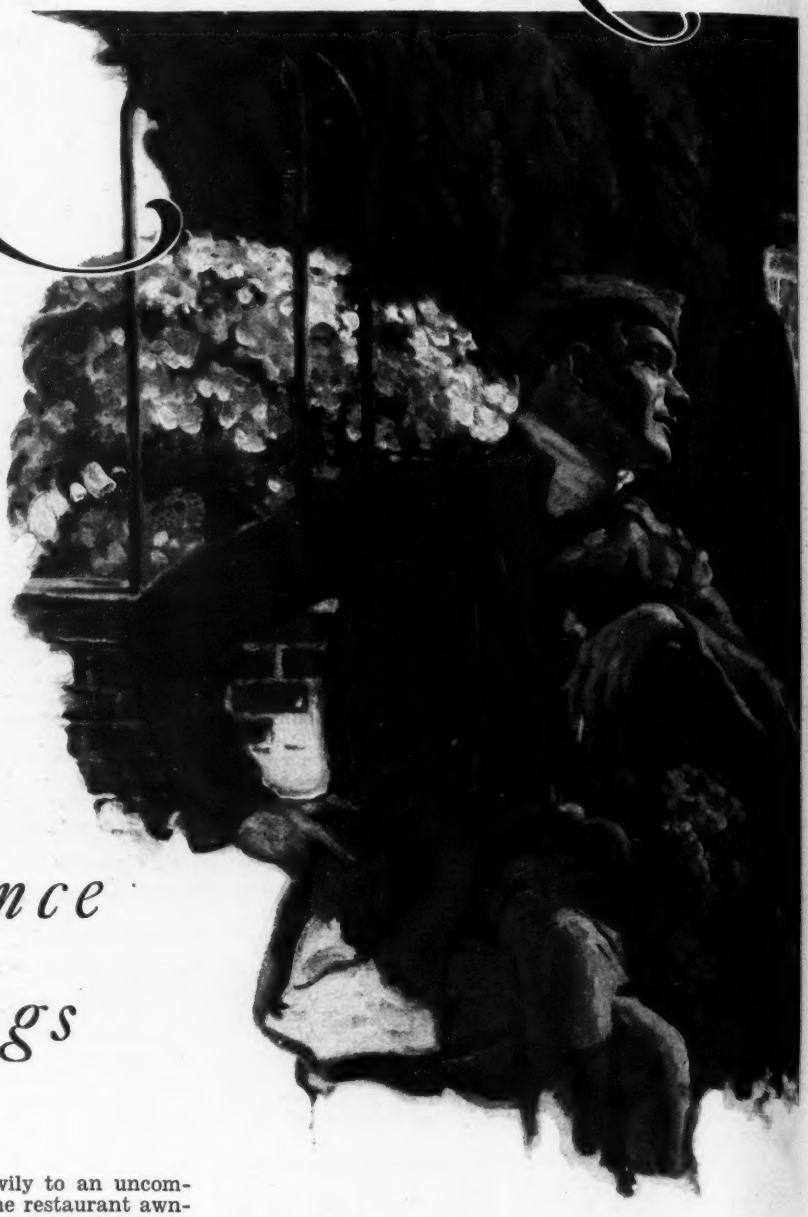
> Considering that people have differed most radically on the best method of regulating the sale of liquor for generations, it is not likely to be settled for a long time to come.

Considering that people have differed most radically on the best method of regulating the sale of liquor for generations, it is not likely to be settled for a long time to come. ***Of course enforcement is necessary under the law and may be one element in determining the future course of action in relation to prohibition.***

No law on this subject has ever been free from criticism. ***So long as the human appetite for stimulants on one side, and for money on the other side, remain what they are, there are likely to be some violations of a prohibition law.*** If, judging by the past, this agitation is destined to continue far into the future, attended by considerable fanaticism on both sides, the question arises as to what attitude the people can take concerning it. We have the (*Continued on page 139*)

RETURN

First *of*
the
Vivid Short Stories
by the author of
"The Big Parade"



Laurence Stallings

THE old chaplain walked heavily to an uncomfortable iron chair beneath the restaurant awning, turned about slowly and backed into it, gently easing the pressure of his ankle bones upon the wooden extensions in his square-toed shoes. It was painful to release the hickory canes from fingers that had gripped them in three hours of walking along Parisian boulevards.

He slowly stiffened his lean hands, one against the other, and sighed the deep draft of the old and weary. The Presbyterian synod that sent him to Paris for the Legion convention had warned him against too much walking.

Members of that body had also chaffed him about the perils of drink. The chaplain, remembering a war of ten years before, sighed for a slender glass of Strasbourg beer.

Across from the old Presbyterian a group of legionnaires were building towards a climax of morning drinking.

The old man abhorred them. Ten years before, and the chaplain had drunk with such ones as these drinkers. Ten years before, so it had seemed to the chaplain, a man in uniform might snatch from eternity a moment's drunken pleasure.

But their drinking now was ill-savored and noisy. These were not the rawboned lads of the American Expeditionary Force. Drink made them purplish of face now, and the fats of peace glistened on faces no longer hard and clean beneath hats of irons.

The chaplain had rested a moment. He prepared to move on, rising slowly to favor the ankle bones that rested in the wooden sockets.

The legionnaires were singing a stave from a soldier song. Ten years before, and this song had amused the Presbyterian.

It sang the extraordinary accomplishments of a girl named Loo-Loo. Sung by men keeping a cadence down a white road lined with lime trees, it had been a sweet

# of PAN

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

THE FRENCH BRIGADIER'S widow had polite gratitude for a wounded Yankee, but her daughter was filled with admiration for the wounded and crowned victor.

tune for marching. It had been a song to mock the secret desires of man, and to blast from the hidden corners of the imagination the visions a chaplain might exhort his men to banish. The chaplain hated the song now.

AS THE chaplain stood, nerving himself for the first sharp step upon his wooden feet, one of the singers turned and saw square-toed shoes, saw lean hands and hickory sticks, and looked to the face of the mutilated man who must use them. The singer himself seemed to look askance, and the chaplain saw that instant a deep scar, sharp beneath the man's neck, that canted his head to one side. The chaplain sat down again.

The man broke away from the knot of singers. He came forward, his twisted head straightening as best it could against the scar that would hold it slanting forever.

The purple of his face went white as he caught the chaplain's hand in his own. He sat by the old man and buried his head upon the small green table.

The Presbyterian signaled the waiter. "Bring us two cognacs," he said.

The man with the twisted neck raised his head, and the corners of a strong sardonic mouth were touched with humor. The old man smiled.

"You have a bad influence upon me," said the chaplain. The young man smiled in return, and held to the old hand, saying nothing. "I hoped," said the chaplain, "I might see you here."

The young man nodded. "I had hopes of seeing you," he said.

The chaplain's lips burned with a question. "I had hoped that I might . . ." The question died. The waiter

THE YANKEE SOLDIER who had loved a girl and left her, and for many years wore the wrong in his heart.

brought the brandies. "It is heresy for me," said the chaplain, raising his glass.

"And for me," said the young man.

"Let us drink to her," said the chaplain.

"Wherever she be!" cried the young man, touching glasses.

The brandy warmed them. There was a limping conversation of battlefield, of regiments, of hospitals.

"I know your name now!" cried the young man. "MacPherson. I recall how it looked printed on the card above your bed."

The chaplain smiled again. "I only know they called you Pan."

The man with the twisted neck flushed and turned away. "Pancoast," he said.

THE Presbyterian floundered, knowing he had offended. "Of course. I recall how your wife addressed her letters to First Lieutenant George Pancoast, A.E.F., with no other designation."

Pan's face was scowling now, twisted contrariwise against the scar. "You would remember," he said.

"I beg your pardon," said MacPherson, rising and preparing to move off painfully again.

"Forgive me," said Pancoast, springing up and catching the old man's arm. He grinned sardonically. "She's married a couple of other fellows since the war." He walked at the chaplain's side, talking rapidly. "Suppose I had known that I'd come home from the wars to find my wife ready to kick me out? Think I'd acted differently about—about that other girl?"

The chaplain was hurt that he mentioned the affair so readily. "I'm sure you would," he said.

"No, you're not," said Pan. "You've thought all along that I was just a cheap guy with women."

The chaplain turned upon him with heat. "I've thought nothing of the kind," he said.

"Well, I was," said Pan doggedly. "Every town I ever was in during the war, I went for some girl. It just happened at Angers that you spotted me. It's the last time I've ever been ashamed of anything I've ever done."

"You're ashamed now," said the chaplain.

Pan turned his head away. "What makes you think so?"

"I've lived sixty years," the chaplain said. "A man who can do a fine thing will be ashamed of things he does shabbily."

"What fine thing have I ever done?" said Pan.

"I've seen you do two," said the chaplain.

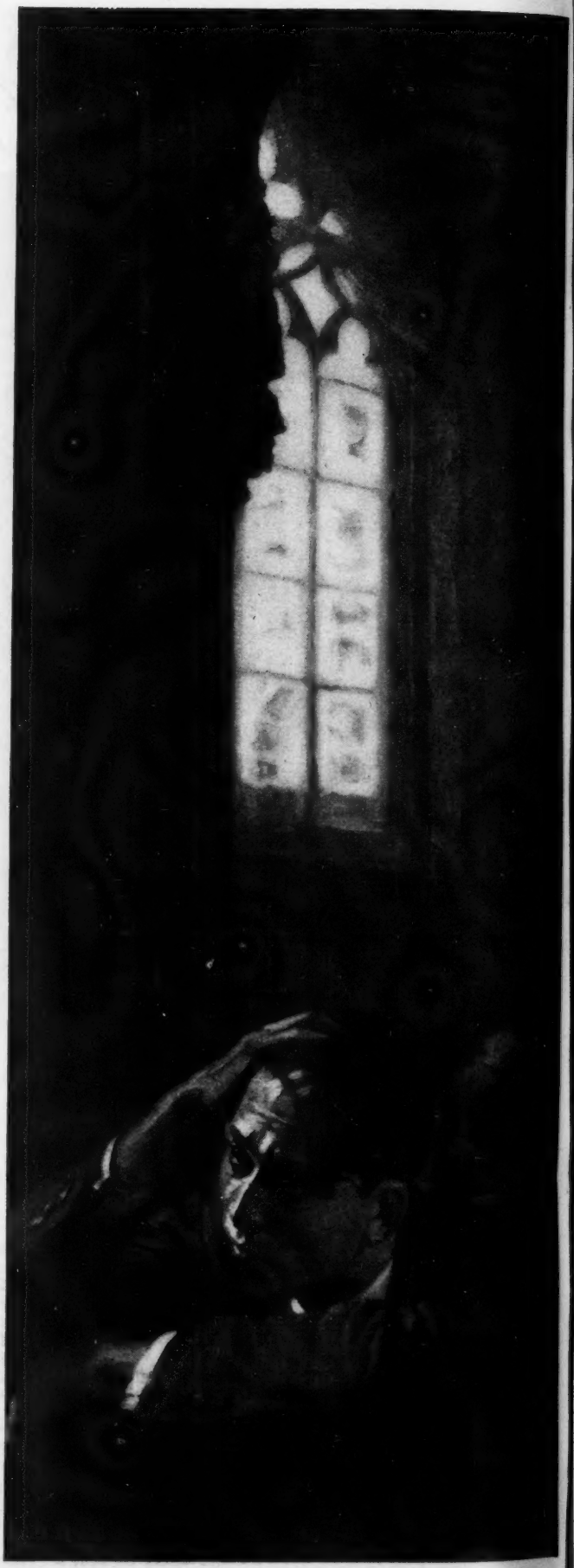
"I've been drunk ever since," said Pan.

"Exactly," said the chaplain. "You prove your shame."

They walked silently after this. It was hard work with the canes. The younger man called a taxi.

"If you'll go with me to the Rue du Bac," he said, "I've a Cadillac in a garage there. You might enjoy cruising around."

The old man was bundled in. "Paris," said the old man, "was always for me the city of uniforms. I miss them now. Youth in its gooselike folly . . . I'm sorry I returned. You



THE FRENCH GIRL to whom war brought love, and with it sorrow and bereavement.

fellows of twenty who drank the world dry of sorrow are all such fat ghosts now."

"I'm not fat," said Pan. "For a half-dollar I'd whip that big doorman at the Hôtel Continental again."

"It would only be a brawl between an old Frenchman and an inebriated American," the Presbyterian said sadly. "All the fine challenge of the thing, the youth of it, would be gone."

"You talk as though I were a hundred," said Pan. "As if I were dead."

"We are both dead," said the chaplain. "As dead as our friends who lie along the Marne. These drunken business men I see in the cafés are not the lads we knew. The world has grown gray with its peace."

The taxi coughed its way across the Pont-Neuf and tottled into the Rue du Bac. Pancoast dismissed it and led the way into the garage to a huge American car.

"She steps along," said Pan.

"Does she?" said the chaplain, smiling as he clambered to the front seat. "Where can she step to?"

Pan started the engine. "Anywhere you say," he said.

The old man thought long. "How far is Angers?"

"A long way." Pan's face was scowling again. "Six or seven hours."

"We'd make it by sundown," said the chaplain.

"Easy," said Pan, threading his way along the narrow street in a car too large for its traffic. He was busy swinging it across the river—until he debouched into the Place de la Concorde. He drove up to a traffic cop. *"Où est la route à Angers?"* he called.

"Tout droit," the gendarme said.

"Let's go," said Pan, with the studied nonchalance of an unwilling man. The car shot into high and hurtled down the boulevard.

THE chaplain, with Pancoast at his arm, found himself in an immense quadrangle devoted to the precise gardening of the French. Around him the falling sun had colored three-storied walls in amber, gilding the heavy cornices of narrow windows.

"I never got off my back here," said the minister. "I don't even know which window was mine."

Pancoast knew. "That was it," he said, pointing to a third-story one in the north wall; "and the only other place you visited here was the *salle des operations.* It was in the chapel there."

The chaplain, weary now, dragged himself to the operating room. It was paneled now, with an altar beneath a rose window. Young boys in white collars and black smocks sat studious at vesper hour.

Surgeons had once worked here in long rows, as so many barbers in a railway hotel. It was a white and holy room now. The trays of shining instruments, the baskets of sponges and gauzes, were now supplanted by yellowing altar cloths and silver sconces. The chaplain stood praying in the fading light of day, and Pancoast bowed his head.

"It used to be a bad climb to our ward," said Pancoast afterwards. "I suppose the old stair is still there." He led the way through the quadrangle to a door in the north wall.

"We must make it," said the old man, gripping his cane.

Together they climbed.

"It was hard enough," the chaplain gasped, "to stick to the stretcher on those trips to the operating room. I wonder how the bearers managed it so many times a day."

They rested in the vestibule of the second floor, and climbed again. The once long ward of the third was now framed into small white rooms.

"Your bed," said Pan, sharing the old man's disappointment, "was at the fourth window on the left." He walked softly down the narrow aisle between the cubicles. He came back. "It's empty," he said. "Surely its owner wouldn't mind."

The chaplain saw the white iron bed. It was that same narrow hospital furniture. There was a crucifix above it now, and a bookrack of missals and prayers. The bedside stand had bowl and jug instead of pump syringe and chlorine tubes. The old chaplain seemed to have come home.

"Rest here," said Pancoast. "I'll go and have a smoke."

"I'm tired from excitement," said the Presbyterian. "I'm really not faint."

"I know," agreed Pancoast. He tiptoed from the room as the elder one stretched supine in the soft light of day. Above him a deep bell tolled the Angelus.

¶ Pancoast returned to the hospital muddled, drunken, careening. Carrying

Pancoast, clinging to the stairs on his way down, felt more faint than the chaplain. He wanted air, and release from the quadrangle. The place seemed to have closed upon him. Pancoast hated such silly imaginings. Life was a game you played, taking the things offered you, and no man should be bitter against his past. "Things had to happen," thought Pancoast, "in this man's world."

Above him the chaplain, as he lay upon the narrow bed, might never have left it ten years before. His own name, MacPherson, must surely be upon the blue card at its head. Above him must swing the sandbags of the Balkan frame that held his limbs straight while they were healing.

The chaplain lay upon the hospital bed and heard the

Angelus. As the chants came up to him from the *salle des operations,* he went minutely over the hospital history of Pancoast. It was part of his own.

THE chaplain had stopped one with both feet ten years before, and fever had left him slowly. Other officers in the ward contrived to know that MacPherson was a dominie from the Middle West who had somehow been wounded while attempting to collect a company to resist a counter-assault. But MacPherson had been too ill to dispense information about himself. At fifty it was harder to rally than at twenty.

He was referred to in the loud intimacies of the ward as the sky pilot and left to his own devices, the devices of delirium. If a man was ill—that is, too ill to share smuggled cognac and gruesome jests—he was colloquially tagged A.P.O.N., which in hospital argot meant "ain't putting out nothing." It saved a patient useless replies to extensions of sympathy from quartermasters immured for hernia and hemorrhoids, or offers of brandy from convalescents; needless interruptions to the strict occupation of feeling and submitting to pain.

MacPherson lay dormant through a blistering September, even in the midst of things he surely might have protested. The improvisation to the funeral march, which was sung each morning as the dead of the night before went by in flag-draped Mack trucks, that interminably reiterated *"ten thousand dollars for the folks back home"* that the ward sang to the wailing brasses and wood winds of a regimental band, the chaplain would surely have stopped had he been other than a collection of cells gone chaotic in the greater chaos of war.

out his grim jest, he presented the mutilated men with gifts they could not use.

It was Pancoast who discovered that MacPherson was a human being. Pancoast had shipped into the base with a carotid artery exposed to the fetid night air of the quadrangle. He was tossed into the bed next the chaplain just as the clock struck three.

Pancoast's neck had been sutured on the spot, and with his aviator's temperament he had been happy to be in a bed, three quarts of three-star Hennessy intact in his musette bag at his feet, a carton of cigarets buttoned stoutly over them.

But Pancoast was becoming frightened. A man had to hear the titanic moanings of the quadrangle as no more than a far-away beehive (*Continued on page 162*)

You *thought* "Speaking *of* Operations" *was*

¶ *There is a belief that the tenderfoot lumbering through an art gallery thereby acquires culture. I was bored stiff, and Lawsy, how my poor hoofs ached!*

To be Taken before *Sailing*

THIS year a large number of us will be going abroad on pleasure, as the saying is, bent. Many more who were worse than bent during the recent unpleasantness of the latter part of 1929 in Wall Street will forgo their plans for going abroad and will remain at home doing the best they can with such white chips as they may have left.

Just lately I heard about a gentleman who meant to take his own car over for a tour of the Continent but now expects to be driving another gentleman's car through the summer for forty dollars a week—and glad to get it. There must be quite a group in the same fix. I'm merely citing an instance which came under my personal notice.

Even so, the annual exodus from these shores to those shores will be of impressive dimensions. Come good times or bad times, it always is. With us the Wanderlust has become a tribal attribute. Included among the travelers will be quite a lot who have not heretofore visited foreign parts. It is to these individuals who gird themselves for the Great Adventure, that I would address myself with a few hints, suggestions and well-meant admonitions.

My opening piece of advice is as follows:

Before setting out, be sure to provide yourselves with copies of the standard guidebooks which deal with the countries you mean to visit. Carefully read these guidebooks from cover to cover, paying particular attention to the names of places, points and buildings cited as being of prime importance to the sight-seer.

This knowledge will enable you to know what to avoid. It is terribly important to know what to avoid—especially art galleries and cathedrals. I claim it is possible to make a complete success of the average transatlantic vacation by religiously staying away from fifty percent of the spots the guidebooks say you should view.

STAYING away from them gives you time for observing the people of a strange land, their customs and manners, habits and deportment, what they eat and when they eat it, what they wear and how they wear it, where they go and why they go there—in short, gives you a picture of a race rather than a confused, incomplete jumble and hodgepodge of hasty impressions which frequently offer nothing symptomatic of the color and temper of that race.

For years and years and years, the efforts of the foreign publishers of guidebooks to make the American people art-gallery-conscious have persistently been carried on. To a considerable extent this campaign has succeeded. Countless thousands of travel-worn, weary-legged Americans, obeying the herd instinct, have allowed themselves to be rushed headlong from one art gallery to another like sheep going down a loading chute, when, if the truth were known, perhaps not one in ten of them is at heart interested in art galleries purely as such.

THERE is a belief, fostered by fiends in human form who get up guidebooks, that the tenderfoot lumbering through an art gallery thereby acquires culture. But you wouldn't expect a youth to acquire an education by crossing the Yale campus at top speed on a pair of roller skates, would you? Well, then?

For an example of what I am trying to prove, put the shoe on the other fellow's foot: Let us conceive of a European as landing from his ship. It is his first visit to the States. His time is limited. He can give but one day to observing the wonders of New York because he must be on his way to Chicago and all points west.

This provides ample time for a British writer who is compiling material for a book on those quaint creatures known as Americans. I once knew a distinguished British author who spent three weeks leaping, like the chamois of the Alps, from place to place, getting as far west as Indianapolis and as far south as Washington, and then he went home and embalmed the fruits of his impressions in a large volume dealing exhaustively with this republic, and pointing out on practically every page where we had failed and come short.

The work was most favorably received on the other side. George Bernard Shaw had a regular fit over it; and the enthusiastic British press hailed it as a graphic likeness of the souls of an inferior species of

Humorous? *Then read* this. *It's even better.*

¶ *A misguided person suggests I ought to revisit Notre Dame. Do I do so? I do not. "Garsong, encore le tall beer, see voo play." That's me.*

By Irvin S. Cobb

Cartoons by Tony Sarg

mammalia addicted to horn-rimmed glasses, chewing gum and gang-killings; and, as I recall, Dean Inge said what else could you expect from a gang of lousy Nonconformists!

But our imaginary visitor happens to be neither an essayist nor a novelist but merely a reasonably intelligent pilgrim motivated by a rational and proper desire to give our folks an honest if hurried once-over. Let us assume that he adheres to guidebook ritualism. So he spends the forenoon at the Aquarium, which is all right if the traveler is by profession a fishmonger or by choice a fish fancier or even if he just naturally likes fish; but really it does not give more than a superficial insight into the characteristic traits of the American nation. And after the Aquarium he rides in a cab, eating a sandwich on the way, up to Grant's Tomb for an exciting hour or so; and he rounds out his day at the Hall of Fame.

¶ *Decorating the rumps of mules is one of the quaint customs of Cádiz.*

Would you, or would you not, say that, his haste considered, he had carried away with him a fair impression of life in New York City? Or would you say that by a stroll along Broadway and a stroll along Fifth Avenue and a ride through Harlem and a peep at the East Side, and a casual conversation with a policeman and a chauffeur and with Grover Whalen—good old Grover would be sure to bob up sometime during the day—he might have gathered, in at least a sketchy sense, a swift impression of the metropolitan cross sections?

You would! Then why not try to develop the same viewpoint when the matter becomes personal and you are making your first trip abroad and your itinerary is briskly scheduled and somebody insists on shooting you in and out of a mess of so-called show places instead of giving you a chance to see for yourself the tremendously dramatic everyday things which really count?

What is true of the guidebooks and the guides with regard to European art galleries likewise is true of them with regard to their churches and their cathedrals. If this or that historic church is a shrine of the faith which you follow, or on the other hand if you are a lover of ecclesiastical architecture or of ecclesiastic decorations, why, then, that's a different matter. In the one instance you should be permitted to worship there at your leisure; in the other you should have opportunity for as prolonged a period as you please for study of the details and the effects which interest you.

But, presumed that you are an ordinary layman, why should you be driven, like a dumb beef-critter in the stockyard, from one stately or decaying pile to another at the dictates of a silly custom?

Nevertheless we submit to it. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand we dumbly submit to it. I did—the first time I crossed. That's a good many years behind me but the painful memories of what I underwent abide with me yet. I recall as though it were but yesterday how I scoured the art galleries of France and Italy seeking out their treasures. All of them contained treasures and most of them needed scouring. But from now on, so far as I am concerned, somebody else may enjoy those concessions. I took the treatment and I was cured and still am cured.

Possibly there was some excuse for me. In all modesty I may say that I had a classical background. In my youth I was the Younger Bohemian Set of Paducah. I drew pictures; I dreamed of growing up to be a cartoonist. The first money I (*Continued on page 150*)

by Rupert Hughes

THE Risbey girl, the lovely daughter of that nice Mrs. Risbey, was a hopeless liar, or rather a hopeful liar—everlastingly at it, a pretty and perilous liar, a liar who lied because she liked to and had got into the habit; or because she was afraid not to, or because she had told a previous lie, or because she was too lazy to tell the truth and take the consequences, or because she might gain easy credit or avoid incurred punishment or forfeit something—or because of any other reason for lying, or because of no reason at all.

A cynically minded person might exclaim wearily: "Why bring that up? The Risbey girl was just like practically every other girl in the world—as well as every other boy—woman, man, animal. David said in his haste 'All men are liars.' If he had had more time he would have covered more territory."

Be that as it may, Vivian Risbey was fortunate—or unfortunate—or at least unusual—in having a mother who was extraordinarily truthful—for a mother—for anybody, in fact. She loved the truth and hated a lie, and she was tormented and alarmed by her daughter's guile. She was always telling Vivian where she would go, and once—at least once—Vivian muttered that her mother could go there herself, for all of her.

Vivian's father, Sidney Risbey (of S. Risbey, Hardware Store, "Everything from an Elephant to a Needle"), was very truthful, too—outside of his business, of course—and he was a retail merchant in a small town so he had little scope or encouragement for wholesale mendacity—or merchandise either.

He was not especially troubled by Vivian's inventions, because he did not know her very well. Fathers rarely know their daughters well. Mothers usually know them all too well.

Copyright, 1930, by Rupert Hughes

Lovely Liar

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz

¶ "*But I do love you, Momma,*" *Vivian protested, full of tears and hurt innocence. Mrs. Risbey groaned in loneliness. "You never tell me that except you want something. What is it now?"*

Nobody knows so well as a mother what liars almost all children are; for she is the target of their first little rabbity deceptions. She watches them improve with practice, learning to fill their eyes with imitation truth and widen them with innocence of guile, until they can look her straight in the eye and lie. When they have graduated from the home school, they try their skill outside—on other little liars, and liars of larger growth.

VIVIAN'S deceitfulness was a puzzle, too, since both her father and her mother were as honest as the day is long, or the night either, for that matter. Sidney Risbey was an angel of gentleness and his wife was as good as gold. Their home should have been an ideal nursery for noble children, yet all their young were faulty, and Vivian was inaccessible to appeal.

To be the honest mother of a dishonest daughter is not the pleasantest thing in the world—for either of the two.

All the Risbey children in their various ways were problems, but the eldest child, this Vivian, already a woman ripe for marriage and maternity and all their responsibilities, was a riddle with no answer. So far as her mother could see, she was not even sincerely bad.

Her mother wondered if Vivian were sincerely and lastingly anything. She was pretty but pretended to be beautiful. She was lazy but mimicked vivacity when outsiders appeared. She was slovenly at home but immaculate for company. She was ignorant and enjoyed it, but proclaimed herself a great reader and got by with picked-up smatterings.

Vivian had her days of being exceedingly lovable even at home. Her imagination sometimes exerted itself in the most fascinating ways. She would tell pleasant lies about how beautiful her mother was—though that always infuriated her mother, or she said it did, since it was not true, of course. She was a homely old hack.

Then Vivian would pet her and flatter her outrageously. Mrs. Risbey would look in a mirror and cry because of what she saw. Vivian would try to dress her

up and make her go places, which was another exasperation, since Mrs. Risbey did not like her daughter's friends and could only avoid insulting them by keeping away from them.

It irritated Mrs. Risbey because Vivian could be so dear and passionately sweet and was not always so.

When Vivian broke with her lovers she always came home to her mother and cried all over her, clung to her and cried all over her and told her that she was the only soul in all the world worth loving—except Papa, of course. And this was so different from what she said and did when she was in love and out of the house all the time, that her mother could not reconcile such appalling inconsistencies and contradictions.

Shattered by these violent contrasts and not knowing other mothers' daughters any better than other mothers knew hers, Mrs. Risbey believed that Vivian was an industrious and unnecessary little monster in a mask of innocence. She was sincerely puzzled by the girl's popularity with other girls and boys and older people.

It sickened her to see Vivian so pleasant to people's faces and so critical of them behind their backs. It never occurred to Mrs. Risbey that perhaps other people were up to the same tricks.

She certainly never realized how much nicer this makes the world, for it would be still sadder if people were critical to other people's faces and only nice to them behind their backs—if we dressed up our faces and bodies only in private and saved our slatternlinesses for our guests.

It never occurred to Mrs. Risbey that when Vivian made fun of her neighbors it was because they were really funny; or that when Vivian tired of a lover it was because he was really tiresome. Very few of us have more than a surface polish, if that. Most of us lose our gold wash speedily and turn green like cheap Christmas presents.

Vivian had to take what lovers there were in Carthage and flirt with them or die for lack of exercise. It was perhaps to her credit that she made the best of them, romanced about them and jollied them along as long as she could, and only told the truth about them when she could endure them no longer.

But whatever the Recording Angel thought of Vivian, her honest mother was terrified and sickened by her conduct. She could not know how charming Vivian was when her mother was not along—because she was not along. That is a handicap mothers suffer from—and daughters rejoice in.

All that Mrs. Risbey knew was that Vivian had her good times away from home and brought home the reactions—and also the anxieties, for she was an adventurous little devil. Her mother was sure that Vivian had been saved from disaster only by her infidelity even to her flirtations. What went on when Vivian was out alone with her serial lovers, and her simultaneous lovers, her mother imagined with bloodcurdling vividness.

Perhaps her behavior was far better than her mother imagined—perhaps far worse. For there was only one witness in each case, and gentlemen do not tell—or are supposed not to. Vivian told a lot, but you could never believe Vivian.

She had never shown a passion for her studies and her interest in household responsibilities was languid at best, but there was almost always some boy about who drove her frantic. Failing a new boy, she would moon over an elderly man.

As she grew older these infatuations grew less comical and more perilous, and her father and mother went through terrifying experiences with Vivian's heart. She had a gift for falling in love with boys from the wrong side of Main Street, young men with deformities of body or soul, married rakes, sots, gamblers, criminals. There were narrow escapes from scandal, elopements frustrated just in time, catastrophes barely averted. No experience taught her anything. Each flirtation was Vivian's first love and her final destiny.

Of late, however, she had seemed to outgrow her matrimonial inclinations, to be harder and harder to please and more and more inclined to scorn any suitor who might have been developed into a husband. Mrs. Risbey began to be tortured by a despairful obsession that her daughter was going to be her lifelong companion—though she did not put it that way even to herself.

Vivian came home from college with fewer and less ardent engagements and spent less and less time writing love letters. She had exhausted the list of eligible men in town. She had been betrothed to as many of the proposing sort as she was likely to attract, but none of these vaccinations had taken.

The only hope now was some out-of-town admirer who did not know her or her past too well. But newcomers were rare in Carthage and it grew more and more certain that Vivian would be an old maid unless she could be exported to some foreign market. Her father could not afford to keep her in a

¶ *Mammadear and Papadarling were at the dock when the ship brought in their unruly daughter and her husband.*

great city and she had no talents to justify the hope of eventual self-support.

Suddenly a letter of invitation came to Vivian. It dropped from heaven. A girl of the same college sorority was inspired to ask her to come to Cleveland for a visit. Vivian was eager to go. Her mother could not deny her the outing. It was easier to deny herself the many things she had been saving her money to buy. She spent more than she dared on the girl's clothes, a new trunk and a new hand bag—a veritable trousseau.

Mrs. Risbey wept as the train carried Vivian off and imagined every dreadful fate from train-wreck to heart-wreck. It was Mrs. Risbey who really needed the vacation, though she would never have called it by such a name. She found time to get acquainted with herself, to take an interest in something besides Vivian's salvation.

Alone in the lonely home, Mrs. Risbey was surprised to find herself singing as she went about her tasks. She was surprised to catch herself lingering before mirrors and smiling into them, then frowning.

A NEW discontent with her clothes took possession of her. She did not like to be so shinily shabby. When she went marketing for groceries she found herself halting before the dress-shop windows and considering styles. She had not thought of buying anything for herself during her excursions for Vivian's clothes.

She wandered into a department store and was welcomed as a prodigal, wheedled into buying the first thing. Which required a second; a whole series. She bought what she liked. She wore it with a swagger—and gained praise, too; compliments on how much younger she looked. There's nothing that removes the years from a mother like taking her children off her bones. They are like rheumatism.

Even her husband praised her. They began to go out a little again to show off her clothes. They invited people in. They were a young couple in a childless world. Nature had relented.

After Vivian's telegram that she had arrived safely—she sent it on the second day, rebuking her mother for an anxious telegram of inquiry--she did not write at all for a week. Then she began to write long and longer letters. They told things that Mrs. Risbey would have accepted without question from anybody else. But coming from Vivian——

She wrote increasingly of a handsome, rich young man who had fallen madly in love with her, had proposed marriage to her promptly, had taken her to meet his enormously wealthy parents in a palace. The parents had fallen madly in love with Vivian, and welcomed her as their daughter-in-law-to-be. The young man gave her a real diamond.

She gave him a real name, Norry Sheflin. They were to be married as soon as he got back from a trip to South America for his father's steel mills. They might live in South America after the wedding. He was the soul of honor, hard-working but handsome, "and madly in love with me—calls me Sainte Vivienne."

Tears slid out across Mrs. Risbey's eyelids and plopped drearily on the words written in the insincerely elegant chirography that adorned Vivian's bad spelling. Her mother wept because unquestionably the girl was lying. The whole story was made up, of course.

How pitiful that it could not be true, and that Vivian could not have been (*Continued on page 176*)

This Sweet Young Thing is the Heroine of a New Story which

P. G. Wodehouse

heard at the

Anglers' Rest

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg

THE bar parlor of the Anglers' Rest was fuller than usual. Our local race meeting had been held during the afternoon, and this always means a rush of custom. In addition to the habitués, that faithful little band of listeners which sits nightly at the feet of Mr. Mulliner, there were present some half-dozen strangers.

One of these, a fair-haired young Stout and Bitter, wore the unmistakable air of a man who has not been fortunate in his selections. He sat staring before him with dull eyes and a drooping jaw, and nothing that his companions could do seemed to cheer him up.

A genial Sherry and Bitters, one of the regular patrons, eyed the sufferer with bluff sympathy.

"What your friend appears to need, gentlemen," he said, "is a dose of Mulliner's Buck-U-Uppo."

"What's Mulliner's Buck-U-Uppo?" asked one of the strangers, a Whisky Sour, interested. "Never heard of it myself."

Mr. Mulliner smiled indulgently.

"He is referring," he explained, "to a tonic invented by my brother Wilfred, the well-known analytical chemist. It is not often administered to human beings, having been designed primarily to encourage elephants in India to conduct themselves with an easy nonchalance during the tiger hunts which are so popular in that country. But occasionally human beings do partake of it, with impressive results. I was telling the company here not long ago of the remarkable effect it had on my nephew Augustine, the curate."

"It bucked him up?"

"It bucked him up very considerably. It acted on his bishop, too, when he tried it, in a similar manner. So much so, that that Pastor of Souls immediately went out and painted a statue pink. A deplorable affair. But hushed up, I am glad to say. It is undoubtedly a most efficient tonic, strong and invigorating."

"How is Augustine, by the way?" asked the Sherry and Bitters.

"Extremely well. I received a letter from him only this morning. I am not sure if I told you, but he is a vicar now, at Walsingford-below-Chiveney-on-Thames. A delightful resort, mostly honeysuckle and apple-cheeked villagers."

"Anything been happening to him lately?"

"It is strange that you should ask that," said Mr. Mulliner, finishing his hot Scotch and lemon and rapping gently on the table. "In this letter to which I allude he has quite an interesting story to relate. It deals with the loves of Ronald Bracy-Gascoigne and Hypatia Wace. Hypatia is a school friend of my nephew's wife. She has been staying at the vicarage, nursing her through a sharp attack of mumps. She is also the niece and ward of Augustine's superior of the cloth, the Bishop of Stortford."

"Was that the bishop who took the Buck-U-Uppo?"

"The same," said Mr. Mulliner. "As for Ronald Bracy-Gascoigne, he is a young man of independent means who resides in the neighborhood. He is, of course, one of the Berkshire Bracy-Gascoignes."

"Ronald," said a Lemonade and Angostura thoughtfully. "Now, there's a name I never cared for."

"In that respect," said Mr. Mulliner, "you differ from Hypatia Wace. She thought it swell. She loved Ronald Bracy-Gascoigne with all the fervor of a young girl's heart, and they were provisionally engaged to be married. Provisionally, I say, because, before the firing squad could actually be assembled, it was necessary for the young couple to obtain the consent of the Bishop of Stortford.

"Mark that, gentlemen. Their engagement was subject to the Bishop of Stortford's consent. This was the snag that protruded jaggedly from the middle of the primrose path of their happiness, and for quite a while it seemed as if Cupid must inevitably stub his toe on it."

I WILL select as the point at which to begin my tale (said Mr. Mulliner) a lovely evening in June, when all Nature seemed to smile and the rays of the setting sun fell like molten gold upon the picturesque garden of the vicarage at Walsingford-below-Chiveney-on-Thames. On a rustic bench beneath a spreading elm, Hypatia Wace and Ronald Bracy-Gascoigne watched the shadows lengthening across the smooth lawn; and to the girl there appeared something symbolical and ominous about this creeping blackness. She shivered. To her, it was as if the sun-bathed lawn represented her happiness and the shadows the doom that was creeping upon it.

"Are you doing anything at the moment, Ronnie?" she asked.

"Eh?" said Ronald Bracy-Gascoigne. "What? Doing anything? No, I'm not doing anything."

"Then kiss me!" cried Hypatia.

"Right-ho," said the young man. "I see what you mean. Rather a scheme. I will."

He did so; and for some moments they clung together in a close embrace. Then Ronald, releasing her gently,

Gala Night

began to slap himself between the shoulder blades.

"Beetle or something down my back," he explained. "Probably fell off the tree."

"Kiss me again," whispered Hypatia.

"In one second, old girl," said Ronald. "The instant I've dealt with this beetle or something. Would you mind just fetching me a whack on about the fourth knob of the spine, reading from the top downwards. I fancy that would make it think a bit."

Hypatia uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Is this a time," she cried passionately, "to talk of beetles?"

"Well, you know, don't you know," said Ronald, with a touch of apology in his voice, "they seem rather to force themselves on your attention when they get down your back. I dare say you've had the same experience yourself.

"I don't suppose in the ordinary way I mention beetles half a dozen times a year, but—I should say the fifth knob would be about the spot now. A good, sharp slosh with plenty of follow-through ought to do the trick."

Hypatia clenched her hands. She was seething with that febrile exasperation which since the days of Eve has come upon women who find themselves linked to a cloth-head.

"You poor sap!" she said tensely. "You keep babbling about beetles, and you don't appear to realize that if you want to kiss me you'd better cram in all the kissing you can now, while the going is good.

"It doesn't seem to have occurred to you that after tonight you're going to fade out of the picture."

"Oh, I say, no! Why?"

"My uncle Percy arrives this evening."

"The bishop?"

"Yes. And my aunt Priscilla."

"And you think they won't be any too frightfully keen on me?"

"I know they won't. I wrote and told them we were engaged, and I had a letter this afternoon saying you wouldn't do."

"No, I say, really? Oh, I say, dash it!"

"'Out of the question,' my uncle said. And underlined it."

"Not really? Not absolutely underlined it?"

"Yes. Twice. In very black ink."

A cloud darkened the young man's face. The beetle had begun to try out a few dance steps on the small of his back, but he ignored it. A Tiller troupe of beetles could not have engaged his attention now.

"But what's he got against me?" he asked.

"Well, for one thing he has heard that you were sent down from Oxford."

"But all the best men are. Look at What's-his-name. Chap who wrote poems. Shellac, or some such name."

"And then he knows that you dance a lot."

"What's wrong with dancing? I'm not very well up in these things, but didn't David dance before Saul? Or am I thinking of a couple of other fellows? Anyway, I know that somebody danced before somebody and was extremely highly thought of in consequence."

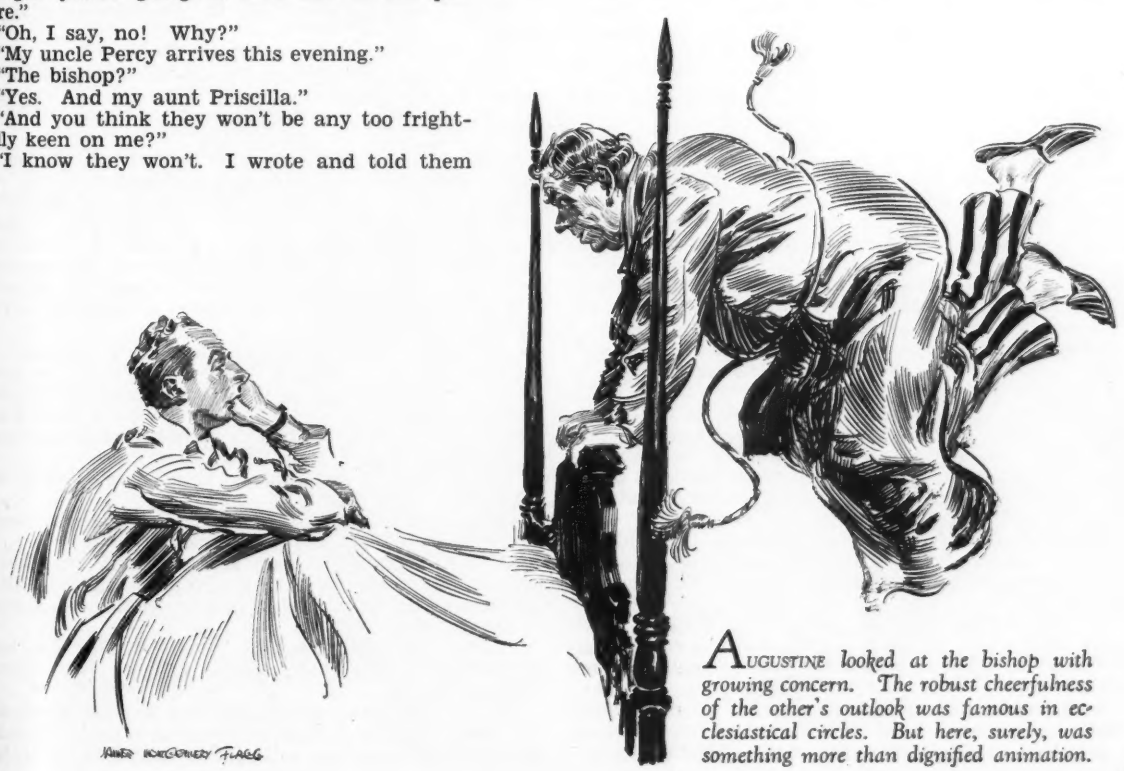
"David——"

"I'm not saying it *was* David, mind you. It may easily have been Samuel."

"David——"

"Or even Nimshi, the son of Bimshi, or somebody like that."

"David, or Samuel, or Nimshi the son of Bimshi,"



Augustine looked at the bishop with growing concern. The robust cheerfulness of the other's outlook was famous in ecclesiastical circles. But here, surely, was something more than dignified animation.

¶ *The lady bishopess was breathing heavily. She had the appearance of a Tank which is missing on one cylinder. "Save me, Percy!" she gasped.*

said Hypatia, "did not dance at the Home from Home."

Her allusion was to the latest of those frivolous night clubs which spring up from time to time on the reaches of the Thames which are within a comfortable distance from London. This one stood some half-mile from the vicarage gates.

"Is *that* what the bish is beefing about?" demanded Ronald, genuinely astonished. "You don't mean to tell me he really objects to the Home from Home? Why, a cathedral couldn't be more rigidly respectable. Does he realize that the place has only been raided twice in the whole course of its existence? A few simple words of explanation will put all this right. I'll have a talk with the old boy."

Hypatia shook her head.

"No," she said. "It's no use talking. He has made his mind up. One of the things he said in his letter was that, rather than see me married to a vapid and irreflective worldling like you, he would wish to see me turned into a pillar of salt like Lot's wife, Genesis 19.26. And nothing could be fairer than that, could it? So what I would suggest is that you start in immediately to fold me in your arms and cover my face with kisses. It's the last chance you'll get."

The young man was about to follow her advice, for he could see that there was much in what she said; but at this moment there came from the direction of the house the sound of a manly voice trolling the psalm for the second Sunday after Septuagesima. And an instant later their host, the Reverend Augustine Mulliner, appeared in sight. He saw them and came hurrying across the garden, leaping over the flower beds with extraordinary vivacity.

"Amazing elasticity that bird has, both physical and mental," said Ronald Bracy-Gascoigne, eying Augustine, as he approached, with a gloomy envy. "How does he get that way?"

"He was telling me last night," said Hypatia. "He has a tonic which he takes regularly. It is called Mulliner's Buck-U-Uppo, and acts directly upon the red corpuscles."

"I wish he would give the bish a swig of it," said Ronald moodily. A sudden light of hope came into his eyes. "I say, Hyp, old girl!" he exclaimed. "That's rather a notion. Don't you think it's rather a notion? It looks to me like something of an idea. If the bish were to dip his beak into the stuff, it might make him take a brighter view of me."

Hypatia, like all girls who intend to be good wives, made it a practice to look on any suggestions thrown out by her future lord and master as fatuous and futile.

"I never heard anything so silly," she said.

"Well, I wish you would try it. No harm in trying it, what?"

"Of course I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Well, I do think you might try it," said Ronald. "I mean, try it, don't you know."

He could speak no further on the matter, for now they were no longer alone. Augustine had come up. His kindly face looked grave.

"I say, Ronnie, old bloke," said Augustine, "I don't want to hurry you, but I think I ought to inform you that the bishes, male and female, are even now on their way up from the station. I should be popping, if I were you. The prudent man looketh well to his going. Proverbs 14.15."

"All right," said Ronald somberly. "I suppose," he added, turning to the girl, "you wouldn't care to sneak out tonight and come and have one final spot of shoeslithering at the Home from Home? It's a Gala Night. Might be fun, what? Give us a chance of saying goodby properly, and all that."

"I never heard anything so silly," said Hypatia mechanically. "Of course I'll come."

"Right-ho. Meet you down the road about twelve, then," said Ronald Bracy-Gascoigne.

He walked swiftly away, and presently was lost to sight behind the shrubbery. Hypatia turned with a choking sob, and Augustine took her hand and squeezed it gently.

"Cheer up, old onion," he urged. "Don't lose hope. Remember, many waters cannot quench love. Song of Solomon 8.7."

"I don't see what quenching love has got to do with it," said Hypatia peevishly. "Our trouble is that I've got an uncle complete with gaiters and a hat with boot

laces on it who can't see Ronnie with a telescope."

"I know." Augustine nodded sympathetically. "And my heart bleeds for you. I've been through all this sort of thing myself. When I was trying to marry Jane, I was stymied by a father-in-law-to-be who had to be seen to be believed. A chap, I assure you, who combined chronic shortness of temper with the ability to bend pokers round his biceps. Tact was what won him over, and tact is what I propose to employ in your case. I have an idea at the back of my mind. I won't tell you what it is, but you may take it from me it's the real Tabasco."

"How kind you are, Augustine!" sighed the girl.

"It comes from mixing with Boy Scouts. You may have noticed that the village is stiff with them. But don't you worry, old girl. I owe you a lot for the way you've looked after Jane these last weeks, and I'm going to see you through. If I can't fix up your little affair, I'll eat my Hymns Ancient and Modern. And uncooked at that."

And with these brave words Augustine Mulliner turned two handsprings, vaulted over the rustic bench, and went about his duties in the parish.

Augustine was rather relieved, when he came down to dinner that night, to find that Hypatia was not to be among those present. The girl was taking her meal on a tray with Jane, his wife, in the invalid's bedroom: and he was consequently able to embark with freedom on the discussion of her affairs. As soon as the servants had left the room, accordingly, he addressed himself to the task.

"Now listen, you two dear good souls," he said. "What I want to talk to you about, now that we are alone, is this business of Hypatia and Ronald Bracy-Gascoigne."

The lady bishopess pursed her lips, displeased. She was a woman of ample and majestic build. A friend of Augustine's, who had been attached to the Tank Corps during the war, had once said that he knew nothing that brought the old days back more vividly than the sight of her. All she needed, he maintained, was a steering wheel and a couple of machine guns, and you could have moved her up into any front line and no questions asked.

"Please, Mr. Mulliner!" she said coldly.

Augustine was not to be deterred. Like all the Mulliners, he was at heart a man of reckless courage.

"They tell me you are thinking of bunging a spanner into the works," he said. "Not true, I hope?"

"Quite true, Mr. Mulliner. Am I not right, Percy?"

"Quite," said the bishop.

"We have made careful inquiries about the young man, and are satisfied that he is entirely unsuitable."

"Would you say that?" said Augustine. "A pretty good egg, I've always found him. What's your main objection to the poor lizard?"

The lady bishopess shivered. "We learn that he is frequently to be seen dancing at an advanced hour not only in gilded London night clubs, but even in what should be the purer atmosphere of Walsingford-below-Chiveney-on-Thames. There is a resort in this neighborhood known, I believe, as the Home from Home."

"Yes, just down the road," said Augustine. "It's a Gala Night tonight, if you cared to look in. Fancy dress optional."

"I understand that he is to be seen there almost nightly. Now, against dancing *qua* dancing," proceeded the lady bishopess, "I have nothing to say. Properly conducted, it is a pleasing and innocuous pastime. In my own younger days I myself was no mean exponent of the polka, the schottish and the Roger de Coverley. Indeed, it was at a dance in aid of the Distressed Daughters of Clergymen of the Church of England Relief Fund that I first met my husband."

"Really?" said Augustine. "Well, cheerio!" he said, draining his glass of port.

"But dancing, as the term is understood nowadays, is another matter. I have no doubt that what you term a Gala Night would prove, on inspection, to be little less than one of those orgies where perfect strangers of both sexes unblushingly (*Continued on page 170*)

"Kiss me *again, Ronald.*"
"*In one second, old girl. The instant I've dealt with this beetle or something.*"
"*Is this a time to talk of beetles?*" *cried Hypatia.*

A Rousing Tale *of* *The* Captain Blood

Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

ON A brilliant May morning of the year 1690 a gentleman stepped ashore at Santiago de Porto Rico, followed by a negro servant shouldering a valise. He had been brought to the mole in a cockboat from the yellow galleon standing in the roadstead with the flag of Spain floating from her main truck.

Having landed him, the cockboat went smartly about, and was pulled back to the ship, from which circumstances the gaping idlers on the mole assumed that this gentleman had come to stay.

They stared at him with interest, as they would have stared at any stranger. This, however, was a man whose exterior repaid their attention, a man to take the eye. Even the wretched white slaves toiling half naked on the fortifications, and the Spanish soldiery guarding them, stood at gaze.

Tall, straight and slim, our gentleman was dressed with somber Spanish elegance in black and silver. The curls of his black periwig fell to his shoulders, and his keen shaven face with its high-bridged nose and disdainful lips was shaded by a broad black hat about the crown of which swept a black ostrich plume. Jewels flashed at his breast; a foam of lace almost concealed his hands, and there were ribbons to the long gold-mounted ebony cane he carried.

A fop from the Alameda he must have seemed but for the manifest vigor of him and the air of assurance and consequence with which he bore himself. He carried his dark finery with an indifference to the broiling tropical heat which argued an iron constitution, and his glance was so imperious that the eyes of the inquisitive fell away abashed before it.

He asked the way to the governor's residence, and the officer commanding the guard over the toiling white prisoners detached a soldier to conduct him.

Beyond the square, which architecturally, and save for the palm trees throwing patches of black shadow on the dazzlingly white sun-drenched ground, might have belonged to some little town in Old Spain, they came,

King's Messenger

by Rafael Sabatini

A GENTLEMAN of fortune came to Porto Rico as a gentleman of Spain, and because a husband did not respect his wife, his mission succeeded.

by tall wrought-iron gates, into a garden, and by an avenue of acacias to a big white house with deep external galleries clad in jasmine. Negro servants in red-and-yellow liveries admitted our gentleman, and went to announce to the governor the arrival of Don Pedro de Queiroz on a mission from King Philip.

Not every day did a messenger from the King of Spain arrive in this almost the least of His Catholic Majesty's overseas dominions. Indeed, the thing had never happened before, and Don Jayme de Villamarga, while thrilled to the marrow by the announcement, knew not whether to assign the thrill to pride or to alarm.

A MAN of middle height, big of head and paunch and of less than mediocre intelligence, Don Jayme was one of those gentlemen who best served Spain by being absent from her, and this no doubt had been considered in appointing him Governor of Porto Rico. For all his awe of this representative of majesty, he was pompous in his reception of Don Pedro, and remained unintimidated by the cold haughty stare of Don Pedro's deep blue eyes. A Dominican monk, elderly, tall and gaunt, kept His Excellency company.

"Sir, I give you welcome." Don Jayme spoke as if his mouth were full. "I trust you will announce to me that I have the honor to meet His Majesty's approbation."

DON PEDRO made him a deep obeisance, with a sweep of his plumed hat, which, together with his cane, he thereafter handed to one of the negro lackeys.

"It is to signify that royal approbation that I am here, happily, after some adventures. I have just landed from the San Tomas after a voyage of some vicissitudes. She has gone on to Santo Domingo, and it may be three or four days before she returns. For that brief while I must make free with Your Excellency's hospitality." He seemed to claim it as a right rather than ask it as a favor.

"Ah!" was all that Don Jayme permitted himself to answer. And with head on one side, a fatuous smile on the thick lips under his grizzled mustache, he waited for the visitor to enter into details of the royal message.

The visitor, however, displayed no haste. He looked about him at the cool spacious room with its handsome furnishings of carved oak and walnut, and inquired, in that casual manner of the man at home in every environment, if he might be seated. His Excellency with some loss of dignity made haste to set a chair.

Composedly, with a thin smile which Don Jayme disliked, the messenger sat down and crossed his legs. "We are," he announced, "in some sort related, Don Jayme."

Don Jayme stared. "I am not aware of the honor."

"That is why I am at the trouble of informing you. Your marriage, sir, establishes the bond. I am a distant cousin of Doña Hernanda."

"Oh! My wife!" His Excellency's tone implied contempt for her and her relations. "I had remarked your name: Queiroz." This also explained to him the rather

hard and open accent of Don Pedro's otherwise impeccable Castilian. "You will, then, be Portuguese, like Doña Hernanda." And again his tone implied contempt of Portuguese, and particularly perhaps of Portuguese who were in the service of the King of Spain, from whom Portugal had reestablished her independence a half-century before.

"Half Portuguese, of course. My family——"

"Yes, yes." Thus Don Jayme interrupted him. "But your message from His Majesty?"

"Ah, yes. Your impatience, Don Jayme, is natural." He was faintly ironical. "You will forgive me that I should have intruded family matters. My message, then.

"It will be no surprise to you, sir, that eulogistic reports should have reached His Majesty, whom God preserve"—he bowed his head in reverence, compelling Don Jayme to do the same—"not only of the good government of this important island of Porto Rico, but also of the diligence employed by you to rid these seas of the pestilent rovers, particularly the English buccaneers who trouble our shipping and the peace of our Spanish settlements."

Upon reflection Don Jayme was not surprised. Being a fool, he did not suspect that Porto Rico was the worst governed Spanish settlement in the West Indies. As for the rest, he had certainly encouraged the extirpation of the buccaneers from the Caribbean. Quite recently, and quite fortuitously, be it added, he had actually contributed to this desirable end, as he was not slow to mention.

With chin high and chest puffed out, he strutted before Don Pedro as he delivered himself. It was gratifying to be noticed in the proper quarter. It encouraged endeavor. He desired to be modest. Yet in justice to himself he must admit that under his government the island was tranquil and prosperous. Frey Luis, here, could bear him out in this. There was no heresy in any form in Porto Rico.

And as for the matter of the buccaneers, he had done all that a man in his position could do. Not perhaps as much as he could have desired to do. After all, his office kept him ashore. Had Don Pedro remarked the new fortifications he was building? The work was all but complete, and he did not think that even the infamous Captain Blood would have the hardihood to pay him a visit.

He had already shown that redoubtable buccaneer he was not a man with whom it was prudent to trifle. A party of his men had dared to land on the island a few days ago. But Don Jayme's followers were vigilant. He saw to that. A troop of horse had descended upon the pirates and taught them a sharp lesson.

He laughed to think of it, and Don Pedro politely laughed with him, desiring to know more of this.

"You killed them all, of course!" he cried.

"Not yet." His Excellency spoke with fierce relish.

¶ *"Do not be alarmed," Don Pedro told Doña Hernanda. "Rodrigo's life is safe. I know that this Blood, piracy apart, is a man of honor." "Piracy apart!" Laughter exploded from Don Jayme. "You deal in paradox. Eh, Frey Luis?"*

"But I have them under my hand. Six of them were captured. We have not yet decided upon their end. Perhaps the rope. Perhaps an auto-da-fé and the fires of the Faith for them. They are heretics all, of course. It is a matter I am still considering with Frey Luis here."

"Well, well," said Don Pedro, as if the subject began to weary him. "Will Your Excellency hear the remainder of my message?"

The governor was annoyed by this suggestion that his lengthy exposition had amounted to an interruption. Stiffly he bowed to the representative of majesty. "My apologies," said he in a voice of ice.

But the lofty Don Pedro paid little heed to his manner. He drew from an inner pocket of his rich coat a folded parchment and a small flat leather case.

"I have to explain, Your Excellency, the condition in which this comes to you. I have said, although I do not think you heeded it, that I arrive here after a voyage of many vicissitudes. Indeed, it is little short of a miracle that I am here at all, considering what I have undergone.

"I, too, have been a victim of that infernal dog, Captain Blood. The ship on which I originally sailed from Cádiz was sunk by him a week ago. More fortunate than my cousin Don Rodrigo de Queiroz, who accompanied me and who remains a prisoner in that infamous pirate's hands, I made my escape. It is a long tale with which I will not weary you."

"It would not weary me!" exclaimed His Excellency, forgetting his dignity in his interest.

But Don Pedro waved aside the implied request for details. "Later! Later, perhaps, if you care to hear of it. It is not important. What is important on Your Excellency's account is that I escaped. I was picked up by the San Tomas, which has brought me here, and so happily I am able to discharge my mission."

He held up the folded parchment. "I but mention it to explain how this has come to suffer by sea water, though not to the extent of being illegible. It is a letter from His Majesty's Secretary of State informing you that our sovereign, whom God preserve, has been graciously pleased to create you, in recognition of the services I have mentioned, a knight of the most noble order of Saint James of Compostella."

Don Jayme went first white, then red, in his incredulous excitement. With trembling fingers he took the letter and unfolded it.

It was certainly damaged by sea water. Some words were scarcely legible. The ink in which his surname and his government of Porto Rico had been written had run into a smear, as had that of some other words here and there. But the amazing substance of the letter was indeed as Don Pedro announced.

As Don Jayme at last raised his eyes from the document, Don Pedro, proffering the leather case, touched a spring in it. It flew open, and the governor gazed upon rubies that glowed like live coals against their black-velvet background.

"And here," said Don Pedro, "is the insignia; the cross of the most noble order in which you are invested."

Don Jayme took the case gingerly and gazed upon the smoldering cross. The friar came to stand beside him, murmuring congratulatory words. Any knighthood would have been an honorable and unexpected reward for Don Jayme's services to the crown of Spain. But that of all orders this most exalted and coveted order of Saint James of Compostella should have been conferred upon him was something that almost defied belief.

And yet when a few minutes later the room was entered by a lady young and delicately lovely Don Jayme had already recovered his habitual poise of self-sufficiency.

Beholding a stranger, an elegant, courtly stranger who rose instantly upon her advent, the lady paused in the doorway, hesitating, timid. Then she *(Continued on page 140)*

10 *minutes for* Marriage

9 *minutes for* Divorce

Frazier Hunt

was almost Divorced *himself in* Russia—
so fast are the Bonds Welded *and* Broken *there*

IT TAKES two to get married but only one to get divorced in Soviet Russia today.

And divorcing is quicker, as well; ten minutes to go through the marriage machine and only nine to be ground out in the divorce mill. As a matter of fact, it was so easy to get one of these free Russian divorces that I went through all the gestures myself. It was about as difficult as getting an automobile license.

With my interpreter I entered a two-story brick building adjoining a slightly shopworn police station in Moscow. A sign pointed the way to a fairly large plain room with three flat-topped pine tables in different corners, with a clerk behind each.

"Is this where you get divorced?" I asked of a young man who obviously was in charge.

"Yes; sit down," he answered cordially.

"I am an American," I explained through my interpreter. "Can you divorce foreigners?"

"Please," he answered graciously.

"How long will it take?" I asked.

"About ten minutes to answer the questions and make out the certificate for you . . . Now, what is your name?"

Briskly he began filling out the answers to a questionnaire.

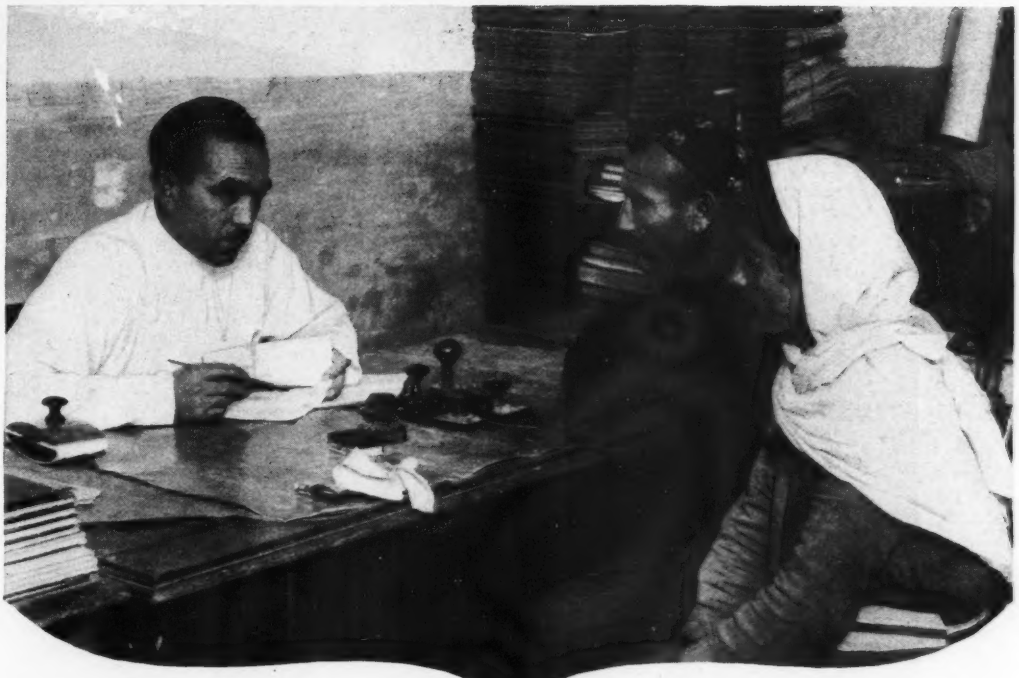
When he was about two-thirds finished I was conscience-stricken—and slightly scared. In three minutes, after a half-dozen more questions, I'd wake up to find myself divorced.

Once in Paris some five or six years ago I'd carried a fake French divorce right up to the point where the judge called me in for the official attempt at reconciliation. I was frightened a high pink then, fearing that maybe I had let things go too far, and that possibly I couldn't stop the mad idea. And here I was in the same fix!

I broke out with something that resembled a sick smile and feverishly explained that I was just playing at getting a Russian divorce and that all I wanted was to see exactly how it worked.

"Well, I'll finish you up, all except giving you the official stamp," he answered good-naturedly. "And I'll

¶ THIS YOUNG COUPLE *were married in ten minutes—and it didn't cost them a kopeck.*



¶ A FAMILIAR SCENE IN RUSSIA, *where they are trying to take the hypocrisy out of the marriage and divorce problem.*

allow your wife sixty rubles a month ($30) to take care of your son," he added with a broad grin.

"Say, how good would this divorce be if I really did want it?" I questioned.

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's good in the Soviet Union. It's no business of ours whether your country would recognize it or not . . . Now here is a real one," he whispered. "Just watch this."

A YOUNG woman had entered the room and taken a seat in front of one of the other tables. She was shabbily dressed and she wore a shawl over her head, but there was something rather beautiful about her face. She said that she wanted a divorce.

"Are there children?" the woman clerk asked her.

"Yes; a girl of three," she answered.

"Have you arranged with the father about her support?"

"Yes. I have the paper here; he agrees to pay twenty rubles a month until my little girl is sixteen, and fifteen additional rubles for myself for six months."

"But you can get more than that for your child if you want to take it to the People's Court," the young man at my table interjected.

"Yes, but we have agreed to this," the woman quietly answered.

"How much does he make?" the manager of this marriage and divorce registration bureau insisted.

"One hundred and ten rubles a month."

"Well, you can get more than twenty rubles for your child if you take it to a Soviet judge. Isn't that true, comrade?" he asked, turning to a plain, middle-aged woman sitting at the third table in the room—a Soviet lawyer who two days each week gives free legal advice to anyone who wishes it.

"Yes, she could get more," the lawyer agreed.

But the girl only shook her head. No one made any further comment.

The clerk started her questions. I looked at my watch. It was eleven-thirty-two.

"What name will you use after the divorce?" the clerk asked.

"My husband's. Here is the paper." The girl unfolded the agreement, signed by the husband, authorizing her to use his name. Without this permission she would have had to take her maiden name.

"How old are you?" the clerk questioned.

"Twenty-three."

"Have you been married before?"

"No."

"Has your husband?"

"No."

"How about the written agreement for the support of the child?"

"It is there in the paper: twenty rubles for my little girl and fifteen for me for six months."

There was a scratching of the pen while all this was written out.

Then the questioning continued.

"What nation do you and your husband belong to?"

"Russian."

"What is his trade?"

"He works in a factory."

"Where will you live?"

"At the address there on the paper."

"Let me see your identification card."

A soiled paper-bound identification booklet was

(*Continued on page 132*)

Свидетельство О ПРЕКРАЩЕНИИ БРАКА № ——

Выдано в том, что брак Хант Фрезера Джеммой Керн

о книге записей актов гражданского состояния О ПРЕКРАЩЕНИИ БРАКА

Фамилия после прекращения брака

Особые отметки

Фрезер Хант берет на себя обязанность уплачивать Эмме Хант 60 руб. (шестьдесят) рублей в месяц на ребенка и разрешает ей оставить его фамилию

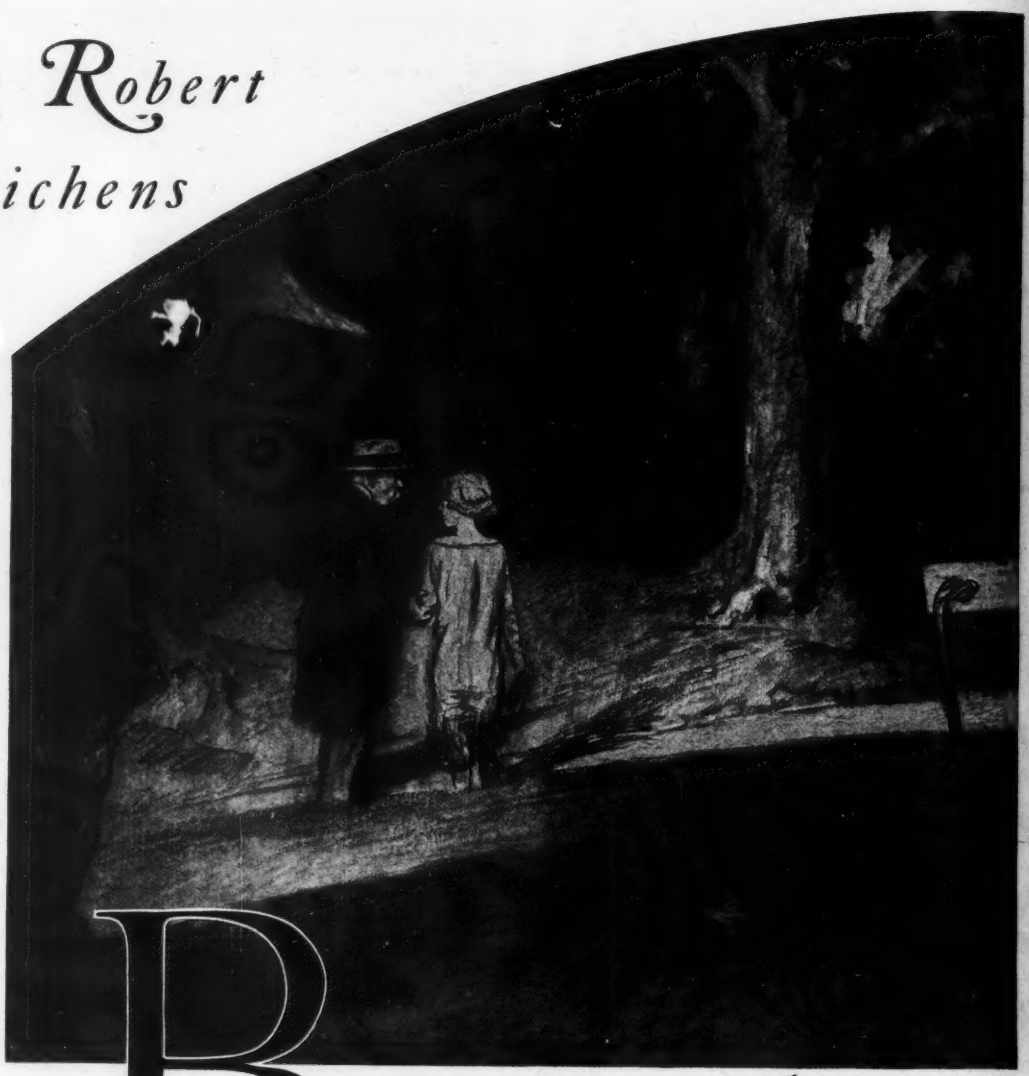
Заведующий А. К. Чернов

Делопроизводитель Elsen

¶ THIS CERTIFIES *that the marriage between Hunt Frazier, son of Jasper, and Emma, daughter of Kern, is written down in the books of divorce, Dec. 2, 1929.*

Frazier Hunt agrees to pay Emma Hunt 60 rubles a month for the child and allows her to keep his last name.

by Robert hichens



The Bracelet

The Story So Far:

IN THIS novel of the fashionable world of London, you meet two high-bred women who were close friends until both fell in love with a man whom neither could respect.

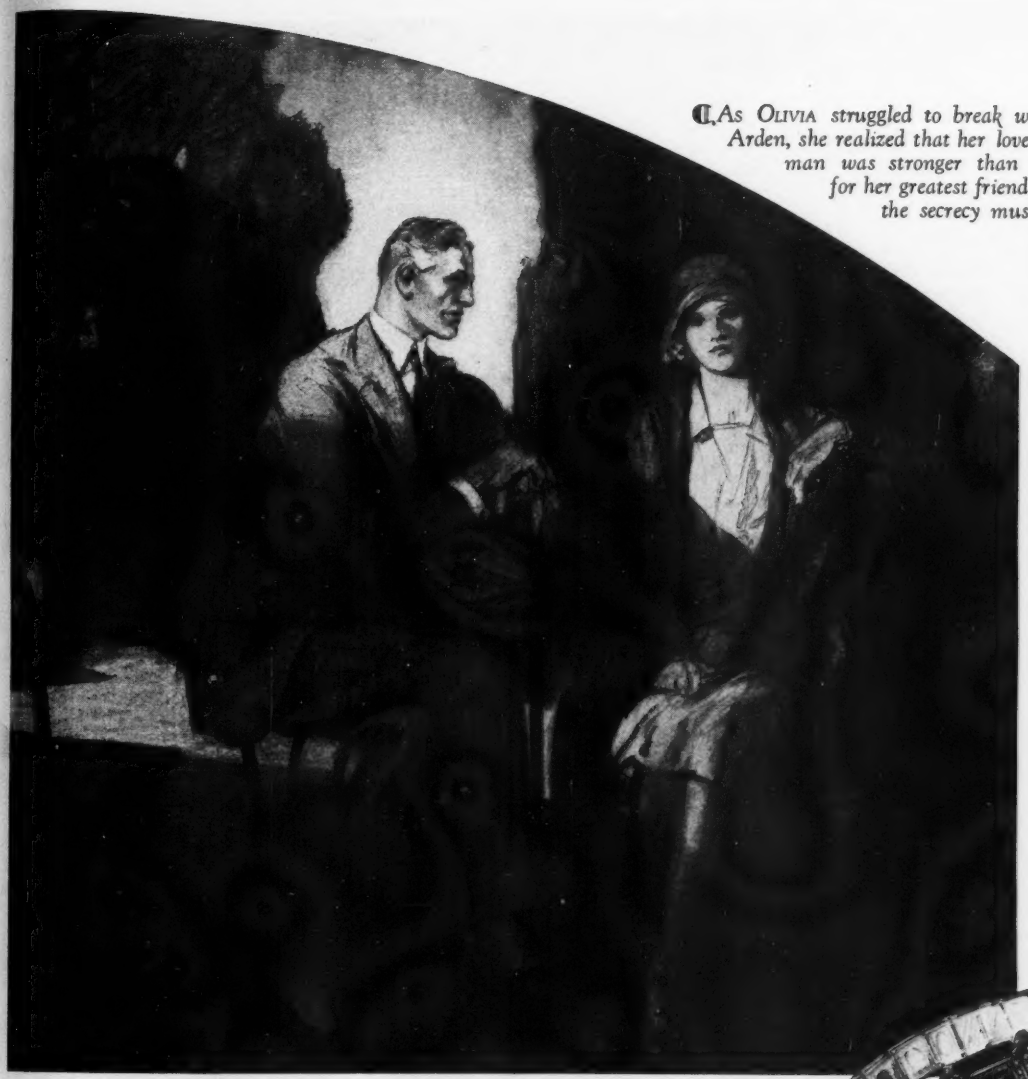
Sir Leith and Lady Mansfeld of Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park, were disappointed in their daughter Olivia. New-poor but incurably extravagant, they had expected her to make a brilliant marriage, but at twenty-four the beautiful Olivia had rented a studio near Regent's Park, and announced that she was going to earn money for herself.

Neither of Olivia Mansfeld's parents knew that the reason for her apparent social failure was that she was unhappily in love with a married man, Brett Arden, whose nature repelled her even while it fascinated. In fact, no one knew, though the first visitor to her studio in Clarence Lane seemed to suspect the truth. This was Anne Marie, the faithful Breton maid of Olivia's greatest friend, Lady Bettine Fayne.

"Mademoiselle will surely make good portraits here," said Anne Marie. Olivia actually had a commission to do a series of society portraits for an illustrated paper, Modern Days, but she found herself wondering whether Anne Marie had not, perhaps, a slightly satirical mind. She had never considered her as an entity before, but now she realized that there was much intelligence and worldly knowledge concealed in Anne Marie's head—and perhaps something more, for suddenly she seemed to see it as the head of a criminal.

Olivia wished to draw that interesting head, but met with an oddly obstinate look from Anne Marie. And then came a tap at the window and another head appeared: the narrow greyhound head of Brett Arden. He had been playing tennis in a tournament with Lady Bettine, and now he arrived to inspect what he regarded as a new toy of Olivia's, for none of the people of her own world seemed to take her talent or ambition seriously.

It was Brett Arden's fearlessness as much as his physical fascination that made him irresistible to women, yet he seemed disconcerted at the presence of Lady Betty's maid. And when Anne Marie had gone, Olivia found herself unpleasantly on the defensive, for her lover assumed, with the cynicism she found so



¶ As Olivia struggled to break with Brett Arden, she realized that her love for this man was stronger than her love for her greatest friend. So all the secrecy must go on!

A Novel *of* *Love in* Mayfair

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

exasperating in him, that she planned to use her new quarters for the intrigue she hated.

"D'you swear I had nothing to do with your taking of this place?" Brett asked, and when the harassed young woman admitted that she might have deceived herself, he added: "The rum-looking female who has just left us evidently jumped to that conclusion before you did."

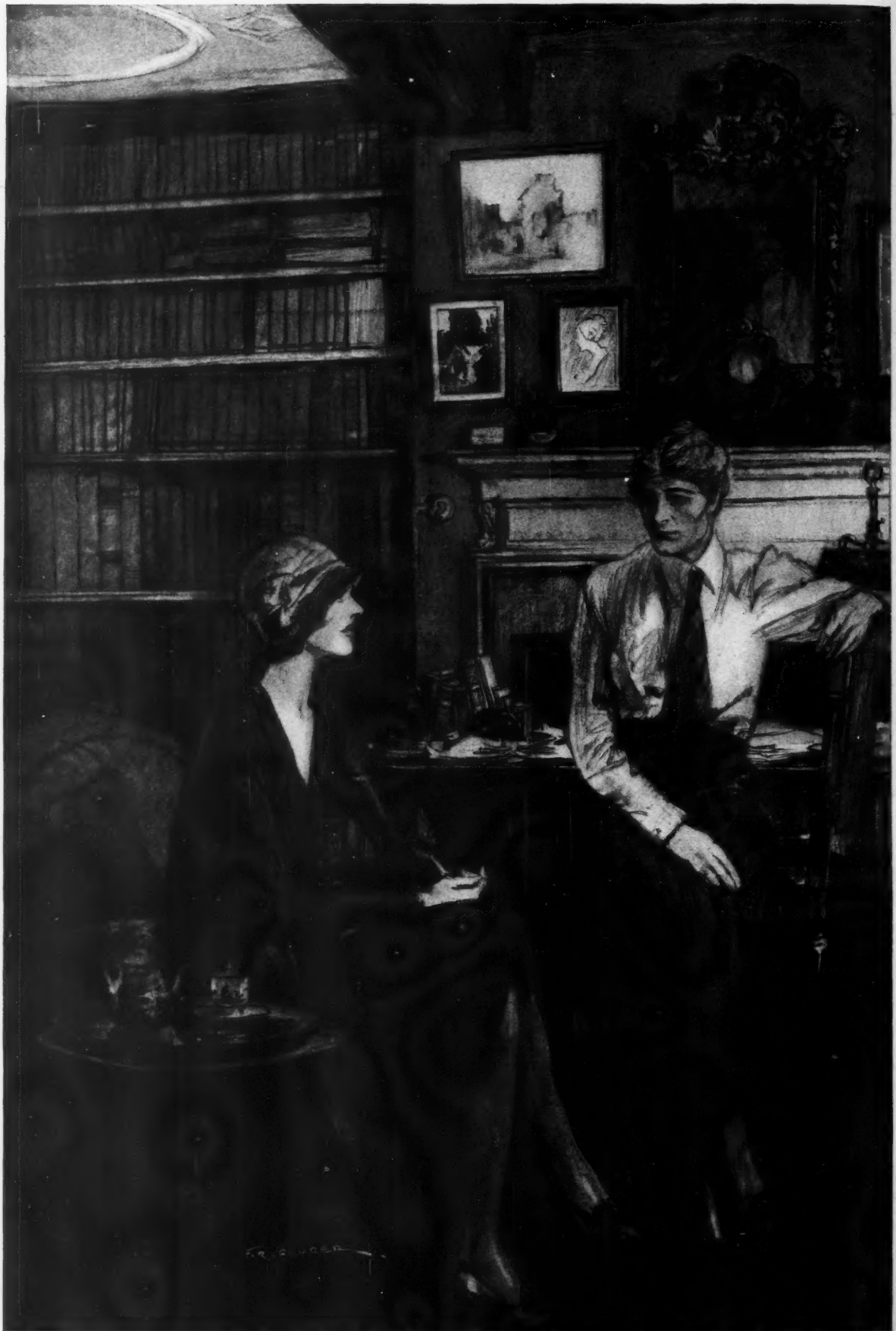
"Anne Marie!" said Olivia, startled. Yet even if Anne Marie gossiped to her mistress, she thought, it would be no great matter. Colonel Fayne's fascinating wife, a great but singularly reckless lady with the bizarre appearance of a laughing skull, probably would only be amused at her friend's lapse. And certainly she would be discreet, for their friendship had begun when Olivia, then a grave débutante, had undertaken a delicate mission at Auteuil for the experienced married woman.

Nevertheless, she was uneasy, and Brett unusually serious for him, though he chaffed her lightly enough about having captured the heart of Roger Chumley, his opponent at tennis and opposite in character.

But Anne Marie was no gossip, as Olivia discovered two weeks later, when she went to see Lady Betty about a sitting for her portrait. If there was a certain constraint in her friend's usually careless manner, it was only when they had spoken of the Russian lottery at Claridge's. (Lady Betty displayed a little gold owl as the prize she had won, though the papers had mentioned a jade cigaret box.) And thereafter all the constraint was on Olivia's part, for her best friend, who had had a temperamental day at tennis with Brett, opened her heart to the one woman she could trust.

"Brett Arden! Brett Arden!" said Lady Betty wildly. "Now I'm one of the victims. You must know what his mania is. Making women mad about him . . . Ever since Brett and I have been together he has been trying hard for it."

Feeling suddenly degraded, wondering whether Brett had really tried hard, Olivia reflected miserably that it was now too late to tell Lady Betty her own secret. That night, however, she decided to be as true to herself as the circumstances permitted, and tell what Anne Marie, for reasons of her own, evidently had not told—that Brett had visited her studio.



¶ "OLD JO" *made Olivia suffer with the truth about her lover.*

But when Lady Betty came for her sitting next day, bringing Brett with her, she was so radiant that Olivia knew she must be genuinely in love. And before she could speak, Betty said, looking oddly conscious: "Mr. Arden says he's never been in an artist's studio in his life."

Olivia opened her lips to give her lover's lie the truth. But—she couldn't! Rigid with misery and shame, she went about her work, acting the lie she had meant to disown, and so chained herself to a silence that left her in the power of two people: a subtle, clever, ingenious man and an enigmatic Breton maid who guessed her secret.

OLIVIA put the finishing touches to her drawing of Lady Bettine, sent it in to her editor and received her first earned five-pound note, and with it a typewritten letter expressing the editor's satisfaction and his wish to have an interview with her about her future work. She went to the office and was taken into a charming reception room. Into this room almost immediately came a man not more than thirty-five certainly, with shining brown eyes and smooth dark brown hair. Olivia saw at once that he was a poseur, but he was exceedingly amiable, praised her work and said he wanted eleven more drawings from her. They must all be of well-known society women, and he wished to issue them weekly. The top price to be ten pounds for a drawing.

Olivia gladly agreed.

"If," said the editor, slurring his words in a delicate, almost purring way—"if the series goes as well as I expect, Miss Mansfeld, I may ask you for another—of men. Well-known society men, of course. Actors, musicians, writers, men of *that* type mean nothing to us. Our note is purely social. That is partly why I am pleased to welcome you to my office. You go everywhere, know everyone. You can be useful to me. But may I make a suggestion?"

"Of course. Please do."

"Be careful to make them pretty; not handsome—just pretty."

"Well, but how can I if they aren't?"

"Oh, it's quite easy. Look at what all the fashionable photographers do. A touch here—and there! A dimple or so in the right place and—there you are! You see, smart women like to be beautiful," he added. "It's natural. I don't blame them for it."

"But Lady Bettine——" began Olivia.

"Une belle laide! Une très belle laide!" interrupted the editor, whose name, by the way, was Mr. Blades Bircham. "But make them pretty in future portraits. Not handsome, mind! They don't like that. They connect handsome with—heavy. I'm sure I don't know why."

He smiled on one side of his small mouth and the interview was over.

Olivia went away delighted and disgusted: delighted to get work; disgusted at the insincerity to which she had been so cordially invited to subscribe. But she must get that men's series.

It was a merciful dispensation that she had some regular work to do, for she was secretly unhappy.

After the visit of Betty and Brett Arden to the studio she had had her second great struggle with herself. The first had been before she yielded to the love which she couldn't understand, which perhaps she never would be able to understand fully. For a mere bodily affection seemed to her so disgusting and unworthy that she couldn't bear to think of it.

She wouldn't admit that her feeling for Brett Arden could be due to a physical cause only. Yet what common ground for love did their two differing natures afford? He smiled at all she valued and his complete indifference to matters of conduct that she thought important often irritated her intensely. They couldn't be said to suit each other at all. Yet she was painfully subject to his fascination.

¶ "*A* SILENT *tongue earns good money,*" *Brett told Anne Marie.*

Perhaps she was the victim of what lots of women called a "physical obsession." She began to be afraid it might be so when the effort she made after Betty had sat for her portrait failed completely.

Her angry disgust at Brett's behavior during that visit caused Olivia to take stock of the whole matter of her connection with him. She tried to be cold and deliberate in doing it, to put away hot emotion and especially all sentimentality. Secretly she had hated entering into that connection. She had standards. She had strong prejudices. And they were all against what she had done.

It was as if she had done a deed in direct defiance of herself and was trying to find lasting satisfaction in it. She was the victim of her own deed. And yet she clung to it desperately. She knew how desperately when her decision to break with Brett Arden came to nothing.

FOR she had come to that decision. She had been forced into deceit. Betty had been absolutely frank with her and she had been abominably insincere with Betty. She had joined with Brett in an ugly piece of trickery which made her feel hot with shame whenever she thought of it. That was bad enough. But there was something worse, more humiliating, which seared her. She was jealous of Betty. That seemed to her intolerable.

Her friendship, something that she valued tremendously, was being poisoned, would be killed, perhaps, if she did not get the better of her infatuation for Brett. Could she release herself from Brett's power over her? If she did not succeed in doing that she saw before her a future full of misery and distraction. For she could not take things lightly; could not laugh on the edge of abysses. And as she already suffered because of her lover's nature so she would suffer because of the nature of her friend.

Betty would give her terrible cause for jealousy. She knew that. And she saw (*Continued on page 225*)

Exercise

By Helen Wills

Photograph—Dorothy Wilding

WHAT is the girl who sits at a desk all day long to do for exercise? Because she works, is she to be forced to choose between business and health? This is the serious question which confronts the modern young woman in an office.

Shall the business woman take part in some vigorous sport on the week-ends *only*, or shall she take a milder form of exercise during the week, or shall she try to do both? The ideal thing is to take part in a sport on the free days and work out a plan for some milder activity for the week days.

Tennis, golf, riding, swimming, deck tennis, squash, badminton are ideal diversions in the sporting field. Of these swimming, perhaps, gives the most all-round development. The four sports last named can be enjoyed indoors, which makes them valuable in places where the climate does not permit all-year-round outdoor activities. Where snow and ice are really good, there is opportunity for wonderful exercise in the winter sports.

I must say something about deck tennis. I have taken part in many sets on shipboard and have become conceited about my ability as a deck-tennis player. I recommend the game because it is amusing, and at the same time excellent for wind and muscle. Another feature in its favor is that it can be played in a small space and on any surface.

It is helpful to work out a schedule of milder exercise for the week days in order to keep fit, and to keep your muscles limber. Don't think that I am going to suggest something impracticable. I have had enough experience in an office, or rather in a studio, to know what a working day in a city is like.

What kind of exercise can you take before nine in the morning if you have to have breakfast and then make the trip to the office? And what time is there in the evening if you leave the office at five o'clock and arrive home a little before six? When you bend over an illustration board from nine until twelve, as I did, and from one until four-thirty, it is most certainly hard work.

At four-thirty, I used to take the subway to Brooklyn three afternoons a week to play tennis at the indoor Tennis Club. As it was winter time, we played by artificial light, and of course the courts had to be heated. Although I was fit, and enjoyed my game at the moment, I found when I was through that I was much too tired. So, from my own experience, I should not recommend tennis as a midweek exercise for the business woman.

At the end of two months I had finished the drawing which had been laid out for me and could carry on the remaining work at home in my little studio in our garden. As I could choose my own time, I used to play tennis at whatever hour I wanted to, and of course it was no longer necessary to play indoors, because tennis is played all year round in California.

BUT if I had stayed on in New York and continued with the regular schedule of the business day, I should have had to relinquish the idea of keeping up my best form as a tennis player and turn my attention to getting *sufficient* exercise.

I should have played tennis on the week-ends, of course, and this would have kept me feeling fit, *provided* that I had taken some limbering-up exercise during the week. Hard tennis, otherwise, would have been too much of a strain for the unaccustomed muscles.

If I had become a business woman, I should have obtained my week-day exercise in the following manner:

Upon rising I should have gone through a series of exercises that I sometimes use now on days when I do not play tennis. Ten minutes before an open window, with deep breathing, is a good start for the day. I have invented certain movements (probably not at all scientific) which are most useful. I call them my "Waking-up Four-count Exercises." They are done briskly, with a snap.

The arms are raised four times straight upwards, pointing directly toward the ceiling. Then they are extended four times sideways, and then four times downwards. Next, rise high on toes four times. Then the right toe is pointed on the floor and you do "toe-heel, toe-heel" four times, followed by the same with the left foot.

For the third step in the series of exercises, place hands on hips, bend the right leg, toe pointing downward, and raise the knee as high as possible, at the same time keeping the body in an erect position. Alternate left and right knee bend for eight counts. This gives four bends to each knee.

For the fourth step, with hands still on hips, stand with feet together, and bend from the hips to the right and to the left, alternating, for eight counts. For the fifth step, stand with feet together and arms extended horizontally. Without bending knees, bend from the hips to touch the floor with the tips of the fingers for four counts, each time coming back with precision to the erect position with arms outstretched. In time, you

for the Business Woman

Underwood & Underwood

Sketches by The Author

should be able to put the palms of your hands flat on the floor.

The series of five steps can then be repeated, and continued for ten minutes. I know that these exercises are not new. But following the "Four-count" plan is certainly more entertaining than making the same motion twenty or thirty times, and is more beneficial in that it does not permit you to wave your arms or bend your waist in mechanical repetition, with your mind wandering on other matters.

The ten minutes of morning exercise is followed by a temperate bath in water neither too hot nor too cold. The shock of a cold bath is unnecessary. After the bath, a brisk rubdown with a rough towel, followed by a second rubdown with a good alcohol preparation or with *eau de Cologne*.

A word must be said about bath accessories! Fragrant bath salts and wonderfully scented soaps have really an important effect upon the user. The fresh fragrance of lavender or the old-fashioned tang of carnation may influence your disposition for the day, and good nature is of great importance to health.

If I had stayed on in New York, I should have made this rule: "Never ride when it is possible to walk."

One of the main reasons why walking is not so popular as it might be with young women is that it is not comfortable to walk in French heels. French heels are a matter of vanity. The foot looks smaller, the ankle more shapely, and as long as this is true, French heels will be worn.

I agree that the low-heeled shoe for the street has long been clumsy and unattractive-looking. During the last few seasons, however, there has been an effort to make practical shoes more pleasing to the eye.

UP-TO-DATE shops are now selling a street shoe with a heel of solid leather which is slender in line, just high enough to look well, and not too high for comfort. This type of heel makes walking a pleasure and does away with the ungraceful mincing gait.

During the time I was in New York, and on the days on which I did not play tennis, at about six o'clock I used to take a brisk twenty-minute walk in low-heeled shoes. In the fast-gathering dusk it was pleasant to breathe in the sharp air and to see the yellow lights twinkling in the blue gloom of the streets.

I think it is possible for every business woman who is seated at a desk in an office all day to take an evening walk, followed by a bath and rubdown before dinner.

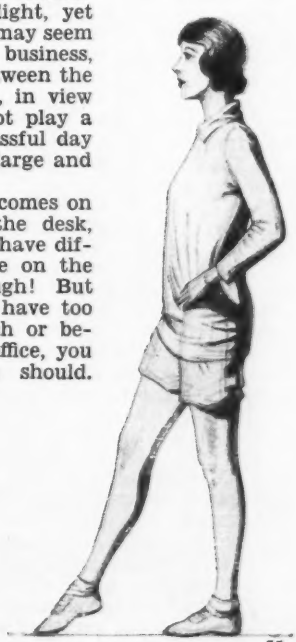
After this mild midweek exercise, the more strenuous exercise of the week-end can be indulged in and enjoyed completely. It will then be possible to play tennis or golf, or to swim or ride without feeling certain that aching muscles will be your fate on Monday.

Undoubtedly, the pleasantest way of taking exercise is in some form of sport, but if you must choose just one form, I should say that walking is the best, because it can be done any time, anywhere, and at almost any age. I know a woman of seventy who walks three miles every morning, and she is young-looking beyond all belief.

The next question that comes up is that of diet. Luncheon, from the standpoint of health, is probably the most important meal for the working woman, and yet it is often the most slighted. How can you hope for good health if you have had, day after day, a quick pick-up luncheon that is not half nourishing enough?

Is it better to have a snack of luncheon quickly and take a walk in the open air directly afterward, or should you order a substantial meal and enjoy it in a leisurely fashion? Not only is it much better to have your luncheon in as leisurely a fashion as possible, but it is an excellent custom to spend twenty minutes or so afterwards, quietly. If you can linger on in pleasant conversation, it is far better than to rush out and do a bit of shopping before going back to the office.

May I suggest the outline of a "tennis-tournament luncheon" for the business woman? It should be a luncheon light, yet nourishing. A tournament may seem far away from a day of business, but there is a similarity between the two in regard to luncheon, in view of the fact that you cannot play a good game or have a successful day at the office if you have a large and rich luncheon.



The feeling of sleepiness comes on the court as well as at the desk, and in both places you will have difficulty in keeping your eye on the ball. I know this well enough! But on the other hand, if you have too little to eat before a match or before an afternoon at the office, you become tired before you should.

A sample of the luncheon that I find most satisfactory before a tournament match is the following: Hot clear soup; two lamb chops with green peas and two large slices of graham bread toasted, heavily buttered; for dessert, ice cream. If the match is to be a hard

(*Continued on page 190*)

Kiss of April

¶ *Lord Norchester treated Fay as an equal, and at dreamed of showing. So began the springtime love*

THEY called Fay Morveth the Golden Arrow because her shingled hair framed her head like a cap of gold and her body had the straightness and swiftness of an arrow. She was the princess of an age of speed; with other rich children she swam at the International Sports Club in London and at the Club Lido in Paris, at the Lido itself, and at Seaview in the Isle of Wight.

She flew on skates at artificial ice rinks and in the light airplanes of the boys in her set, and drove a slightly detuned racing car with the secondhand ease her generation is born to; all this at twenty-one, which is a wonderful age for golden-arrow girls with madonna faces, wise souls and gray eyes. Also she had exploratory instincts regarding a thing called love, which eluded her because she confused love with kissing, and midnight runs in cars between dances with blasé young soldiers holding His Majesty's commission in the Brigade of Guards.

Her world, which she mistook for the world, resembled a gilded and ecstatic playground in one corner of which one played with snow at the winter sports, in another with sunshine in the south of France and North Africa and Italy, and in every corner with men, because men exemplified the nicest playthings of all; that is to say, with tanned, lissom boys developed from babyhood on good food and fresh air and skillfully devised games, varied by good horses and hunting and shooting; having good niches waiting for them in a jolly good universe, and a good opinion of themselves to match.

In the spring, soon after her twenty-first birthday, Fay sat in her father's house trying to strike a psychological and sentimental balance. The butler had instructions to put off all telephone calls and she was at home to no one. All around, the subtle atmosphere of Mayfair at the beginning of the Season seemed to promise adventure and triumph, and yet she knew that in her case the promise would not be fulfilled.

"I'm not a success," she told herself. "Men get a thrill from me for an hour or a week, and then move on to somebody else. I'm part of every young man's education, and yet somehow I always lose him sooner or later. I go everywhere; I'm photographed to death; I dance and ride and swim and drive a car better than any other girl in my set; but the others bring off all the good marriages and I get amazingly written up as the prettiest bridesmaid.

"Added to that, I've never really been in love. I don't see how one could be with our kind of man. They're so darned obvious, and casual isn't the word. Still, other girls seem to manage it, so clearly I lack some quality that makes a man want a girl permanently. I wonder what it is."

Lying back in one of the armchairs of her sitting room, a slender figure in rose crêpe de Chine pajamas and a dark blue silk dressing gown as plain and severely cut as a man's, she thought of her mother, bland, beautiful and middle-aged, who managed her life and her love affairs, her parties and her social vendettas with unruffled enjoyment; of her father, a soldier, a sportsman, and three times a cabinet minister, making such effective and good-humored teamwork with her mother. She flicked the ash from her cigaret and sighed.

"Their generation knew its job," she admitted at last. "They've something my lot hasn't. I'm twice as good-looking as Mother was at my age, a thousand percent better dressed, with far more so-called accomplishments, and there's nothing I don't know, but I can't handle life as she did. Now who the dickens can I ask, because someone's got to tell me, and it's never any use going to one's parents. Mummy would just ride me off politely, and Daddy would tell me I looked prettier than

the same time with a respect that her young men never affair of the young girl and the man of the world.

What Every *Young Woman of* 1930 Should Know

By F. E. Baily

ever, and ask me to lunch at the Berkeley, and suggest that a check might help, and go off slightly amused to play squash with someone at the Bath Club."

Then instinctively her thoughts turned to Diana Creagh. Mrs. Creagh derived from the days when lovely women were content to be witty, sought after, magnificently dressed and queens of their world.

HER house in Hill Street still remained a center where survivors of the old régime gathered: the heads of those powerful families whose influence is still paramount; the remaining great dramatists and writers of Queen Victoria's and King Edward's day; soldiers distinguished in forgotten wars; all the stars that have not set of that brilliant, arrogant, love-making, hard-drinking London which has gone never to return.

Special writers of modern newspapers who were babies during her prime always referred to her as a great lady. She was known to have been loved by a prince of the blood, a record not without distinction, and her name in the list of guests set a hall-mark on any gathering. She still preserved the marvelous figure which, in the days when figures were figures and not planks, inspired poets and painters alike; her gray hair was still dressed in the fashion she had made famous, following most faithfully the line of a classic head, and a lifetime of those gay sayings which enlivened the days of our fathers had given her mouth a humorous curve.

Being far too clever to moor herself in a backwater and let the new world go by, Mrs. Creagh took care to make friends with the young, clear-cut, steel-hard generation which had grown up since the war. Thoughtfully she chose the representatives of it whom she wanted to know, and

Illustrations by Maurice L. Bower

although they pretended to scoff at the tradition she represented they felt secretly proud of invitations to her house and watched her technique as a hostess with concealed awe.

Fay Morveth interested her most among the girls in their early twenties. "A physically perfect, beautiful, hard-shelled little harridan," Mrs. Creagh decided, never having been afraid of good old Anglo-Saxon words. "Unfortunately, she thinks she can make up in head what she lacks in heart. Now, a woman or a horse without a heart is no good. Neither has any courage, and what does a woman know of life until she's had her heart broken a few times?"

Sitting in Mrs. Creagh's drawing-room, a place of infinite peace even if it lacked cubist steel furniture from Paris and decorations by modernist Russians, Fay came straight to the point after the manner of her type.

"WHAT's the matter with me?" she asked. "I'm not a success with men. You ought to be able to tell me, because you've always been amazingly successful with men."

Mrs. Creagh thought: "This is a tabloid age and she wants a prescription for emotional tabloids which she can carry about in her vanity bag and take or administer as if they were aspirin tablets." Then, looking at the slim figure before her, in a most appealing frock and a small hat straight from Paris or paradise, she smiled and answered:

"Are you quite sure?"

"Absolutely."

"These things are very tangible. If I were a man, perhaps I could tell you better. As it is, I think you may be too direct. You haven't—what shall I say?—quite the right perfume."

"I seldom use any," Fay replied in her clear voice. "Where does one get the right perfume?"

"One shouldn't," Mrs. Creagh thought again, "speak in parables to the sophisticated. She imagines I mean scent." Then an idea came to her and the humorous mouth quivered faintly. "At least it will be an experience for the child," she told herself, and said aloud:

"There's an old Frenchman who sells the most wonderful perfumes. He distills them himself, and he won't sell them to people he doesn't know or doesn't like. He blends one individually for each woman who consults him and if she doesn't care for it she has to go

FAY SUFFERED *Hugh's direct glance with unruffled calm. "You didn't in the least*

without. You see, he believes in the psychology of perfumes, and as he sees one's temperament so he concocts a perfume to match. A delightful person. I'll write down the address for you. He and I are old friends."

ERECT as a lance, she moved over to a writing table that had known palaces in its time, and wrote a few lines, placed the paper in an unsealed envelope and addressed it. She came back and offered the envelope to Fay.

"Do please go to see him," she implored. "He ought really to excel himself for anyone as pretty as you."

Feeling in some strange way young and awkward and at the same time pleased at the tribute, Fay took the envelope and went away. Mrs. Creagh shook her head as the door closed.

"Poor child," she murmured sadly. "She's never had a chance. They don't train them nowadays, or teach them even how to enter and leave a room. The result is they haven't any confidence in themselves and never realize how unattractive they look when they sprawl. And oh, why don't their mothers or their governesses tell them a little about men and how to behave to men? When I was eighteen I had it all at my finger tips, and how amused I should have felt to see poor Fay and the rest of them blundering through life!"

At this moment Lord Norchester was announced. He came forward and bowed affectionately over her hand because he had fallen passionately in love with her as a young man when she, at the age of forty, held London in the hollow of that very hand. Now he was forty-eight and she sixty-three and they shared a deep friendship. Lord Norchester, who governed an eastern province and did it well, smiled down at her like a boy.

"I've only just arrived on leave and I came straight to see you, Diana. I left Laura at Marseille. You know what a passion she has for France, and her sister and Bertie are staying at Cannes. Being the wife of a governor isn't all honey, and she deserves a holiday. You look more adorable than ever."

"I take pains, Charles. Nobody can be even passable, let alone adorable, without taking pains. Where are you staying?"

"At my brother's apartment for the moment. His regiment's stationed at York, so he doesn't need it. We shall take a house when Laura arrives from France. By the way, I saw something (*Continued on page 98*)

want to marry me," she said. "Someone once explained it to me. She said I lacked perfume."

The Little Waif of Karma

TWO days after the Accursed's birth, her baby brother sickened.

A European doctor, had he seen the boy, would probably have diagnosed the case as congenital debility, and might not have approved the tonic actually administered by the medical adviser of the house. That tonic, as prescribed, consisted of powdered tigers' teeth and old men's hair, dissolved in Ganges water that had washed the feet of priests in Kali's temple.

To the rhythm of powerful Vedic verses they had poured it down the little boy's throat.

And yet he died.

So they knew beyond doubt that the new wee sister had killed him by her own arrival—had forced him out of the flesh.

"Accursed she is, and a bringer of curses!" the grandmother shrieked, over the body of the dead boy. And Premi, the mother, lying on her rag-heap in the far outhouse because of her deep pollution by childbirth—Premi, the mother, heard, and pushed the new-born infant from her breast.

"Why did you come?" she wept weakly. "I did not call you. I am too tired—too tired to feed you. And now you have killed my son. I hate you! Why did you come?"

And yet the Accursed did not die, but lived.

Even Premi called her the Accursed. But Premi, at the age of fifteen three times a mother; at the age of eleven shut into her Brahman husband's dark zenana, never again to breathe free air or to see the bigness of the sky; Premi, who coughed, now, with blood-flecked lips; Premi, whose last hope of favor had gone with the death of her boy and the birth of a girl; Premi, whatever she said or did, was scarcely open to fair charge of cruelty from the surrounding world.

Meantime, while Premi was dying, and after, the Accursed grew. Also, the new little wife that the Brahman took gave him a son. Yet none of the family ever forgot the death of the first boy; and while on this second heir every indulgence, every endearment, every gift and praise and caress was lavished, the Accursed wore out loveless days in hard work and in the rarely successful dodging of blows. And yet the child seemed never fully to grasp the reasonableness of her fate, but went about with a look in her eyes of puzzled entreaty, like a lost puppy begging the world's help.

Sometimes, however, the heavens opened and let her creep in, as though she had been a good and innocent child. That was in the season of the flying of kites. Then she would watch her chance to steal away and join the neighbors' boys. And because, little though she was, she could manage a kite surprisingly well, some kindly lad would often lend her his kite to fly.

GLORIOUS living thing, tugging at the light-held leash, high up against the blue! Glorious joy, to direct its proud course!

But then came a day when a messenger from the grandmother, appearing at the place of the flying of kites, ordered her home. Laughter died on the child's lips.

Filled with nameless terror, she ran, and presently knelt before her grandmother, panting.

The old woman's face was black. Her eyes glittered balefully. "Hearken, thou Sin!" she snarled. "Today thou art eight years old. Come here!" And with one hand she seized the child while with the other she drew a red iron from the little clay stove at her side.

One deep sear, into the instep of each small foot. "That will teach thee to run out-of-doors and play with boys again!" she said.

For long thereafter the child crawled on all fours about her daily work. So ended, for always, sky and free air, kite-flying and laughter.

When two years more had almost passed, the grandmother spoke to her son.

"The need has come to take thought of your soul. The time of the Accursed One must soon be fulfilled—and she unmarried yet! You dare delay no longer. For—what say our Holy Books?—if any Brahman allow his

Illustrations by
Harvey Zook

A New Story of Mother India

By Katherine Mayo

¶ *The Brahman struck a bargain not too hard; the marriage was performed, and the groom went his eternal way.*

daughter to attain puberty unwed, his immediate punishment is outcasting; and hereafter, Hell. Delay, then, no more; for each day, each hour, means deadly risk."

Now the Brahman, her son, was a fearful, sickly and irresolute man, who rarely could bring himself squarely to confront a difficulty.

"The price!" he cried fretfully. "The terrible price! I shall not find a bridegroom of the rank required except for a ruinous sum. Look at the horde of kinsmen who feed upon me now! Look at the swarming beggars whom I must satisfy! Look at my son, for whose marriage-costs I am already deep-sunk in the usurer's hands! Poverty even now threatens me. I——"

"Better poverty than Hell and the present ridicule of the world," the old woman interrupted heavily. "Long have I waited in silence. Henceforward, for thy soul's sake, thou shalt have no more peace."

But, as weeks passed, the Brahman did nothing in the matter save whine of impending ruin.

"Seek, then, an old bridegroom," the woman broke in, at last. "Find an aged, failing man, who craves young flesh, yet who hardly can ask high dowry because of his own approaching end."

So THE Brahman, somewhat cheered, called the family barber, with whose ancient trade matchmaking is professionally combined; and duly commissioned him to find for the Accursed, now nearly ten years old, a cheap and senile mate.

Yet again, weeks passed, barren of luck.

And then came an hour when the mother summoned her son in haste. "Listen!" she whispered. "I have feared for thee—the gods know how I have feared—lest thy sloth bring thee damnation and shame. But now, this very day, great news has reached me of salvation at hand. Now, indeed, thou *shalt* act!"

Then she told her simple tale. A Kulin Brahman, on a marrying tour, would reach their village next day.

Now, the Kulin Brahmans of eastern India constitute a subdivision of the Brahman caste highly exalted in rank, and endowed with this peculiar privilege: Any member may marry himself to wives up to the number of one hundred and fifty.

The Kulin, indeed, is an embodied proof of the wisdom and providence of the ancient religious lawgivers. For while these, on the one hand, safeguarded caste purity by ordaining that no man shall marry his daughter beneath her caste, on the other hand they created the lofty and capacious Kulin, in order that the souls of hard-pressed Brahman fathers might, sometimes at least, be saved from perdition without impossible pains and cost.

So the Kulin Brahman moves from village to village as an itinerant professional marrying man. From a rich father he may exact a heavy present; from one to whom the usurer will scarcely lend, he may accept a modest recompense.

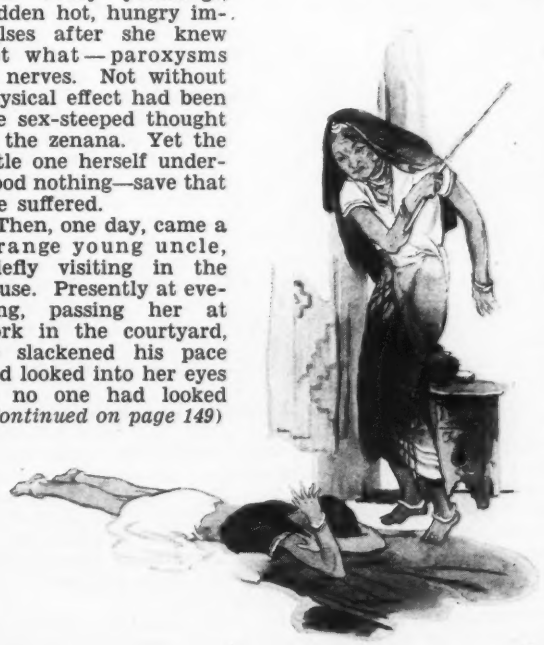
THEN, the ceremony performed, the Kulin proceeds on his tour, never to reappear in his wife's life; the father felicitates himself, not only on having escaped Hell, but also on having secured special advantage in Heaven by merit of his son-in-law's distinguished rank; and the child-bride returns to her father's house, where she remains immured.

And so it happened even as the Brahman's anxious and watchful old mother had forecast—a Kulin Brahman on a marrying tour arrived in the village next day—an incredibly fat young man with a little round head, big round cheeks and small, round, beady eyes; his only garment, a gee-string. The Brahman struck a bargain not too hard; the marriage was performed, and the groom went his eternal way; and all proceeded as before, save that the grandmother, the neighbors and the gods were, in this matter, satisfied.

Yet, for all its outward sameness, somehow within the child's life a difference grew. Vague discomforts, new heady yearnings, sudden hot, hungry impulses after she knew not what—paroxysms of nerves. Not without physical effect had been the sex-steeped thought of the zenana. Yet the little one herself understood nothing—save that she suffered.

Then, one day, came a strange young uncle, briefly visiting in the house. Presently at evening, passing her at work in the courtyard, he slackened his pace and looked into her eyes as no one had looked

(*Continued on page 149*)



Shattered Glass

The Story So Far:

THE men and women whom you first met at Hector Champion's dinner party were just embarking on a night and day of intense drama. A sudden crisis had arisen in the life of each one. In fact, the reason Old Hector had asked these people to his home on this wintry night was that he wanted to find out the truth of the gossip he had heard about four members of his party. And during the evening he had discovered what he wanted to know.

Because Fanny Towner was a fool she had betrayed her love for David Melbourn, a man of obscure origin, but rich and successful. And Melbourn had showed quite as plainly his indifference toward Fanny and his growing interest in Mrs. Wintringham, who was a nobody like himself, but beautiful and calm and poised, as Fanny, driven to desperation by her jealousy, was not.

Jim Towner, Fanny's husband, had left the party early, hurrying through the snow to "Rosa's Place," where Rosa Dugan sang in a husky voice that made him feel wild and young again. At seventeen, Rosa had had a baby. She was Rosie Healy then, and she had loved Tony Bruzzi, the baby's father; and sometimes her brother Pat Healy, a doorman at Old Hector's apartment, thought she still loved him, though she was famous now and hadn't seen Tony for years—not since he had been sent to Sing Sing.

Towner knew of his wife's infatuation for Melbourn, but he knew, too, that speaking of it would do no good, and perhaps would mean that he couldn't see Rosa any more.

He had been drinking a great deal, to keep from thinking of his problems, and now, on his way to Rosa's, he stopped at a speak-easy. There were bloodstains near its door and inside, as he waited for his drink, he heard voices from a back room.

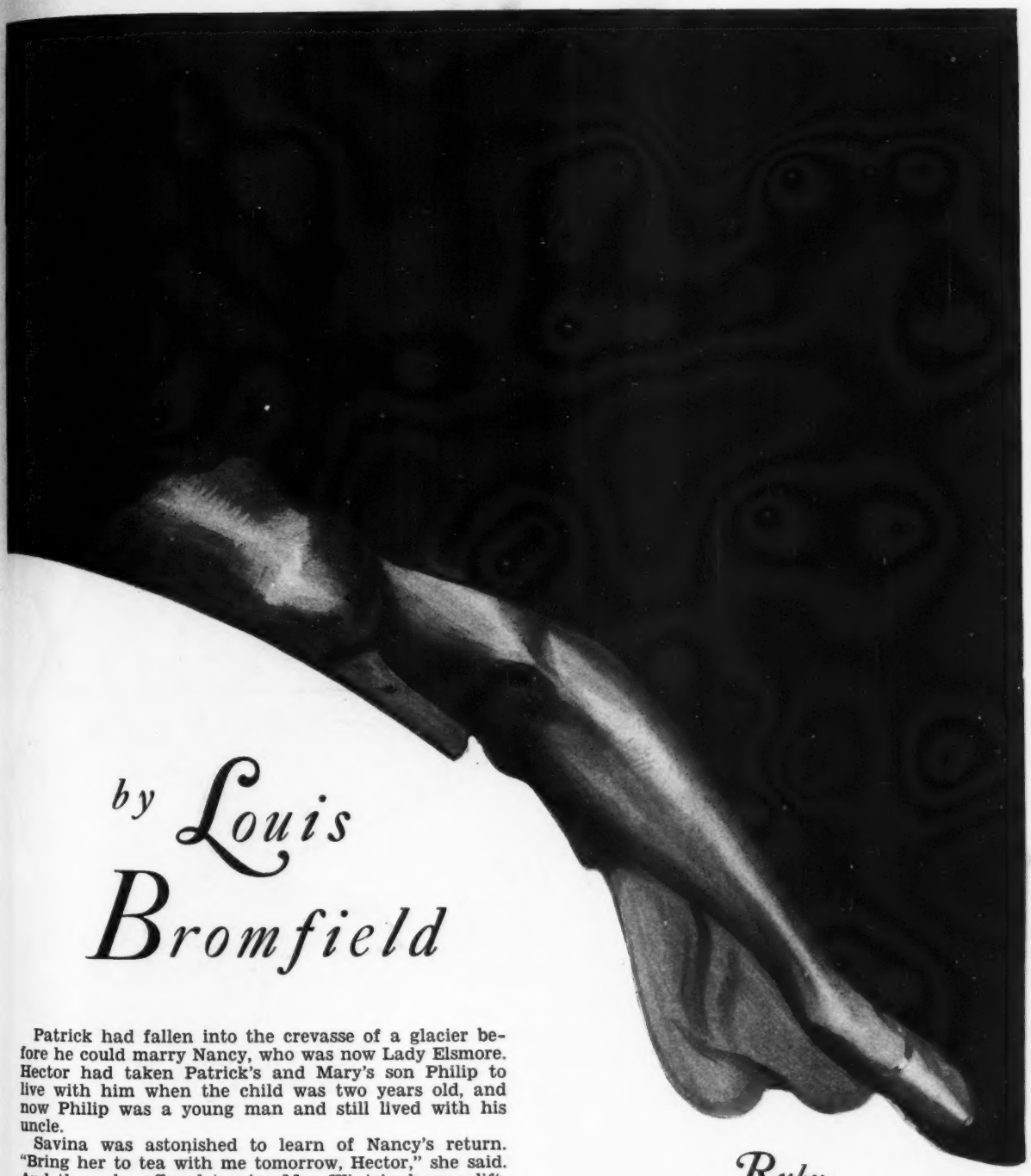
"Poor Sam . . . Who done it?" said one.

"Dago Tony," answered another.

Feeling a little sick, Towner went out into the snow again and hurried on to Rosa's Place, where he was known only as "Mr. Wilson."

At Old Hector's, meanwhile, the rest of the guests were saying good-by. Melbourn was taking Fanny Towner home, but he had written a note to Mrs. Wintringham that read: "Wait for me at home. I'll come, no matter how late. I must talk to you."

As they all stood in the hallway waiting for the elevator, Old Hector spoke to Savina Jerrold, his friend of many years, about a radiogram he had received while the men were still sitting at the dinner table. The message had startled him so that he had broken one of his treasured crystal goblets. It was from his sister Nancy whom he had not seen for more than twenty-five years. She had created a great scandal in the beginning of the century by leaving her husband and eloping with Patrick Dantry, Hector's protégé and the husband of Nancy's sister Mary, who had died in childbirth.



by Louis Bromfield

Ruby Wintringham

who has made a place for herself in the business and social world of New York, city of breathless magic, faces a crisis in her career.

You come to know Mrs. Wintringham as you come to know the dozen other people of high and low degree in this novel which carries them through the 24 most exciting hours of their lives.

Illustrations by McClelland Barclay

Patrick had fallen into the crevasse of a glacier before he could marry Nancy, who was now Lady Elsmore. Hector had taken Patrick's and Mary's son Philip to live with him when the child was two years old, and now Philip was a young man and still lived with his uncle.

Savina was astonished to learn of Nancy's return. "Bring her to tea with me tomorrow, Hector," she said. And then she offered to give Mrs. Wintringham a lift.

When the others had gone Philip, too, left his uncle's apartment. Old Hector wanted to ask him to stay, for he felt ill and lonely, but he knew that Philip wanted to be with some actress whom he was in love with and whose name the old man didn't even know.

As Philip, following almost in Jim Towner's footsteps, hurried toward the theater where the actress, Janie Fagan, that night had opened in a new show, he thought again how strange it was that Janie should be so like his aunt Nancy. When he was about eleven years old Bidda Whalen, his old nurse, had taken him to see his runaway aunt and he had never forgotten her. She had seemed so romantic, so beautiful, so different from other women, and the girl he loved was just like her.

He was afraid to ask Janie to marry him for fear she would refuse him, and if she did, he didn't know what he'd do. But what had he to offer her in exchange for the glamour of the theater? he asked himself humbly. He almost hoped the new play wasn't a success, but

Fanny Towner

who was afraid of Melbourn because she loved him and knew he had tired of her shallowness, could not nerve herself to give him up without a scene.

when he reached the theater he found that it was. And then, in her dressing room that was crowded with strangers, she saw him and called out:

"Wait for me, Philip. As soon as I get dressed I'll be with you." So he waited, proud that all the others should know it was he whom this radiant creature was awaiting . . .

When Savina Jerrold and Mrs. Wintringham drove off together, Savina wondered about the other woman, whose beauty and air of mystery intrigued her. Mrs. Wintringham had an antique shop, she knew, and she wondered whether Mr. Wintringham was dead and whether it was true that the other woman had been married three times. Savina, in her twenties, had been in love with Hector, had even asked him to marry her, and he had rejected her, but now when she was old, she knew that Hector wouldn't have married any woman.

Ruby Wintringham was everything that Savina was not, and Savina envied her and wanted to probe beneath the surface of her life. On a sudden impulse she asked Mrs. Wintringham to come to tea the next day with Hector and Lady Elsmore at the old-fashioned house which Savina shared with Alida Parsons.

"I'd love to come," said Ruby Wintringham, and then the old-fashioned motor stopped and she climbed down and ran across the strip of carpet into her apartment.

RUBY WINTRINGHAM lived in a small house built on the roof of an apartment house sixteen stories above Park Avenue. All around it there was a terrace and its windows looked out over the towers of half the city. She liked it because it stood as a sort of symbol of her success.

It was a house coveted by many, and so its value for her was increased many times. She liked it, too, because it gave her a sense of being alone and independent in the midst of the city which, as she told Old Hector, she loved.

When she left Savina she thought, "Miss Jerrold is a kindly old thing who is rather nosey. She's a nice woman," and then dismissed her from her thoughts. She meant to go to the tea tomorrow, because having

David Melbourn

whose willful and ruthless power had made him a rich man, had met in Ruby Wintringham a woman after his own heart and now wondered how he had ever become entangled with Jim Towner's wife.

Savina Jerrold for a friend was like having an anchor to windward.

It was, she told herself, all very well to say that people weren't snobbish any longer and didn't mind who came to dinner, but when a woman was alone in the world, and ambitious, there were always other women ready to do anything to damage her. Being the friend of a woman like Savina Jerrold gave her not only a sense of security but security itself. So, again by instinct and without really thinking much about it, she marked down Savina as one of the minor conquests necessary to the satisfaction of the ambition which rarely gave her any peace.

She had not much time to think of Savina because she had to think of the note which Melbourn had passed her and of all it might signify.

The note left her a little dazed so that she could not decide what it was she meant to do. Such a note, written as a command, could mean only one thing and that was that he would ask her to marry him.

And when she thought what such a marriage meant she could not believe that either the note or Melbourn himself was quite real. It was too easy. Her luck, she told herself, was too good and could only be the prelude to some misfortune.

She saw it at first simply as a matter of dollars. In that light it seemed simple. She would be the wife of one of the richest men in the world. She could have everything that her luxurious soul and body desired.

Because she had known poverty she had a morbid terror of being poor, and now (*Continued on page 193*)

Nickolas Muray

¶ JOHN HELD, JR., *with his dog Flying Jib.*

Autumn landscape

I WONDER how much longer the Boss is going to rest there on the ground. We really ought to be getting home. It's getting late. But then, who am I to criticize? I know how nice it is to stretch out on the cool damp earth after one has been hunting all day. It takes all the meanness out of one's bones and cools the nerve fever.

But we really should be getting home. My pups are sure to be squealing for their supper by this time. They are the hungriest litter that any bitch ever had. All they think about is eating and sleeping and trying to crawl out of their box. But they are nice pups. Nobody can say anything about those babies, the best blood lines in this country.

Their sire is the outstandingest field-trial dog in three years. And me—well, I don't like to talk about myself, but when it comes to hunting partridge in heavy cover, they say I'm pretty good. It's serious business being a good bird dog. It takes a lot of study and a lot of experience, and weeks of hard work. But it's worth all the trouble when a dog has got a boss like I have.

I'm a bit nutty about the Boss. I think he is the greatest human that ever shot birds over me. Sometimes I think he almost has canine intelligence; but there I go trying to caninize a human and that's silly, almost as silly as trying to humanize a dog, the way some writers do.

Most of the dog stories make me sick enough to eat grass. To say a dog has human qualities is absurd. I know we do things sometimes that seem human, but they are not; they are just coincidences. A dog doesn't think things the same way as a human. And any dog knows that our reasoning is not like a human's.

We don't even see things the same way. Even our eyes are different. Dogs can't see things that are a long ways off. And why should we when we have ears to hear with?

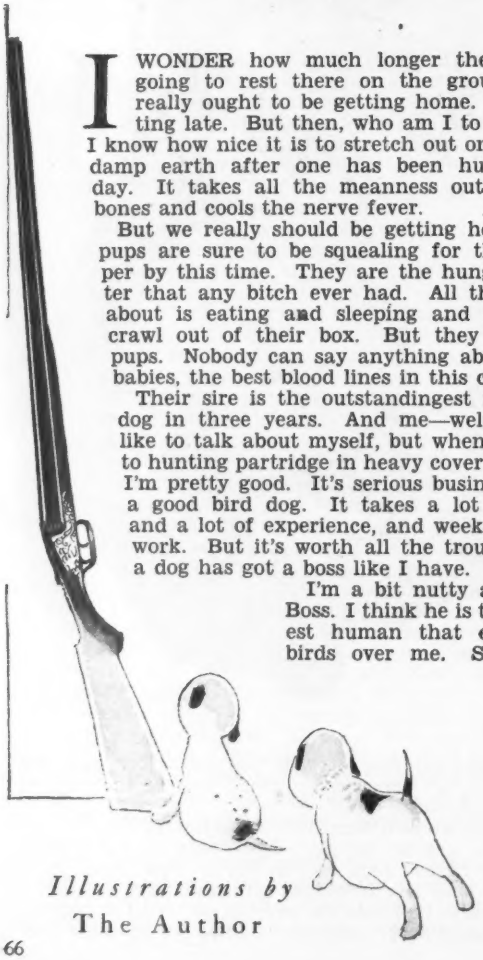
THEY tell me that people can see things in different colors. That sounds unbelievable, doesn't it? There must be a reason for it, but I don't know what the reason is. It's all so unnecessary. Why should things be different colors when everything has such a different odor?

It's all very stupid, I think, but colors must be important to humans or else they wouldn't have them. And sometimes we are accused of being sentimental when all we are is just plain hungry.

But to get back to the Boss. I just can't seem to think about anything but the Boss, and how wonderful he is, and how grand it is to go hunting with him, and how pleased he is when I work properly. I always try to do what he wants me to.

Sometimes it's hard to understand him. I wish he could talk dog language. It would be easy to make him happy then. We get along real well when he uses the signals that we have agreed upon.

I like to do difficult things for him, like holding a flock of grouse in a cover until he can get up and walk them to wing. Then he fires and two birds come down, and then he signals for me to get them for him, and I bring them to him without ruffling a feather. He is a wonderful shot. He never misses; that is, when I am able to do my work properly.



Illustrations by The Author

A Dog Story *by*

JOHN HELD, JR.

I wish it wasn't such a long time between hunting seasons. Of course we get a bit of winter shooting when we go South. But that's quail shooting and quail are easy, not like partridge up here in the thick woods.

I don't think I'd be able to stand the waiting every year between seasons if it wasn't for the Boss' daughter. She has turned out to be a lot like the Boss. I understand her pretty well, but she doesn't go shooting yet. She does shoot a small rifle real well. She will soon be big enough to go out with us, but now she is still a puppy. I can remember how she used to love to pull my ears and put her hands in my mouth when she was just a little thing.

She tasted good. But the Boss' wife always made me go away when I licked her face. I don't know why the wife doesn't want me to do that; the daughter used to like it. She would laugh and bark at me. She could almost bark dog language when she was little.

I used to get a lot of pleasure out of being put in charge of her when she was put outdoors to sleep, and how I used to like to make people stay away from her! A low growl would keep strangers at a distance. That used to please the Boss, and pleasing the Boss is the only thing in the world I ever want to do.

I don't suppose I need to worry about my litter, because the Boss' daughter will feed them some warm cow's milk if I don't get back to them in time. She looks out for those puppies just as if they were her own.

This has been a fair day, just cool enough to hunt, and the air was clear and bright. I found enough water in low spots so that my mouth didn't dry out. I'm tired myself, so I guess that's why the Boss must be tired.

The birds have laid to me moderately well today. There were only a couple that I couldn't hold, but the Boss didn't scold me for that. He knows how difficult it is to work when the leaves are dry and explode every time you put a paw down.

The woods smelled fine today, and the Boss has got four nice fat birds in his pockets. Just to show you what a grand human he is, he hasn't made a move to punish me for what I just did. I guess he knows I didn't mean to do it. I expected to be punished severely, too, but not even a cross word.

Somehow or other, I wasn't watching him out of the back of my eye, and I got ahead of him. I suspected that there was a single hiding out over in that clump of laurel, and was interested in seeing if I could hold it.

The Boss wasn't watching himself and he didn't keep up with me. I didn't know I was out of sight because he didn't use his whistle, so I kept right on and when he didn't come up to my point I let the bird rocket and went back to look for him. I smelled around until I located his scent.

I followed in until I saw that he was sitting down by the big tree. He was smoking his pipe and the gun was leaning against the tree. I was very glad to see him, so I went romping up for him to pat my head.

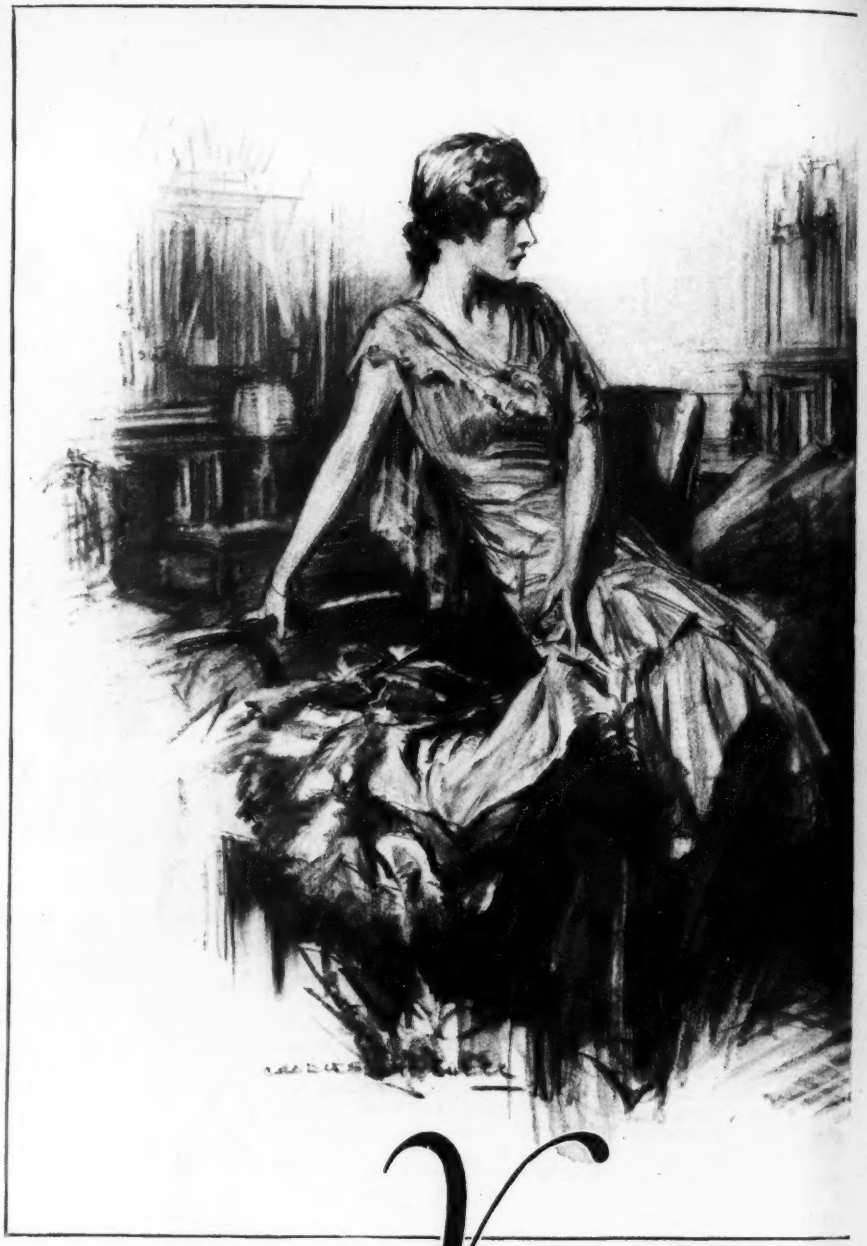
I suppose I was sort of clumsy, but I was so happy to find him I was just beating my tail with wags. I was so full of joy I couldn't contain myself and I must have knocked the gun down. And it fired.

Of course that frightened me. That's the first time a gun ever fired so close to me so I don't know just what I did, being so surprised. I guess I must have run back into the brush.

As soon as I was able to compose myself, I came back to be punished, but the Boss knew I didn't intend to wag the gun down, and not one scold did he give me. He's a wonderful Boss. He knows it was an accident.

Now he is stretched out resting on the cool earth. There is a big dark spot on his shirt, and it tastes sweet and warm like a partridge does when I retrieve it. I wonder if I should wake him up. I should be getting home to feed those puppies of mine.

by
Royal
Brown



You're

Illustrations by

THEY were probably the only persons aboard the newest and fastest of transatlantic liners who did not realize what was happening to them. Love? Absurd! A man didn't fall in love, surely, just because a girl was interesting to talk to. Or because she had certain characteristics that amused him. As, for instance, the offhand way in which she powdered her nose.

Even though that seemed expressive of something admirable. Poise, perhaps. And lack of coquetry. That was Bill Minot's impression, anyway. Not that he told Sanda so.

"You go through with it as if it were something to be got over as efficiently as possible," he had explained.

Sanda's wide eyes had met his with not a trace of self-consciousness in their clear depths. "Well, it *is*, isn't it?" she had demanded, and quoted, "'If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly.'"

Bill had grinned at that. "I agree," he had said. "But just the same I've seen men decide questions involving millions with less fuss than the average woman displays when she powders her nose."

Now that, possibly, *was* one way of telling Sanda that she was unusual. Which is always a symptom. But Bill did not see it so. At the moment he certainly did not feel that he was in the position to make love to any girl, least of all to Sanda Lee.

He had yet to discover that love does not have to be made. It makes itself by spontaneous combustion of the most inflammable materials in the world. The piling-up of this and that—and then a spark to set it all off.

Sanda, meanwhile, fell into the same error. Perhaps because so many men had made love to her. Anyway:

"I LIKE him because he isn't—oh, silly sentimental like most men," she informed her grandfather, with whom she was traveling.

From the time when she had emerged from the nursery her grandfather had taken her with him whenever and wherever he could. In the beginning he had wished that Sanda had been a boy. But now he would not have had her other than she was for a million, or even for his hundred millions.

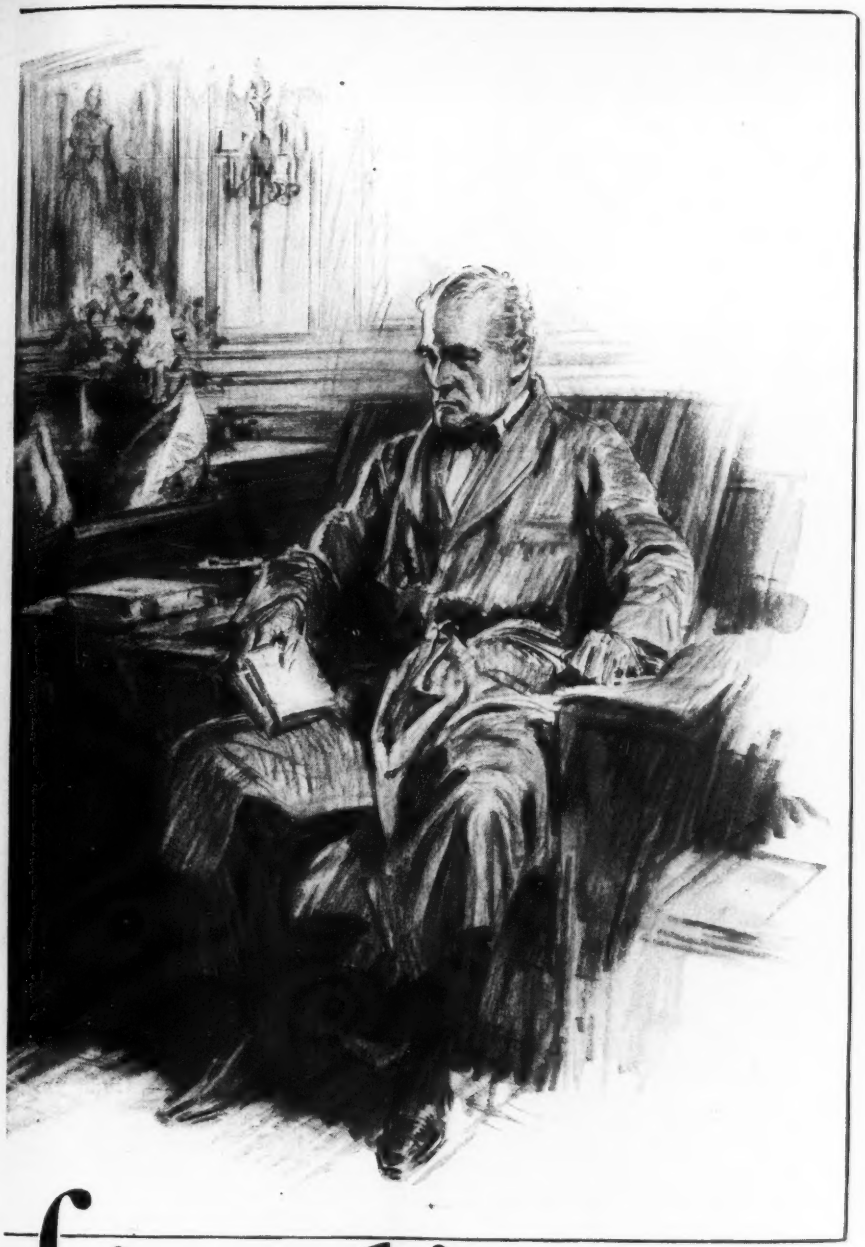
But he worried about her incessantly. He had been a fighter all his life and he had yet to be vanquished. He had been cartooned and lampooned. A fanatic who had believed he was performing a public service had once done his best to assassinate him.

Legends surrounded the name Hezekiah Lee. Many of them were libelous. It had not mattered. He was tough-skinned, all but invulnerable.

Sanda was his Achilles' heel.

There had been that spring when Sanda was only seventeen and they had been in Paris. There Sanda had met a prince with as many charms and graces as he had names.

"I'll talk about that other matter later," Hezekiah Lee had said bluntly to a distinguished minister of finance



fired!

Charles D. Mitchell

WHEN Hezekiah Lee "humphed" strong men trembled. His granddaughter never did, especially after she met the young man he fired for reasons of his own.

who had come to his hotel suite in Paris. "What I want to know is what you know about this young Prince Something-or-other who is running after my granddaughter," he had finished, direct as always.

Hezekiah Lee had been over seventy then. He spoke of himself as retired. He wasn't and never would be. He merely retired far enough to pounce on such subordinates as mismanaged his affairs. He worked men mercilessly, but he rewarded them prodigiously.

The other matter of which he spoke had to do with a loan to the republic that the minister of finance served. The minister had known better than to press its importance.

Instead, he had shrugged Gallic shoulders. "He comes from a very good house," he had said—and added delicately, "It is too bad it has fallen on evil days. The young prince——"

"A blackleg, isn't he?" Hezekiah Lee had broken in impatiently.

The minister of finance had not denied it. And Sanda's grandfather had realized that he was face to face with a situation he did not know how to handle. Sanda's mother? A fool blinded by a title. *Any* title. Her father? Hezekiah Lee had no illusions about his own son.

HE, HEZEKIAH LEE, would have to do something. Speak to Sanda at once. He had forgotten the minister of finance. The latter protested as Hezekiah Lee started to leave the room.

"But my dear sir!"

"You just wait a minute," Hezekiah Lee had said.

Sanda had been in her own sitting room. As she had glanced up at him expectantly, his heart had seemed restricted and his knees ancient. To the world she might be no more than a trim, supple seventeen with reasonable charm and a dimple. But to him she was miraculous. No lover ever would glorify her more in his imagination than did her grandfather.

"Baby," he had begun hastily, reverting to the old term that always came to him when he was much moved, "I've got something to say that may be a blow to you. I've been looking up that prince of yours. He's——"

"Rather a fascinating fortune hunter, don't you think?" she had inserted deftly. "A lot of fun—but you didn't think *I* took him seriously, did you?"

He had stared at her in speechless surprise. It was incredible. She was only seventeen, and yet she saw right through this prince!

"You run along and attend to your affairs and don't worry about mine. I'm truly no fool," she had assured him.

In the years that had elapsed since then—six in all—he might have come to agree with that. But though he was old he had been young, and he knew, from experience and observation, what love was and how it warped every faculty.

This August morning, as the turbines thrust the liner across the Atlantic, his fears were at him again. This young Minot she was spending all her time with——

He eyed Sanda from under bushy brows. His eyes were still shrewd and searching. But hers told him nothing more than her lips had.

"Humph!" he grunted and rubbed his nose.

The grunt and the gesture were famous. All his associates were familiar with them. They signified that something was working in an extraordinary mind and that presently something would ensue. Even now, though Hezekiah Lee pretended to be retired, the something was apt to affect many lives.

IN BRIEF, when Hezekiah Lee "humphed" something trembled in the balance. And strong men often trembled in their shoes.

Sanda never did. This morning her dimple merely mocked him.

"What do you mean, 'Humph'?" she demanded coolly.

"Don't you fall in love with him," he counseled bluntly.

Sanda did not even blush. "I shan't—but what would you do if I did?" she demanded.

He tried to glare at her. The glare was famous. But:

"Grr!" she mocked. And kissed him on his nose. "Besides," she added, "who asked me please to take a look at him and give my valued opinion of him?"

"I didn't ask you to adopt him," he protested.

Now all this would have mystified Bill. As much as the ship gossip—and some of the bets being laid in the smoking room—would have amazed and angered him. Of course, being no fool, he knew that whenever he walked or talked or danced with Sanda eyes followed them. Or rather followed Sanda, he would have amended.

This was wholly comprehensible. Sanda was headline stuff. Even if it was no more than:

SANDA SPEEDS
PAYS FIFTY

Sanda had summed that all up on the first day of their acquaintance. "It's ghastly," she had said. And added with an engaging grimace, "And so perfectly preposterous."

This was during the first morning at sea. They had met quite by chance. Or so Bill had thought. There was no reason why she should ever have heard of him before. He was *not* headline stuff.

Once only had he approximated that estate. Of a November evening while still in college he had figured transiently in the sporting extras:

SUB END GETS
FUMBLE: SCORES

One paper spelled his name Minor; another Minad. It hadn't mattered. His vision even then was beyond the college horizon. It was that quality in him that had caused his classmates to vote him the man most likely to succeed.

"A heavy handicap," Bill had protested. "But perhaps I can live it down."

In his own mind there had been no doubt of it. After graduation he had gone to work for a New York banking house with the unvoiced but none the less definite intention of becoming a partner before he was forty.

In June, 1929, he had revised that estate. He was then thirty-two. He would have bet—in June, 1929—that a partnership would be offered him within a year.

This may sound fictional but nowadays fact outruns fiction, just as invention forestalls prophecy. Bill was the product of a new and unprecedented era. The world was moving at accelerated speed; everything was geared to a new tempo. Automobiles and ocean liners, airships and outboards. Even the miniature electric automobiles built for children travel faster than their elders were permitted to drive a horse anywhere save on a race track.

Nowadays men develop meteorically, while still young. A great college calls a new president—aged thirty. An automobile company makes industrial history under the direction of its president—aged thirty.

Nor are these exceptions. Bill knew many men of his own age, or not so much older, who had jobs he'd like a crack at. That was what he said always when anybody referred to his success.

Nevertheless, he was a marked man. The sort who is summoned into the August Presence and has a bunch of papers thrust toward him.

"Here is a fifty-million-dollar proposition we are asked to finance," the August Presence might announce. "Look it up, make sure of the law, and let me have your report and recommendations in ten days."

It took the August Presence ten seconds to say it. It took Bill fifteen or sixteen hours of intensive work for ten days to deliver it. A single mistake might cost millions. The thing, obviously, was not to make a mistake. He never had.

"He's shot through with luck," certain critics maintained. "And some day his luck will change and he'll crack wide open."

When that reached Bill's ears he merely grinned. "It's always possible," he admitted. Not that he believed it, of course.

Sanda Lee

LESS than three weeks before he met Sanda, Bill had been handed another sheaf of papers. A big merger this time. After one glance Bill had known what the fortnight ahead would take out of him, physically and mentally.

So, apparently, had the August Presence. The latter, incidentally, was no graybeard. He was only a little more than forty.

"It's going to be tough work—and close figuring as to time," he had admitted to Bill. "If I were you I'd take a trip across afterwards—the Kremlin sails on the fifth. You'll be through with this by then—why not engage passage?"

Bill had considered that and approved it. A few days at sea; a few days in London and Paris. Then back to his desk as fit as ever. That had been his idea and, he supposed, the August Presence's.

But now he was not to return to his desk. It was incredible, yet it was a fact. He had not the slightest clue as to why. The August Presence had not been there when the news had been broken to Bill. He'd probably ducked it. Bill could understand that much, anyway.

Bill had read the message several times: "Very sorry . . . extremely cordial relations . . . no dissatisfaction with your record . . . best wishes for your continued success, but think best to end the connection."

All a bit footless, as if the August Presence had had a bad quarter of an hour dictating it.

Boiled down, it came to the fact that Bill had got a blue envelope. A more (*Continued on page 154*)

"It's so beautiful," murmured Sanda. "I hate to go." At that second Bill felt the oldest of urges. "Yours for the asking," the tender curving of Sanda's determined mouth seemed to say. But Bill did not ask.

You know them only as Two Voices *on the* Air.

Amos 'n' Andy

By O. O.

EVERY night in the week, save one, a nation tunes in on the radio to listen to Amos and Andy and the humdrum trivialities of their make-believe world. And afterward many of us are just a bit puzzled why we are so interested.

Amos and Andy never crack a joke, sing a song, pull a wise-crack or work up to a dramatic climax. To all appearances the audiences might be listening to the monotonous drone of two lazy darkies on the levee or in the cotton patch.

Yet in less than a year they have become the outstanding marvels of the radio world—supreme minstrels of the air whose homely philosophy of the commonplace has made them beloved in almost every household in the land. When they are broadcasting telephone calls all over the country drop to the low after-midnight level.

Read the manuscript of their daily skit and it is the driest of pointless drivel, and yet in their hands it pulses with pathos, glows with an understanding sympathy, and you become suddenly conscious it is the warp and woof of the phenomena called life. You want to hear more.

No one is more surprised at their amazing grip on radio audiences than Amos and Andy themselves. Amos, away from the microphone, might be a first baseman and Andy a shortstop with the Gallipolis, Ohio, Orioles.

Indeed they were—and still are—two corn-fed, saucer-eyed country boys who may be found at the forks of almost any creek, plowing and dreaming of some day becoming big city chiropractors. They wear derbies.

Amos, sometimes genial, often pessimistic, but always airily irresponsible, is Freeman F. Gosden, of Richmond, Virginia. He is aged thirty, tall and thin.

Andy, domineering, shiftless and with a lazy drawl, is Charles J. Correll, of Peoria, Illinois. He is aged thirty-nine, short and tubby.

They are the sort who look up at high buildings and wear buttoned shoes and finger rings around their neckties, and you feel certain they would answer the first call of a stage hypnotist for volunteers.

Their career together dates back six years when a fortuitous fate threw them together in a southern city—two improvident young men "looking for a break." They knocked about jay towns in the West and South putting on benefit shows for a percentage of receipts—if any.

At best it was a hand-to-mouth existence and with the growing popularity of the movies the future was about as bright as a puff of Pittsburgh smoke. After many vicissitudes they landed in Chicago—broke, jobless and ready for ditch-digging or any other honorable vocation.

The radio's first sputter was beginning to be heard. Anybody could try out an act so long as he offered it free. So Amos and Andy—then just Gosden and Correll—dropped around to the Edgewater Beach Hotel one night and offered a skit.

They called themselves Sam 'n' Henry and Chicago did not turn handsprings, or dance in the street over their offering. But it furnished them a sandwich and cup of coffee, and they kept at it.

After a number of months, however, they did attract enough local attention to receive an offer of $100 a week from a Chicago newspaper. The man who now pays them such a salary that he holds his head in his hands when it is mentioned heard them but did not think them of sufficient importance for a national hook-up.

But last August with misgivings he gave them a coast-to-coast tryout. And Sam 'n' Henry, owing to a prior station right, became Amos 'n' Andy. And their success with the first broadcast was instantaneous—a knock-out. The manufacturers of the advertised product which sponsored them found, after six weeks, their business had increased seventy-eight percent.

AS AN instance of their astonishing hold on the public, their radio talk, after five months, was changed from eleven P.M. to seven P.M., Eastern Standard Time, and the ensuing hullabaloo resulted in three long-faced sessions of the board of directors of the National Broadcasting Company.

Unless they were restored to their old time, one state threatened a boycott on every store handling the article ballyhooed by the Amos and Andy announcer. In ten days' time the studio received 250,000 letters, 50,000 telegrams and 10,000 long-distance calls of protest.

A town in Wyoming sent a petition containing 3,800 signatures, which, it developed, included every man, woman and child within the corporate limits. A delegation from Colorado and one from West Virginia made personal appearances in New York to plead.

This *is* What They *are in the* Flesh

Andy

McIntyre

As a compromise, Amos and Andy are now making two nightly broadcasts—one for the East and one for the West. This, despite changing time, gives each section the same performance at approximately the same time.

Thus—from $100 a week of less than a year ago—Amos and Andy are now enjoying the fruits of a two-year radio contract at $100,000 a year, a thirty-week vaudeville engagement at $5,000 a week, and a six-week movie engagement, which with royalties from records, and a comic strip they foster, bring their weekly wage to $5,500 each for the current year.

It was my privilege recently to spend a pleasant hour with Amos and Andy, and in all my years of interviewing successes, accidental and deserved, I never saw more conspicuous examples of complete bewilderment. They act as if they were holding something that would at any moment explode in their hands.

Amos comes naturally by his southern accent. It was acquired from his negro mammy in Virginia. Andy picked up his drawl through association. You would not recognize them by their voices away from the microphone.

Every line and every situation in their ten-minute talk is their own creation—a serialization from day to day of inane conversations between two garrulous darkies.

It is clean, wholesome and never sarcastic. Negroes themselves are enthusiastic admirers. Each performance, indeed, might be best described as a trifling episode.

The two darky delineators are happily married and their wives are good friends, but they do not mingle socially. Each couple has a distinct group of intimates.

"We learned from long observation of theatrical teams," said Gosden, "that wives are frequently responsible for split-ups in partnerships. It probably would not happen but we are avoiding the possibility."

But Amos and Andy themselves, from nine o'clock in the morning until they go on the air at seven in the evening, are inseparable comrades. They stroll about in negro sections with ears cupped for "atmosphere."

I asked them if they did not get on each other's nerves at times. They glanced at each other quickly and I caught a faint embarrassment. It was Amos who answered: "Well, we did have a little ruckus once but it was soon patched up. Anyway, it was my fault."

To which Andy quickly alphonse-and-gastoned: "Nothing of the sort. It was entirely my fault."

But the tolerance between them was best illustrated by what might be regarded as a triviality, but which was symbolic to me of a rarely achieved friendship.

Amos told a story about a small-town darky to illuminate a point. It was amusing but I am certain Andy had heard it many times. Yet he laughed uproariously.

When Amos had finished, as though feeling he had been too long in the center of the stage, he turned to Andy with: "Tell them that story of the New Orleans negro and the hinge," adding: "It's the best negro story in the world." And when Andy concluded Amos was shaking with laughter.

The late Lord Oxford believed the supreme test of friendship was the ability to laugh at a friend's oft-told story.

Neither Amos nor Andy has the slightest suggestion of that annoying self-assurance that so often topples quickly created idols off the pedestals to an equally quick oblivion. Broadway clumps with feet of clay.

"You know"—it was Amos speaking—"we are just a couple of yaps out of the brush and New York scares us stiff. We have been offered $7,000 a week to play the Palace, the heavenly dream of every vaudeville actor. But we are too frightened to accept."

And Andy added: "We see how they stand for us in small towns. Folks out there are our sort and we speak their language, but the thought of an audience of New Yorkers brings out goose pimples. Gosh!"

It is this modesty, I believe, that is their charm—an alpenstock with which they have scaled the radio's Matterhorn!

Concluding—

The Party Dress

¶ *In the Ishtarre dress Nina had no answering sense of sorrow or regret for the calamity that had happened to her.*

THE emptiness of the succeeding day, of all the days reaching in unvaried monotony to the end of her life, weighed on Nina more than anything else. Existence without incentive or the possibility of any reward. Acts without meaning. Words without purpose. The actuality and charm of everything, it now appeared, had only been reflected from the supreme actuality of Chalke Ewing. Nina, in the tragically short time at her command, had put all that she was into him. The disaster of his leaving her was like the sinking of a ship with everything she owned except life.

On one hand whatever she did, in the multiplication of the small details of mere living, was dull and heavy with uselessness, and on the other it was all necessary. For example—Rhoda appeared to ask if there would be the usual informal Sunday supper in the pantry; Nina's family still had to eat; it was Harriet's day off and Nina was expected to lay out the linen for the bathrooms and dinner table; the telephone rang a dozen times with small unavoidable inquiries and invitations.

What made her position especially difficult was the fact that she had to keep her pain and loss secret. She had to hide it from her children and the servants, her husband and the surrounding world.

It would be more impossible to go to Mary Gow, really, than to a number of people who knew nothing at all about what had occurred; Mary's natural mistake, her deep misplaced sympathy, both would be unbearable.

With Mary removed, there was no one Nina could even talk to about Chalke. Practically none of the people she was intimate with knew him at all; those who did know him couldn't understand him. They thought he was bitter and irreligious and without patriotism. They could not, like herself, see into him and discover that those traits were, actually, only expressions of his utter disappointment with things in general.

Chalke was an idealist—a man who insisted upon the necessity for perfection in human affairs. He was bitter with resentment at the failure of decency in nearly everyone; he seemed irreligious when he merely hated hypocrisy; his apparent lack of patriotism was the result of a greater demand on his country than was common.

She was in the linen room at the back of the second-story hall when Acton stopped at the door. "I am beginning to pack," he explained, "and I must say some more about a dress coat. I have to say, Mother, that Father is wrong. I tried again this morning to make him see it. A dinner jacket is all very well in Eastlake, maybe in most of America, but it's no good in Europe. You can't wear a dinner jacket to dinner in smart French places. You can't in London. Miss Pryne won't understand my going out with her in a short coat. You must have tails. She told me so herself."

Nina Henry asked: "What did your father say?" Very little that was satisfactory, Acton made clear.

"I EVEN mentioned Miss Pryne to him and he said she probably wouldn't know what I had on. Probably, he said, she wouldn't realize I was in Paris at all.

"Miss Pryne told me my coming was important to her. She wanted to introduce me to the glories of *la belle France*. The only thing Father replied then was he hoped Madeira was not one of the glories. Now I

By Joseph Hergesheimer

Illustration by
Henry Raleigh

guess I won't see any of them. In only a dinner jacket."

"There's not a thing I can say to you, Acton," she replied. "I can't contradict your father, can I? I am afraid Catherine and the French smart places will have to accept you without tails. Acton, there are so many Americans in Paris now, I believe a dinner coat will be quite all right. Especially with one of your nice white waistcoats."

Acton repudiated that reassurance. "I doubt if we see one American where Miss Pryne will go," he replied. "She never pays the slightest bit of attention to them in Europe. Mostly she is with the *haute noblesse*." He paused for a moment more, and then drifted away.

Acton's life, now, had broken off from hers; his early love for Catherine Pryne had split them apart. Acton was in the course of forming a fresh physical completeness. Her completeness, arriving so late and so overpoweringly, had been ruined. Her hopefulness about Chalke, the certainty of his return, had grown fainter. She couldn't give up hope, but hope was thin; it no longer kept off the sharp need, the hunger, of her spirit.

Nina had told Wilson—he had gone to the country club for his usual Sunday-morning summer golf—that she would come after him later, but now she wished she hadn't let him walk. She did not think she could face the cheerful dull country-club porch. She didn't see how she could be a part of the bright chatter there.

When she went, she decided, she would stay in her car and send the steward or one of the caddies for Wilson. There was a chance no one would see her. She must, she realized, get over her increasing disinclination to come into contact with even the most familiar part of her world.

Nina began to see in herself the humiliating inferiority of a dog without an owner or a home. She felt like that—without a home or owner. The house she had lived in with Wilson and her children for so many years was meaningless and strange; the doors led nowhere she wanted to go, nothing lay behind them; the rooms were empty of all desirable reality.

NINA drove to the country club; neither the steward nor a caddy was visible; she had to walk through the clubhouse to the porch to find Wilson. It was exactly what she knew it would be—crowded, bright with the summer dresses of innumerable chattering girls, masculine with white flannel trousers and the bare brown throats, the vivid blazers, of young tennis players.

Wilson was under the tree beside the ninth green. He had, it was evident, finished with both golf and a shower bath; he was dressed in his usual comfortable correctness. Wilson looked very well at a country club.

Nina suddenly grew sorry for them both—for Wilson because of the confusion that had overtaken the conventionality necessary to his happiness, for herself because Wilson was Wilson. Because he wasn't Chalke Ewing. She was forced to walk down the porch steps and across the grass to him. He was talking to Justin Gow and Annabel and Joel Bache.

Joel said to Nina: "Good morning. I hope last night wasn't too much for you."

"Oh, no, Joel," she assured him. She smiled at Joel with a candid directness. Last night, like all the rest of existence, had no importance, no significance, for her. She was, after all, glad she had come to the country club. On Joel's account. She did not want him to think she was annoyed at him. What had happened was absolutely her own fault. She could not, now, imagine why she had led him into an expression of such strong feeling. Nina (*Continued on page 207*)

Broken

By J. P. *who* "Show

Chicago, Illinois.
Miss Sheila Cassidy,
Ye Merrie Lyttle Nooke,
South Bend, Indiana.
Hello, Iceberg!

I'm breaking out the dog team tomorrow, and mushing down to South Bend—I almost said Pole—to bask in the wintry glare of your cold blue eyes. Brrrrrrr. Maybe you'll shut off the iceberg for once and turn on the heat. You and Byrd would make a great act: Byrd and Cassidy in Ten Minutes of Cool Clean Fun.

And another thing—I resent your injustice, always telling me I don't mean what I say, and that I pull the same line with every gift-shop girl on my route. It isn't so, and you know it. If there's one thing I'm proud of, it's the sincerity of my sentiments.

But what on earth are you doing in the sentiment business, anyway? You have no sentiment. Cold hands and cold heart—that's you. Now me, I ooze love and warmth from every pore, and I'm bringing you tomorrow morning the hottest line of valentines the old Gleason zoo ever turned out. They must have signed old Doc Steinach up there in the Creative Department.

Well, love is still going on all over the country, and anybody's a fool that doesn't cash in on it. This line of vals will do the trick for you and Ye Merrie Lyttle Nooke.

Prices range all the way from a penny to a dollar, with a flock of five, ten and fifteen cent novelties that will lure the young lovers out of every parked coupé in the land.

Of course I don't expect you to start throbbing over anything, except possibly the bright sunshine of my smile, which will flood your shop tomorrow morning. When you hear my merry laughter it will be exactly thirty-three and a third seconds after eleven-thirty-three and a third Central Standard Time. Are you ready?

And it might be well for you to remember in your future treatment of me the words of our old best seller 10-V-14:

> My heart is a homing pigeon,
> That flutters far and free,
> But when it isn't treated right
> It breezes home to me.

Denny

South Bend, Indiana.

Mr. Al Evans,
c/o Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Dear Al,

Mitt me, kid! This ain't Commander Byrd in the frozen south. It's just Denny, the old master explorer in new fields of sales resistance, who has been down here surveying that vast glacial wasteland known as Sheila Cassidy, and who begs to report he has sighted signs of human habitation.

They certainly ought to name her after me. For not only am I the first to plant the Gleason flag on her igloo, but wrapped in pemmican and frozen blubber, you are going to get the first valentine order ever shipped out of this antarctic gloom.

Of course, I don't get the order until tomorrow, but I am going to get it, and I can tell you why, too. Tonight, little Sheila is stepping out with me. 'Struth. Add that to your believe-it-or-nots.

Well, it's the old story, Al: when that kind does surrender it's all in a heap. You just gotta know how to handle the different types, Al. Some gals are like Davy Crockett's coon—when they see you mean business, they just crawl right down out of the tree and say, "Don't shoot." Others just love being pursued over hill and dale, and you've only gotta remember to conserve your energy and don't take it too seriously, because when they get down to the foot of the hill and look back and don't see you coming over the brow of it, they'll always sit down and wait for you. Always, Al.

I tell you, women are an open book to me, and about as hard to read as the ones we used to have when we were kids—"I see the cat. Oh, do you see the cat? Yes, I see the cat. What is the cat doing? The cat is playing with the mouse."

McEvoy wrote Girl'' heart

Illustration by C. R. Chickering

Of course, it makes a gal happy if you let her think she's the cat and you're the mouse, and why not make them happy when it costs so little? But I guess Sheila's found out I'm on to her game, and that I've only been fooling with her all this time, so out we go tonight, and tomorrow, Al, her little mind will be just like wax.

And about time, too, Al. This town is a reeking reservoir for greeting cards of all kinds, and vals in particular. Get the picture, Al. Here is Notre Dame University at one end, and St. Mary's within a stone's throw of it, and both places throbbing with potential customers for Gleason's Friendly Greetings. And the key to the whole situation is Sheila's shop. That's what goaled me, and I only found it out today when she started to warm up and tell me things.

You see, it's like this, Al. The Notre Dame boys can't play football all the time, and especially now that the season is over and they've stopped traveling, they've got time to think of other things. The girls over at St. Mary's, for instance. And the girls don't play football and don't travel, so they've got even more time than the boys. So is it surprising that they should seek a place to get together and discuss such an amazing situation?

But it has to be a place where it looks quite casual and accidental, because the way things are run, nothing would happen to a boy that was caught sneaking a date with a St. Mary's girl except that he would be shot at sunrise, electrocuted and then tied to the Lake Shore tracks just before Century time. And as for the girls, once they're caught intercepting any of those Notre Dame passes, they just disappear from all mortal gaze.

It is rumored their pockets are filled with rocks and they're dropped in the St. Joe River just below the dam. It must be so, because you can find Notre Dame boys diving there all hours and all seasons.

Well, the upshot of the whole thing is that for the last two or three years, or ever since Sheila's been running the shop, it has been used as a sort of postal substation by the boys and girls who leave messages with her for delivery. In this way, she has contacted practically all the students of both places. And who's been getting the benefit of it? Buzza, and Davis, and the Cincinnati Art.

Well, that's all going to be changed now. It'll be nothing but Gleason cards, all over the place. And you can thank Denny, the strong silent man of the Gleason field force.

I've been working in my spare time on a motto to be sent to a young mother, and don't let that darn Creative Department tell you they've got one, because if they have why don't they give it to us to sell, because there is a steady demand for a number like this. Here it is. The title is "God's Gift." That's the new brat, see? Nifty, I calls it.

God has sent you from Above,
A little soul for you to love,
A tender gift to watch and keep,
To cuddle, kiss and croon to sleep:
Happy mother, proud and blest,
May your tiny treasure rest
Shielded from the world apart,
In the haven of your heart.

Well, tonight's the night and tomorrow comes the big order.

Denny

DENNY KERRIGAN
THE OLIVER
SOUTH BEND INDIANA
HAVE WAITED THREE DAYS FOR YE MERRIE LYTTLE ORDER FROM YE MERRIE LYTTLE NOOKE STOP ALLEZ OOP

YE NOT SO VERY MERRIE LYTTLE AL

(Continued on page 134)

Diamond

By Allan Swinton

Illustrations by
James E. Allen

"CAN you teach a Salukhi hound to run by scent, or your English setters to hunt at gaze?" the venerable Maharaja of Isulmeer would always say. "No more, then, can I hold my people by your English law. For Rajputs"—he chuckled, and his fierce eyes gleamed sardonically—"for Rajputs and for all women, our old laws are best.

"Oh-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho! You English! You rule India, and half the world beside, but you are no match for your own women. They drive you as a wolf drives sheep. Now, *we* know how to handle women. For, mark you, your ways are based on reason and on justice, of which women know naught and care less, while ours take heed of human passions, which rule all women."

True to his innate shrewdness, when his one son died, leaving twin orphan boys, the maharaja decreed that Rao, the younger by a half-hour, should be educated in England while Bikha, heir to the throne, was brought up, save that he was taught the French and English tongues, as for a thousand years had been the princes of his house.

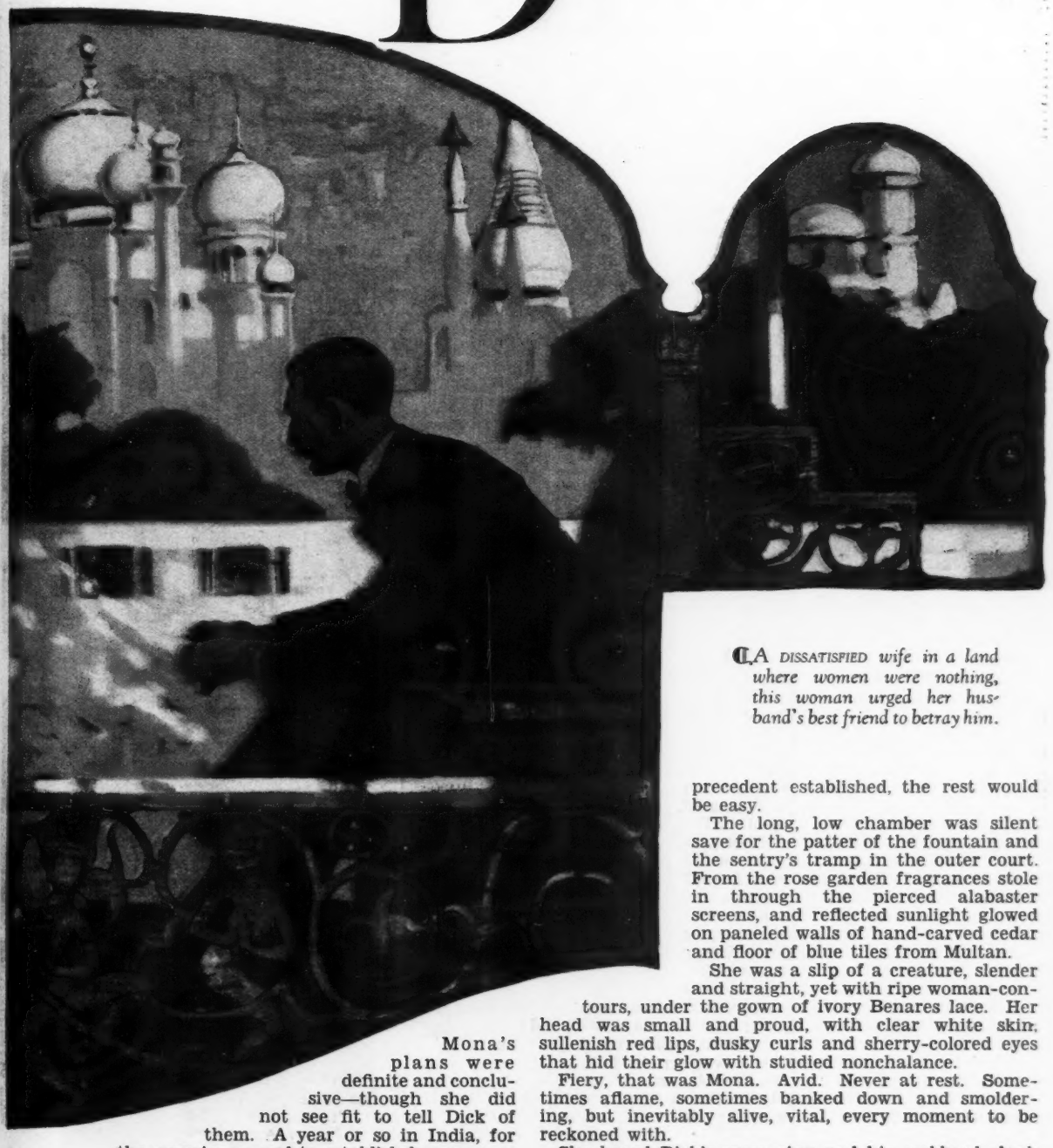
"Bikha shall temper the knowledge of the West, which Rao shall bring him, with the wisdom of mine own people. So shall this land be doubly blessed," the old man said.

With Rao to England went young Dick Ruttan, son of the colonel of the superb cavalry regiment of Isulmeer. Dark lad and blond, but high-bred both, together they passed through Eton and Sandhurst, returning then to India, to wear the scarlet, blue and daffodil of the Isulmeer Light Horse. Their friendship was stanch through many trials, surviving even their desperate rivalry for Mona Cullen, the ravishing and not-too-disconsolate widow whom they met on leave in England, the year Dick, at thirty-five, became colonel of the regiment.

Dick married her and brought her soon to Isulmeer, which is a gaudy, burning land on the rim of the Great Indian Desert, installing her in that wing of Ratangarh Palace which since the founding of the regiment had been its colonel's quarters.

The palace was an exquisite edifice of bulbous spires and fretted screens and sculptured terraces and arches, set gemlike among chaste formal gardens in the Persian style. Shan Singh, who built it six hundred years before, might have been inspired by Mona, so exquisitely did she harmonize with his creation.

Cut Diamond



A DISSATISFIED wife in a land where women were nothing, this woman urged her husband's best friend to betray him.

Mona's plans were definite and conclusive—though she did not see fit to tell Dick of them. A year or so in India, for the experience, and to establish her connection with the glamorous Rajput court, then Dick should leave the army and devote himself in Europe to the sophisticated whirl she loved.

Much reigning over men had rendered her supremely confident of her ability to achieve her end; yet, before the year was gone, she realized to her intense alarm that this task was beyond her. For months, though in her heart she knew it, she refused to accept defeat, but after the unlucky morning of the maharaja's birthday review, she could evade the fact no longer.

As she waited in their anteroom for Dick to come, this time, she felt, she would prevail upon him. He could *not* refuse under such conditions, and, the precedent established, the rest would be easy.

The long, low chamber was silent save for the patter of the fountain and the sentry's tramp in the outer court. From the rose garden fragrances stole in through the pierced alabaster screens, and reflected sunlight glowed on paneled walls of hand-carved cedar and floor of blue tiles from Multan.

She was a slip of a creature, slender and straight, yet with ripe woman-contours, under the gown of ivory Benares lace. Her head was small and proud, with clear white skin, sullenish red lips, dusky curls and sherry-colored eyes that hid their glow with studied nonchalance.

Fiery, that was Mona. Avid. Never at rest. Sometimes aflame, sometimes banked down and smoldering, but inevitably alive, vital, every moment to be reckoned with.

She heard Dick's spurs ring and his scabbard clank outside, and as he entered, picked up a vase of *moughrra* blooms and buried her face in them.

FRAMED in the sculptured archway, he was a sight to light the eye of any woman; a big, blond lion of a man with gravely smiling eyes, in the knee-length scarlet caftan, black thigh-boots, white breeches and the rakish red-and-daffodil puggree of full dress. He crossed to her, slipped his hands beneath her arms and put his face down in her hair.

"Darlin'. Better hurry. Else there'll be a frightful mob for you to drive through."

She slid round in his arms and looked up at him. Her dark head did not reach the row of medals on his breast. As he smiled down on her in his quizzical slow way, his hair, mustache and brows were startlingly yellow against his tan.

"All right, Dick. I'm going at once. Tell me, what day shall we be able to leave for the Gore-Hampsons'?"

"Oh, any time after maneuvers; thought I'd told you."

"But I've accepted for Cup Week! They wanted us particularly, and have Sir Godfrey Plumer to meet you."

Dick's eyebrows climbed incredulously.

"Why did you do that, Mona? I can't possibly get away. I thought I'd made that clear when we discussed it first."

"Oh, I didn't suppose you couldn't get away if you really wanted; and when Leila said she could get Sir Godfrey, knowing how anxious you were to meet him, I thought you would want to. Anyway, it's all arranged. Sir Godfrey has accepted."

Dick was both distressed and nettled. "Lord! What a mess! I'm really frightfully sorry, Mona, but you should not have committed me like that. I can't possibly go. I'll have to write and explain the whole thing."

"Oh, now, now, now, darling! Please be reasonable. We can't withdraw at this hour. Why, Sir Godfrey cut his leave short just to meet you; and as late as this, they won't be able to fill their Cup Week party." She slid a caressing finger along the gold crown and star on his chain-silver epaulet. "Please, Dick, dear. I don't often beg for anything. I want this especially. I'll be good forever after. Please do it for me. It's only some whiskery old tribesman to put off; or Major Hanlon can do it!"

When Mona smiled as she did now—and it was not often—men forgot most things. But her reference to the tribesman had assured Dick of what he had believed all along—he *had* explained before. This was the latest of many times when she had tried to trick or storm or wheedle him away from something which was his duty. Nevertheless, he controlled his resentment and his hurt, save for the decisive explanation:

"Old Jai Singh from Harangarh is coming in with his three sons. He wants to swear them in himself. He was havildar under my grandfather and is a hundred years old. He arranged this three months ago and I promised to be here. Hanlon *won't* do. For me to be absent would be the worst kind of insult, not to mention going back on my promise. And I told you all this in March, when you asked me first."

The barbarian, the elemental Celt, in her reared with flicked pride and intolerant revolt. "And you'd sooner humiliate and disappoint me than this old savage!"

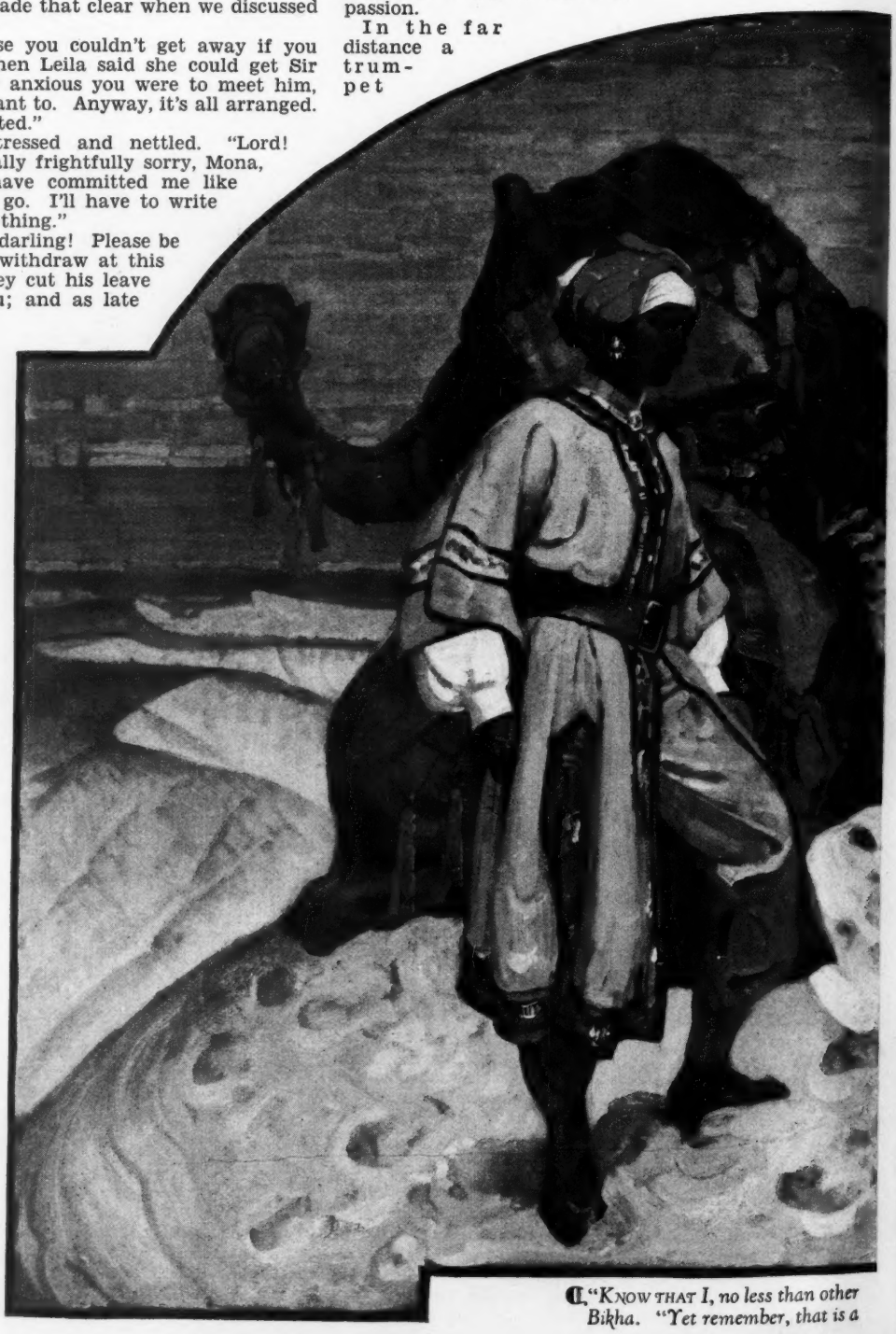
Through Dick's distress a slow, hot surge of anger heaved. "I'm most dev'lish sorry that you should feel like that, Mona. But I can't help pointing out that you deliberately brought this on yourself."

"Then you won't go?"

"I'm very sorry. No."

The Celt was loose at last. She paled. Her bosom heaved tempestuously, and she swallowed hard as she fought for words to vent her passion.

In the far distance a trumpet



¶ "Know that I, no less than other Bikha. "Yet remember, that is a

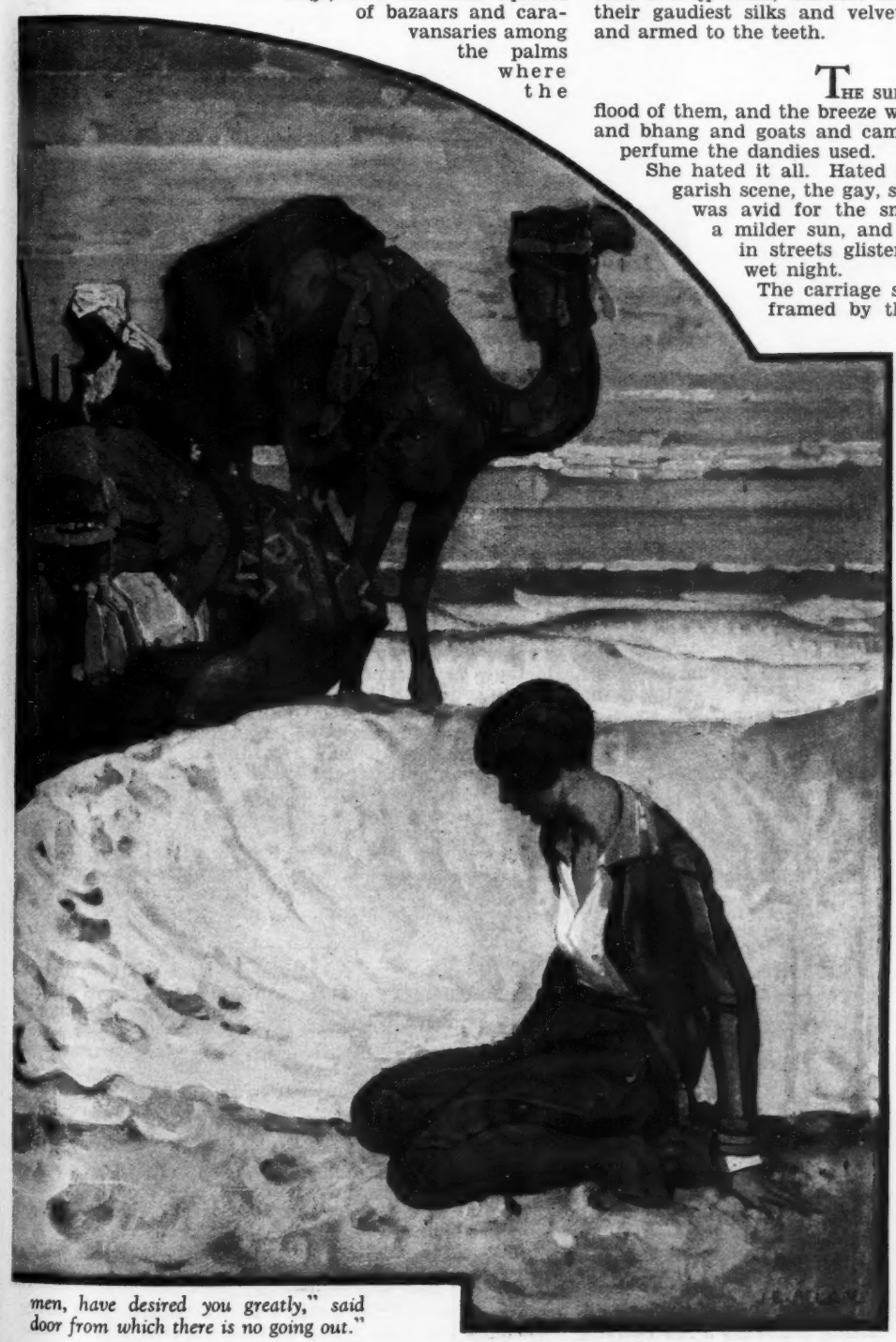
sang, tremulous and sweet and lilting. Dick grabbed his big white gauntlets. "By Gad! As late as that, and I'm talking here. Excuse me, Mona. We'll talk this over afterwards." His figure bulked in the doorway. Then he was gone, his spurred heels ringing as he crossed the marble terrace.

When she went out, her anger had not waned. The smart victoria with the liveried syces was waiting by the shallow steps before the garden shimmering in the savage heat. The seat was baking to her touch, belying the fresh tinkle of the fountain among the roses.

Ratangarh city lies about a low hill, on which the palace stands. She saw it spread before her now, a sprawling swath of fairy domes and flat-topped dwellings, with the clear squares of bazaars and caravansaries among the palms where the brown sands began. Immeasurably distant loomed the Ghaggar hills, purple and dim against the turquoise.

The sentries at the lion-pillars of the gate saluted, and the horses clattered down the steep slope from the palace into the crooked streets; houses of dingy white or pink or turquoise-blue, with balconies and shutters of carved cedar, and lovely forged-iron grilles before zenana windows. A fierce sun glared from a translucent sky, and a parched desert breeze swirled in.

The entire populace streamed with her toward the maidan, for the Rajput dearly loves a military show. They filled the narrow streets, marching shoulder to shoulder beside the carriage, the lithe, tall, swaggering men of Rajputana, warriors all in the old days, gay in their gaudiest silks and velvets, oiled and perfumed, and armed to the teeth.



men, have desired you greatly," said door from which there is no going out."

THE sun blazed on the swirling flood of them, and the breeze wafted her a reek of dust and bhang and goats and camels, and the rank attar perfume the dandies used.

She hated it all. Hated the sun, the smells, the garish scene, the gay, swashbuckling mob. She was avid for the smell of tarred roads in a milder sun, and for the theater crowds in streets glistening in the lights on a wet night.

The carriage swung onto the maidan, framed by the gay-colored mass of people, and entered the place reserved for her. The other officers' wives were bowing. She was glad her quarters in the palace gave some excuse for her habitual aloofness. For she disliked them, resented and despised their pride in the regiment, and their unquestioning deference to its demands on their husbands.

The Isulmeer Light Horse was paraded in review order, a glittering, long scarlet rank of horsemen, superbly mounted. On a horse to suit his stature, Dick waited by the yellow guidons, a gleaming trumpeter behind him.

But the virile beauty of the sight was lost on Mona. She had come to hate the regiment, as the thing which stood implacably between her and her desire.

The band clashed out a clangor of kettledrums and desert flutes and silver trumpets, and the swords and guidons of the regiment swept down as the maharaja's escort trotted onto the parade ground: Colonel His Highness Sir Bikha Mulhar Narayan Karatadar Pertab Hlat Singh, K.C.S.I.,

(*Cont. on page 121*)

Even Doctors

By Frank Ward

"THE Roman people"—Pliny, the Professor Bill Beebe of his day, speaking—"got along for six hundred years without doctors." Maybe. But it's a hundred-to-one shot that the American Medical Association would be a flop in less than six months if it weren't for me.

The Baltimore doctor who most recently went through me with a dark lantern and sterilized burglar tools agreed absolutely with the lads of the New York, the Philadelphia and the Boston county medical societies as to the number of incurable chronic diseases I have—all fatal. He picked different diseases from the ones the rest of the medical racketeers had found while rummaging through me, but he did stick to the same number.

He had finished with me, leaving me with the feeling that I was a small boy's dollar watch the day after Christmas. While I was trying to get my clothes, my shoes and myself all back in one piece again, he gazed at me long and sadly.

"I find," he sighed, "that you have four chronic diseases, all of them fatal. Next!"

Old stuff. When, away back in 1917, I offered my sword to the Sanitary Corps of my country, it was four chronic diseases—all fatal—that enraged an army medical examiner to the point of booting me out of the first war-time recruiting shop I entered. The only way I ever could hope to serve my country, he yelled at me when giving me the gate, was to stand on a shelf as a permanent exhibit in the National Medical Museum at Washington.

The Baltimore medical guesser's parting words were at least kindlier. "I suggest," he suggested morticianly, "that you do not let your life-insurance payments lapse—especially in these few final days. You owe at least that much to your family."

"To *your* family, you mean, doc," I flung back at him bitterly, and left him flat.

I find from a recent check-up that if I were to accept in its entirety the composite vote of the New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and Rochester (Minnesota) county medical societies, with only a few outlying precincts missing, I could lay honest claim to seventeen chronic diseases—all fatal. And even then I don't count cirrhosis of the liver. Ever since the dim great days when cocktails, even at the better Broadway bars, were two for a quarter, my doctors and I have taken cirrhosis of the liver for granted.

In fact, none of my medical racketeers has even bothered to examine my liver. Several times recently I have had my liver lifted, but merely so that it could be pushed aside temporarily to enable various medical squads to flash their lights on something or other fatally wrong below or behind it. I am not even sure that the last emergency repair gang—they were hurried—remembered to put my liver back. Well, if it's gone, all I know definitely is that it is somewhere in Baltimore.

Disregarding thirteen random guesses, I find an overwhelming vote of the American Medical Association agrees that I certainly have four fatal chronic diseases. These are, in order of importance, *(a)* a heart that does not hit on all four cylinders; *(b)* an anæmic condition which the medical gentlemen all speak of jokingly as "secondary," but which recently has been nosing into first place and now looks like she's a winner; *(c)* a swell case of diabetes, which Doc Orlando Petty, of the University of Pennsylvania, tells me gives him a bigger thrill than anything he has ever seen in this country, with the possible exception of the Canadian-side view of Niagara Falls; *(d)* a chronic and fatal lesion of the spleen.

To me, spleens are only of academic interest. All I know about this spleen trouble of mine is that it boasts of the longest name in any language—a name which, outside of real cursing and swearing, has a more profane sound to it than any name I have ever heard.

THESE, then, are what we always speak of round the house as my Big Four. I pay no attention at all to a few odd chronic or subacute lesions: a cigaret bronchitis, now in its thirty-sixth year; one flat foot; a low blood pressure which a large part of the A. M. A. has been trying unsuccessfully for eighteen years to bring up to the figures of my golf score—things like that.

As for my insomnia, my wife thinks I could cure it if I broke myself of the habit of dozing so long on the living-room couch each day awaiting an inspiration to write. My wife also insists that I have hookworm.

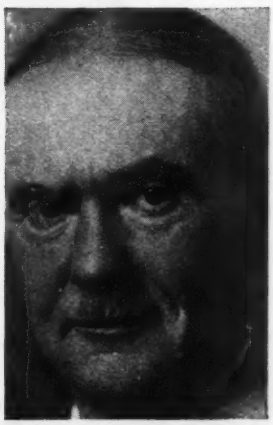
Be that as it may, if this same wife had minded her own business I wouldn't be in the mess I'm in now—speaking financially. It was she who virtually pushed me into the office of the first great modern metropolitan internist I ever met professionally.

For at least three years I had been stringing along with my Big Four group of fatal chronic diseases and

Must Live

O'Malley

AND—
in order to Live Well
they have *Discovered*
that I have
17—Count 'em—17
FATAL Maladies



their chronic or subacute subsidiaries, just letting them ride. The wife finally cracked under the strain; my chronic diseases, she wept, were killing her. And one day in a pet she called up the office of a famous New York internist and arranged a rendezvous between the internist and me.

Doubtless you know that "internist" is the word now used in the swell scientific younger set to describe what, back in the Neo-Chester A. Arthur Horse and Buggy Era, we knew as the general practitioner, or family doctor. In fact, the only difference between the unpretentious old-time general practitioner and the swagger modern internist is that the famous internist of today diagnoses all diseases but prescribes for none of them, whereas the family doctor of the old days prescribed for all diseases and diagnosed none of them.

But in the old days of the family doctor, as compared with the high specialization in medicine today, life—and death—were simpler. Back in my old home town of Wilkes-Barre when I was a boy, our Doc Fred Mueller, like all his colleagues of those days, ran a strictly one-man shop. You brought him everything you had, from a sock in the eye to fallen arches.

Old Doc Mueller would be amazed to know that the day was coming—is now here—when specialists who remove only right tonsils would have their own tonsils out before they would deign to soil their snippers on a left tonsil. Our old Doc Mueller had a flat rate of three dollars for one set of tonsils out, five dollars for both complete sets of twins' tonsils, and a whole family's for ten bucks straight, regardless of numbers.

If he could see his successor, the modern internist, in action, Doc Mueller would certainly laugh in his grave. When, a few years ago, I first entered the office of a famous internist I supposed that I would stride right into his office and open up heartily, "Well, doc, give me the once-over. The wife says I feel all shot to pieces"—something breezy like that. But not at all.

IN FACT, on this first visit I never got beyond the gorgeous waiting salon. From the obscene opulence of this salon, with its paintings, hangings and Oriental rugs, one might well imagine oneself in a modern magazine editor's office.

The only medical touch was a blond cutie who, disguised in a nurse's white rig, beckoned me toward a large oblong table. The table was topped with a thick slap of pinkish marble. It needed only a bronze wreath sporting the tricolor and you would swear it was Napoleon's tomb.

I tried to begin by giving the cutie my name and address. She stopped me. She wanted first to know my grandfather's name and, if any, address. And grandma's, Pop's, Mom's, wife's, children's, until she had filled four filing-cabinet cards with the vital statistics of four (*Continued on page 189*)

Illustrations by
Harry Beckhoff

A Romance of Old Mexico

La Estrella

THE way of a woman when she loves, I aver to you, is past knowing; this Luis Sal, called the "Tiger of Jalisco," under whom I rode and raided and plundered in his time, should have known if any did. Yet behold what came to him at the hands of La Estrella, though she had followed him from the capital on a turn of his shoulder and the flashing of his cruel black eyes!

Ay, ay, ay, if only God had given me the voice of a cavalier and the guile of a gallant, instead of bandy legs and the paunch which earned me the name of "The Squirrel"! Should I have turned aside on that road into Paraje Seco, forgetting Estrella—diverted by nothing more than the quick, frightened look of a slim girl? *Madre de Dios,* there is better stuff in me than that!

I give you my word, Señor, that to Luis Sal, our chieftain, this Mercedes Baca was one more bird twittering in the chaparral, and nothing more. Yet because he was always to be turned from his way by a woman, our Tiger bade us ride on to where we had friends and our own women waiting, whilst he himself spurred into the thicket, setting to flight the two timid servants who rode with this high-headed girl he had seen.

We heard her voice, quick and proud and angry, but it was no affair of ours, in truth. I have heard a saying of Alicante: "Even the lion may find a thorn in his foot!" In truth, the weakness of this bold, resourceful leader of ours whom Mexico feared, was his vertigo at sight of a rustling skirt!

You will not be able to credit this, but ere we had gone on toward Paraje Seco by half a kilo we heard a rushing horse behind—saw Sal, on his white stallion, make a sharp detour where a ravine cuts down to the little river there, and with the other ear caught sounds of pursuit. Straightway there rode into our midst, as boldly as though he were a *teniente* with a platoon at his back, a straight, tall youth crying out a challenge.

"No farther, you!" he shouted, in such a voice as men obey. "Is your party complete, or does one lag behind?"

Illustrations by
Rico Tomaso

By

Wilbur hall

¶Is it not true that no one knows what is in the mind of a woman who loves? In that moment of crisis La Estrella rode her horse quietly near our treacherous leader . . .

"Not so," I answered glibly. "We are all here who have not gone before. What is the need?"

"Por Dios!" he cried. "It is very well that you are above suspicion, whoever you may be. For I am Ernesto Arrelanes, son of the alcalde of Paraje Seco, and I have just come upon one who checked Señorita Mercedes Baca off the public road and would have done her harm."

Porfirio Paz, a surly and impatient one of us, uttered a rough oath. "Did, then, the two of you gallants drink at one spring?" he demanded, spurring in.

For answer the youth who accosted us leaped his own mount forward and with open hand slapped Paz on the nose so that blood spurted.

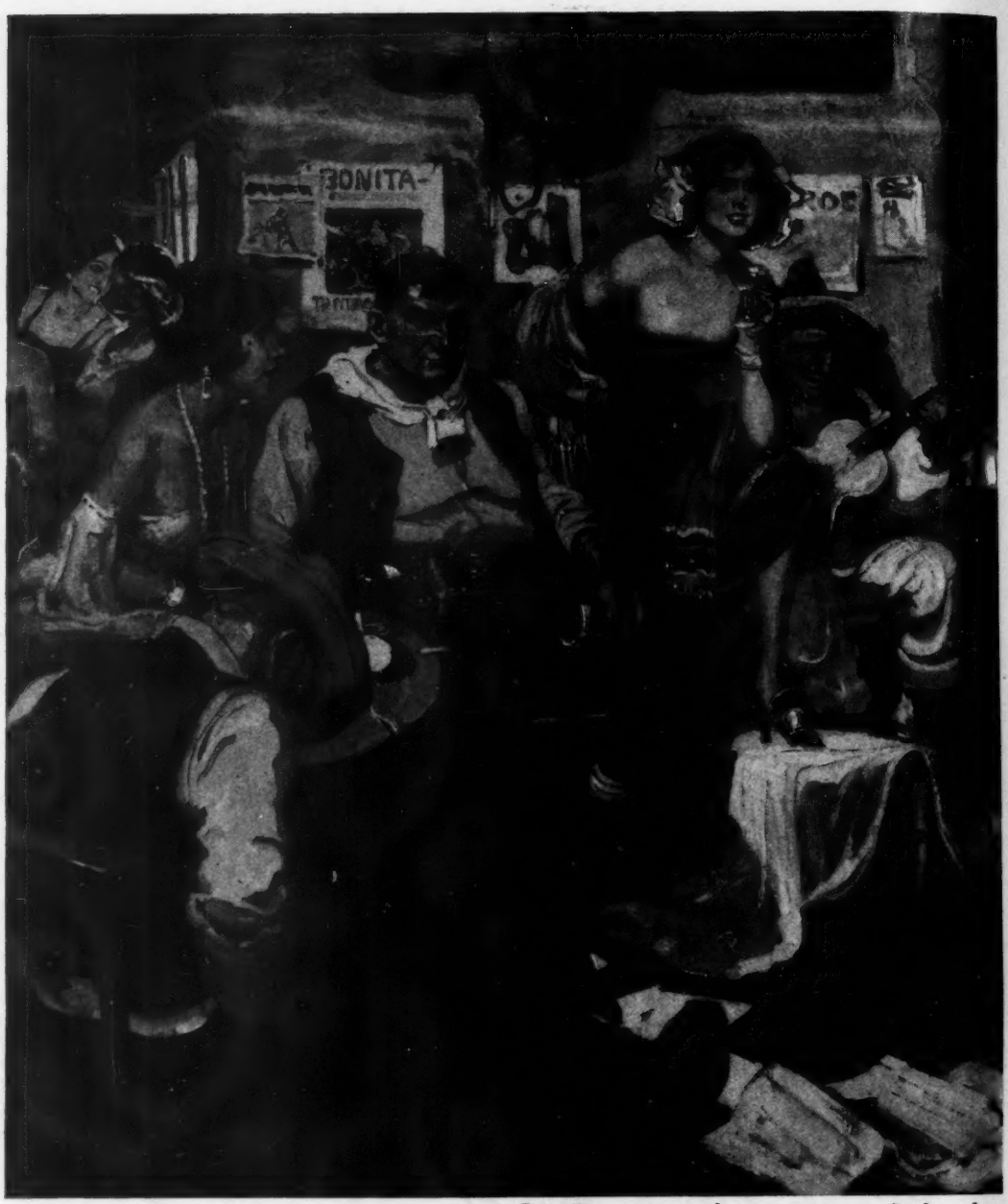
"There are many answers may be made a gentleman," quoth Arrelanes coolly, "but only one to give a cur."

Paz roared with his quick rage, but Juan Borega, the one whom we called "Clown," rode swiftly between.

"Draw in your sting, scorpion!" he said to Paz. "This youngster was in the right." He laid a hand on the taut arm of the boy. "We are not men to put shame on a defenseless girl," he said. "Beyond doubt your enemy has escaped. If you would pursue your chase, God speed you; Manuel Castro and I, who are honorable, will retrace our road until we find this lady, and will escort her safely to Paraje Seco."

And so it was. That *payaso*—that jester, Juan Borega, had a head on his shoulders, though he often played the fool. For there we were descending into a friendly town, in a state and at a time when friends were not too many for the renegades of Luis Sal; this boy, as we recognized, was indeed the son of the alcalde, and discretion were better than the brawl into which Porfirio Paz would have pitched us.

Therefore, as Juan Borega had proposed, I rode back with him and came on the girl, whom we escorted into



¶ *La Estrella was a dangerous woman. Smiling, she "I, too, salute you in wine, Señor!" Arrelanes*

Paraje Seco and delivered to her father and brother. A torch lighted her face for a moment, and I saw that she would be of a quick and deadly temper if she were affronted, for she held her head high and flicked with her quirt the soft silk of her *falda.* It seemed to me then that our Tiger of Jalisco had, perhaps, fled as much from the furious claws of his quarry as from the baying of that pursuing hound, young Ernesto Arrelanes.

I would have said that the leaves of that incident had all been turned, but not so! Within the hour, while we sat in a tavern with our women on our arms and good drink before us, the door was flung wide and into our circle strode no other than the Arrelanes.

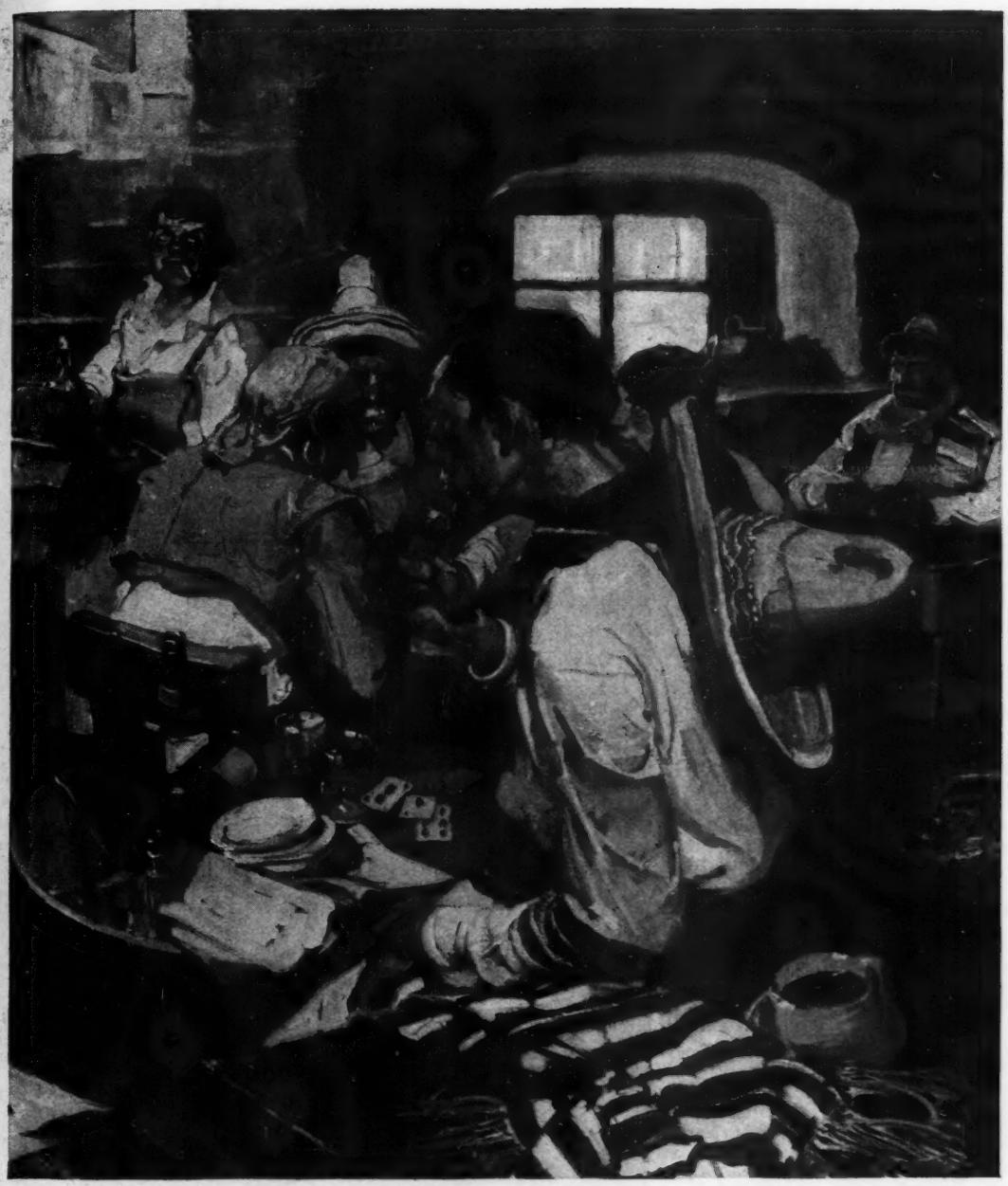
He was in a black mood, and he ordered drink in short words, casting his eyes on us with suspicion and giving only a slight nod to Juan Borega and to myself for what we had done, which was nothing. I, watching all, saw that two of our number were drawn to him and that, perhaps, there was to be more of this tale told.

For with us, lolling, was our *jefe,* Luis Sal, and at his side, questioning, mocking, alluring, mercurial, was La Estrella, his mistress. *Sangre de Jesús,* she was a dangerous woman! Her skin was cream; her lips the gateway to paradise; her eyes little cats to play with men's hearts. She missed nothing that went on in that low-ceilinged room, thick with smoke and the incense of steaming food; she did not miss Ernesto Arrelanes.

Neither, in truth, did Luis Sal. I saw the chief scrutinize the lad closely; beyond doubting, someone had told him already of the encounter on the road, and it was plain to me that some design against this young man revolved in his black head.

La Estrella was the first of them to catch the sullen gaze of Ernesto. Across his glass he glanced her way; smiling, she raised her glass slightly and drank, so that the drink became at once a challenge and a toast. Luis Sal, instead of flaming out with jealousy, straightened on his bench against the wall and spoke clearly, so that laughter and love-making were quieted and all could hear.

"I, too, salute you in wine, Señor!" our bandit said,



raised her glass and drank. Luis Sal, instead of flaming out, spoke clearly. looked at him straight. "Nothing matters to me, for I ride with Death."

lifting his goblet. "Will you do us the great honor to share our meal?"

Arrelanes looked at him straight. "I am in a mood for anything, my friend," he said. "Nothing matters to me, for I ride with Death."

"A joyless companion, young sir!" Sal exclaimed. "Yet will we drink to him!" They drank, and La Estrella was looking through half-closed eyes at the handsome, flushed face of the boy. Then: "We are only credulous children from the mountains, Señor," said Luis Sal. "Perhaps you would tell us the story of your companionship. Or no?"

Arrelanes shrugged. "It is soon told," he said. "Behind a lady whom I loved I rode but a little way, so that some bear took opportunity to track her down and try to catch her in his embrace. When I had driven off the squealing beast, my lady turned on me with reproaches she might have framed for him." He struck the table with his fist. "That bear, when he is found, must pay twice: once for his effrontery and once for those unjust recriminations that were turned on me!"

La Estrella looked at him along her white shoulder. "Are you, perhaps, an experienced bear-hunter, Señor?"

"I have stuck pigs!" Arrelanes flashed.

Our *jefe,* Luis Sal, extended an open palm on the table. "My friend," he said, "hunting the bear is a sport at which I excel. By the martyrdom of San Pablo, I should like well to join you in this chase!"

ARRELANES hesitated but a breath, then he dropped his slim hand into the treacherous fingers of Luis Sal. "The hunt may be a long one, *compañero,*" he said. "But I promise you that the death will be worth it!"

On the morrow, then, we left Paraje Seco with a new recruit, who rode his high gray horse straightly, and who would not raise his eyes as we clattered past the hacienda at the edge of town where lived Francisco Baca, breeder of fine cattle, and father to that Mercedes of the stinging tongue. He did not raise his eyes there, but I had seen him, at the tavern door, raise them to the window from which, daringly, La Estrella, the woman of our chieftain, had (*Continued on page 112*)

WAR

Concluding the Diary *of a* Woman *who* Served *and* Suffered *on the* Western Front

FOR me the characteristic feature of the years after the war was that there didn't seem any reason why I should ever be in any particular place. Mother and I stayed in France for nearly two years after the armistice. I stayed on at Neuilly until the hospital was closed, then I went to an orthopedic institute where they dealt largely in artificial legs. When that went I said, "Now I'm going to enjoy myself." And that's what I've been doing ever since. Enjoying myself. I say it without irony.

Until about four years ago I spent most of the time in Europe. I would go to St. Moritz for Christmas, then down to the Riviera to spend February and March at Cannes. About Easter, I would go up to Paris to buy clothes. After I'd worked off my clothes complex, I'd go to England for the racing, and in August to Biarritz; then maybe back to America for the fall. But the pull was to Europe; and this was partly due to my sister Edna. The war has left her in a queer state. She spends money wildly. She has kept her beauty. Time hasn't altered her face; it has just hung the thinnest imaginable veil over it. The preservation and the exhibition of that beauty cost a young fortune.

And what it costs to take houses all over Europe! To engage temporary servants. To be forever buying linen and household furnishings that have to be abandoned to save the trouble of carting them around. It costs Joe, her husband, a lot of money.

But don't think Edna is doing all this out of mere folly. There is logic behind her restlessness. Joe is really very old now. He's over seventy. There are nice old men and nasty old men. And Joe isn't very nice.

THIS isn't just the revolt of a frivolous, pleasure-loving spendthrift against a matter-of-fact business man. I know one of Joe's business associates quite well. Mr. Burleigh, of Indiana. He wants to marry me. Well, he doesn't say anything, but you can see what he thinks about Joe.

If it was partly Edna that pulled me away from America during the first years after the war, it was also America itself.

In many ways I have loathed the effect of the war on my relatives. Take it all in all, the war has harmed most of them. For instance, there is Gracie, who's in a bad way.

At the close of the war she married the man who was her lover in Paris when she was heartbroken because her fiancé had turned out to be a cheat. Now

¶ THE WAR welded these stenographer from a

Illustration by W. E. Heitland

NURSE

Compiled by *Rebecca West*

two lives together. A tousle-haired New York office divided them again.

she is one of the prominent citizens of a prosperous suburb of Chicago. And she and her husband spend their time pretending that what happened to them in France never happened to them at all. It has frightened them both. Whenever I go to see her she asks me timorous questions, looking at me sideways under lowered lids, trying to find out if I know.

When she heard about Mr. Burleigh she was anxious that I should marry him. She followed me up to my bedroom one night to ask me about it.

"Don't you think, Corinne, you'd be happy if . . ." I think she talked about the blessings of children. But her eyes implored me, "You, too, did this awful thing! Cover it up! Get married, as I have done, and then we can forget all about it! Cover it up! Cover it up!"

FEAR dominates her whole life. It has made her a snob, anxious not to meet anybody who isn't safe and respectable; and a prude, always ready to be shocked by books and plays. She refuses to revisit Europe, avowing that she and her husband find America infinitely preferable on account of the purity of the inhabitants. And everything she does and says has a phony ring.

How could she feel otherwise?

She and her husband Harry are essentially the kind of people for whom marriage is not only convenient, but necessary. They never would have thought of an unconventional relationship if the war hadn't forced it on them. Now that they are back in peace-time conditions they are ashamed of it. And shame isn't a good feeling. It doesn't inspire people to anything fine.

Often I think of Gracie and Harry when I hear people say that the war was such a great experience it must have meant a lot to those who took part in it. Isn't it possible that an experience can be too great for people of moderate capacity to profit by it? There are those two people, to whom the war revealed that what men and women do for each other with their bodies and their souls when they are in love is so real a good that it will help them to go on living when the earth is rocking under their feet.

But they can't keep that in their minds now, because all they remember is that when they got this revelation they barked their shins on a convention. And that's how many people dealt with their special war revelation.

I doubt if any of us were able to carry back into peace-time all the gains we seemed to have made in the war. To take my own case, I certainly learned the technique of nursing; I learned (*Continued on page 104*)

The Fable of the Edicts

By George Ade

¶ THE WET HEN

ONCE upon a Time a Benedict wandered back to the Love Nest and found Friend Wife about six Inches ahead of an Epileptic Convulsion. She had a vast Assortment of flimsy Duds spread across the Beds and draped over Chairs. She was taking a mental Invoice and breathing Blue Smoke.

Mama was sure peeved. Yes, ma'am! She had a baleful Glitter in the Eye and the Lips were closed together like a Steel Trap and she had the general Look of a het-up Lady who was just about ready to bite someone in the Arm.

Hubby had Camped with Honey long enough to know the Signs. He could see that she was nursing a full-sized Woof. "Spring the Bad Tidings," he said, as he observed the Directions in the Theater Program and stood near an Exit, so that he could make his Escape by walking and not running.

"Oh, drat and darn!" she exclaimed. "Dog-gone everything! Don't start anything with me just now unless you are hungry for a Battle, because I'm telling you that your little Tootsie is madder than a Wet Hen. Do you see that Mess of Wardrobe? To you it looks like Something to Wear.

"Well, there's nothing in the whole Kaboodle that I can put on without informing the Wide World that I am Gertie, the Lumberjack's Bride. I might as well wear Hoop Skirts and a Bustle and a Black Velvet Basque with a Cameo Brooch. All the Stuff I've bought for Two Years is no good for anything except to tear up into Strips and rub the Furniture with."

She was not entirely Grammatical but she was very dramatic.

"It looks all right to me," said her Life Companion.

"It would. If I came down to Dinner wearing Overshoes and a red Coolie Coat and Boxing Gloves you'd think I had on a Party Gown. You stand there and say to me that this Junk is O.K. Let me tell you that so far as Clothes to wear are concerned I'm in the same Fix that Eve was the morning she met Adam. I haven't got a Stitch! I'm stripped down to Nothing. And I'm guessing that Adam didn't notice whether Eve was hooked up behind or buttoned down one Side."

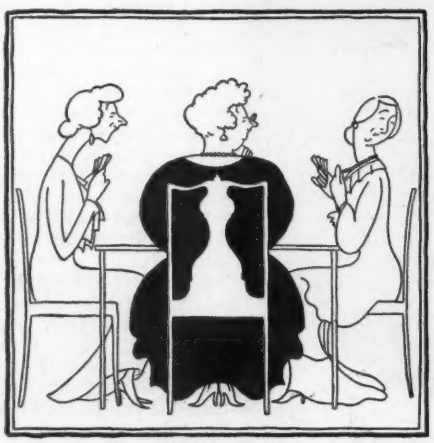
"What started the awful Rumpus?"

"Listen! And don't pull one of those superior Lord-of-Creation Smiles unless you want to be crowned with an Alarm Clock. You know that when Short Skirts and the Boyish Bob arrived, I was the first one to stand up and give Three Hearty Cheers. I took one Solemn Oath that I'd never again step into a Skirt that flopped around my Ankles and if anyone ever caught me with my Hair hanging down between the Shoulder Blades, I'd be willing to go to the Foolish House and stay there. And you know, as dumb as you are, that I have put up a consistent Fight against the Conspiracy to hide my Legs and the Nape of my neck. Now I have to own up that I am licked."

¶ THE WHITE SLAVE

"When did you make this important discovery?"

"This very Afternoon. I have been playing Contract Bridge over at Libbie's, trying to lay up a few Honest Dollars. I found myself entirely surrounded by a lot of old Tabbies who were diked up in Circus Regalia. They looked as if a High Wind had come along and blown some Clothes onto them, but they were Cocky, because they knew they were rigged out in the latest Modes. What they did to your poor little Wife was a Plenty. They had it all over me like a Tent.



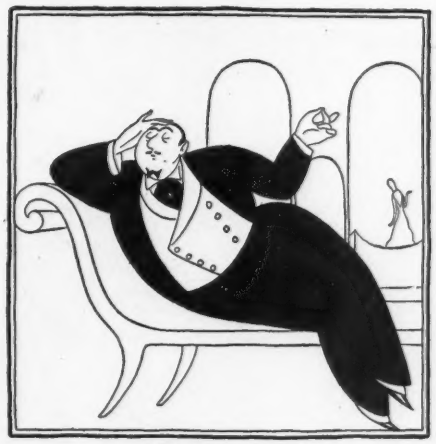
¶ THE TABBIES

"After getting several Dirty Looks and observing the Elevated Eyebrows I fell to the Fact that I was the only Female on the Premises who still wore a Shingle and was Ventilated below the Knees. Those hard-faced Lizzies looked stringy around the Ears and had these long Hickeys or puckered Grain Sacks hanging from the Floating Ribs all the way to their Shoes. They looked fierce but they could give me the Ha-Ha because they were in Style and I was just Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl, trying to make good at the Ritz.

"Can you see me, endeavoring to be the Life of the Party, with not one of my Hips covered and no Fringe in front of my Shins? If ever a Gal was in Wrong! I beat it and came Home in the Car with the Curtains down and the Robe wrapped around me.

and the *Addicts* *in the* Slang *of* 1930

Illustrations by
Gluyas Williams



¶ THE DICTATOR

"After having a good Cry I began reading up on the Decrees of Fashion and I learn that I am just Six Months behind the Parade. I figure that the only Thing for me to do is go and lock myself in the Bathroom until my Hair grows out and the Dressmakers can hurry up and give me something I won't be ashamed to wear outside of the House."

"It's nothing to worry about."

"Says you. You mean it's nothing for You to worry about. Why should you lose any Sleep because I have gone on the Rocks? Who am I? I'm just the unfortunate Female you dragged to the Altar. I am facing the Crisis of my Life and you are straightening your Cravat and trying to laugh it off. What a Help you turned out to be!"

"You are making a Mountain out of a Molehill."

"When you pay the Bills for what I am going to order tomorrow you'll think it's some Molehill. Now if you will tell me that every Cloud has a Silver Lining and it is always Darkest just before Dawn, everything will be cleared up fine and dandy. I ask for Sympathy and get a Bromide.

"The Trouble with you is that you don't know the Half of it. Are you hep to the Fact that we must go back to Corsets? Just when we began to enjoy taking a Full Breath, we get orders to put on the Armor Plate and squeeze the old Gizzard out of Shape and develop the generous Curve Lines of a Bass Viol.

"They say the Skirts will be Dust-Catchers within a Year. Think of that, you poor Trout, if you have anything left to think with. We are going back to the Dark Ages. We are all going to be Gibson Girls, wearing Belt Buckles and Sailor Straws and kicking up Ten Million Germs every time we go trailing up the Street. And the old Bean decorated with Gobs of False Hair and Rats and a couple of Yards of Fish Netting! All the tough Breaks coming at once."

"Well, Gosh all Fishhooks! If you want to wear a Short Skirt and keep your Hair Trimmed and hold your own Shape, why do you have to put on Clothes that drag in the Mud and build a Cupola on top of your Head and make yourself miserable by lashing yourself inside of Whalebone Stays?"

"If I talked to you for a Week, you wouldn't understand why. First, because you are nothing but a Man, and second, because you are a Nitwit. Haven't you been on Earth long enough to find out that a Woman must wear what other Women are wearing or else be hooted right out of Polite Society? She can break one or all of the Ten Commandments and get away with it if she looks like those Pictures in the Back Part of Harper's Bazaar.

"If she reads What Milady is going to wear this Season, she can cut out Ludwig, Somerset Maugham, Booth Tarkington and Edna Ferber, and still be invited to the Best Houses. You can't walk into a Ballroom or a Tea Parlor and kill 'em right where they sit, unless you are up to the Minute from the Coiffure clear down to the gold-plated Heels. I'm telling you. Me for the Indoors until I show those Cats that I'm there with the whole Ensemble."

"All of which is a sad Commentary on American Womanhood," said the Wise Husband. "You are a Daughter of the American Revolution but you are still taking orders from the Old World. Didn't you ever hear of the Declaration of Independence? Huh? Are you going to let some Frog with V-shaped whiskers sit in his perfumed establishment on the Rue de la Paix and tell all the Women in Lowell, Massachusetts, and Muskegon, Michigan, what they shall put on every Morning and how many Ruffles are to be placed on the Articles that do not show and whether or not Ankles are to remain a Secret instead of a Public Decoration?"

"You are using up Language but you are not saying Anything," said the Wife, as she continued to regard the Discards with pursed Lips and a wonderful Expression. "If you had the Intelligence which is commonly given to Geese, you would know that it is better to be out of the World than out of the Mode. You might as well say that I should wear a Bustle and a Chignon because Grandma liked them.

"Being Ten Minutes behind the Fashions is just the same as being Ten Years behind them. I am In Dutch and I know it, and I am going to buy what the other Girls are wearing. In the Meantime you can stand there and talk about the Declaration of Independence until you are black in the Face. You say I am a Daughter of the Revolution. I am also a Daughter of Evolution, if that means anything to you. I would rather get a Cackle from a weak-minded Male than to get it from the Literary Club. And that's that."

¶ THE GIRL OF 31

Only two evenings later she found him up in the Room indulging in a Brain Storm. He was standing in the middle of the Floor gazing at a Claw-Hammer Costume, *alias* Conventional Evening Clothes, *alias* the Complete Soup and Fish, somewhat resembling the Regalia worn in his Comedy Act by "Chic" Sale, of Urbana, Illinois.

"Look at it!" he sputtered. "It (*Continued on page 188*)

The

By A. E. W. Mason

MATTIE DRIVER sat on a bench under the palmettos of Alicante fingering a solitary peseta in one of his pockets. It is a common saying that no one can really starve in Spain, but Mattie had an uncomfortable suspicion that unless he could rub his one peseta into two and then those two into four, he was going shortly to disprove that saying.

The sunlight sparkled on the sapphire of the Mediterranean and made the stone pavements a blaze of gold; under the palmettos it was cool and pleasant; and on the landward side of this avenue the club and the restaurants deployed their invitations. It would have been so pleasant to have eaten his breakfast in one of them, and thereafter to have helped the sun down the sky with discourse to each newcomer of the stirring and calamitous events which had hurled him out of Morocco and flung him up like a string of seaweed on the beach at Alicante.

But Mattie Driver had just one peseta in his pocket, and no amount of turning and re-turning would make it into two. Another miracle, however, happened.

A voice spoke behind his back. *"Hombre!"*

Mattie recognized the voice and his heart jumped. It might be that someone wanted him, after all. He turned, however, without haste.

"Señor Fontana," he said easily, "your duties are over?"

Fontana, a semi-youthful clean-shaven man in dingy striped flannel trousers and more or less white canvas shoes with patent-leather tips, flourished a straw hat and sat down by his side.

"For the moment —yes. It is the hour of luncheon."

Fontana was one of those curious nondescripts to be found at Spanish ports, a kind of waterside odd-jobs' man. Mattie, when he had landed at Alicante from the little Almeria steamer at seven o'clock that morning, had remarked him at once; and his knowledge of the world, helped by a facility quite Spanish to engage the most complete of strangers at once in intimate conversation, had led him to expose his distressful case and ask for any job of work which might offer. Here already was the reply.

"Señor Driver, I have a friend who would esteem your help," said Fontana. "He invites you to lunch with him so that you may talk over this little affair quietly."

Mattie Driver looked at the clubhouse.

"No, not there," said Fontana, "nor at the Reina Victoria. You would not be quiet at either of those places. The little affair is not, it is true, of great importance, but it is curious. Shall I lead the way?"

HE WALKED beneath the palmettos with Mattie at his heels until he reached a corner where a road joined the esplanade from the town behind. At this corner a small restaurant stood in a garden.

"The food here is good," said Fontana, and at this moment Mattie received his first impression that the little affair was certainly curious and might not be as unimportant as his genial friend was pretending.

Fontana's friendliness did not surprise him in that country. Any Spaniard will go out of his way to do a stranger a good turn, so long as it does not actually cost him money. But just as they stepped out from the avenue to cross to the garden restaurant Fontana laid a hand upon Mattie's arm and glanced swiftly up

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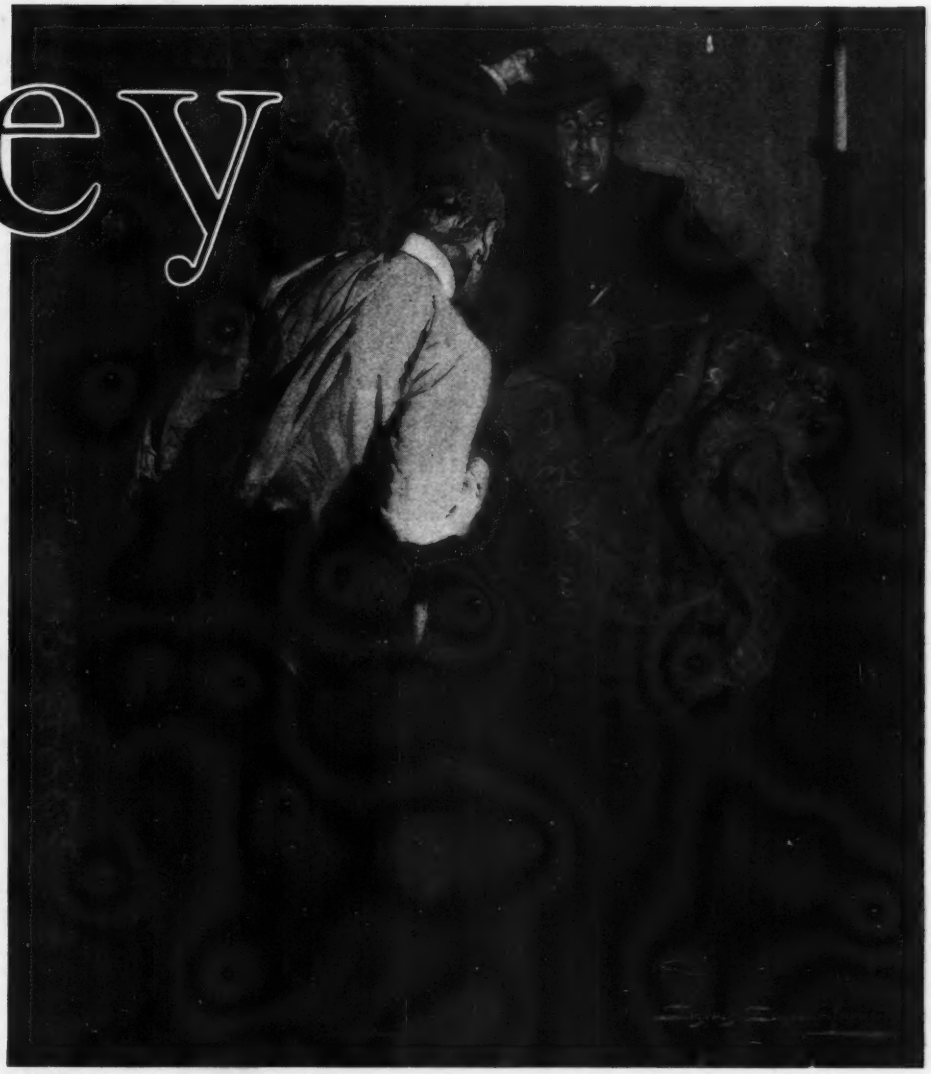
Key



Illustrations by Sydney Seymour-Lucas

and down the road.

"He has no doubt already arrived," said Fontana, but Mattie was not at all deceived by that explanation.

The glance of apprehension, the swift grip on his arm, now as swiftly relaxed, meant a fear lest they were being watched. Mattie was a man of an adventurous spirit and had he needed any other persuasion than his poverty, he would have found it in Fontana's fear.

He was still more thrilled when in a corner of the garden he was set face to face with a small, slender, elderly gentleman, scrupulously dressed, who wore a little white pointed beard and a white mustache, and appraised him with eyes of steel.

"Let me present you to each other," said Fontana. "This is my friend Señor Juan Gomez, a merchant of Cordoba."

"Retired," Gomez added.

"It must be pleasant to be able to retire," said Mattie Driver, without a hint of disbelief in the truth of Fontana's description.

"On the other hand it must be still more pleasant to have youth," replied Señor Gomez, and upon this small exchange of compliments, Fontana took his leave.

"You will do me the honor to lunch with me, I hope," said the older man; and though the *hors-d'œuvres* of black olives and sardines and radishes in their little white dishes, arranged on a tablecloth scrupulously clean, invited him overwhelmingly, Mattie sat down to the meal in extreme discomfort.

His clothes were not to blame. He had been careful to snatch the best of his wardrobe from the holocaust of his fortunes, and he sat there in a blue suit as neat as Señor Juan's. No, it was the personality of his host which sent little thrills of warning tinkling along his nerves.

Juan Gomez, however, did not approach his business until the luncheon was finished. He was the cultured host talking easily of the great cities to which his business had carried him until the coffee was on the table and Mattie sat with a big cigar between his lips. Then he changed his note.

They had the garden to themselves. Gomez did not lower his voice, but he spoke abruptly and with an air of relief that all the preliminary banalities were at last at an end.

"Fontana tells me, Señor Driver, that some reverse of fortune, such as may happen to any of us, has for the moment embarrassed you."

"Yes. Raisuli was my friend. With his surrender, I lost everything."

Mattie had been born at Laraish on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, of English parents long established there. He had never once been in England, though he had crossed many times to Spain. He was in some respects more like a Moor than an Englishman; he had a Moor's cunning, a Moor's good humor, and at the age of seventeen, when he found himself with a little money and no parents, he knew his world and its opportunities.

At al kasr he became Raisuli's agent, acquired flocks which were tended for him by Raisuli's chiefs and was well on the way to a fortune, when Abd-el-Krim from the Riff country upset Raisuli altogether, and captured with him all his treasure and belongings. Mattie found himself in a day reduced to penury.

A few weeks of vain effort to reestablish himself under the new rigid arrangements of the Spanish consumed the little store of actual money which he possessed. He had fled across the water to Spain, had traveled from Algeciras to Málaga, from Málaga to Almeria, from Almeria to Alicante in search of a fresh opportunity, and had come now to his last peseta.

The merchant from Cordoba listened to the story in silence. Then, leaning forward a little, he said with a smile:

"Romance still lives, then, though we poor drab stay-at-homes see little of its color. So swift a rise to fortune!"

"So still more swift a decline," added Mattie ruefully.

"What you have once done, you can do again. Let us think of the swift rise, my friend." Gomez' voice became silky. "Your methods must have been a little—shall we say?—informal."

"I had only one method," answered Mattie—"to keep my given word to the minute and in its uttermost detail."

"Claro!" Juan Gomez agreed. "That is what I mean. For to keep your word thus with Mr. B the landed sheik, Mr. X the Jewish trader might perhaps suffer."

Mattie thought over the problem. "Yes," he confessed, "I suppose I was never much troubled by the woes of the X's."

Gomez smiled. "We cannot afford to be. I asked you that question because in this little affair which I shall put before you, I propose to be Mr. B and not Mr. X."

Mattie nodded his head. "That is understood, of course."

"Good! I shall ask you to return to Morocco, but to a safer district. You know, perhaps, the kasba of Taugirt?"

Mattie was startled. "In the Atlas Mountains?"

"Yes," said Gomez.

"I know it."

"Perhaps, then, you know the Kaid of Taugirt himself?"

"I do."

Juan Gomez laughed cheerfully, a curious tittering laugh. "I am lucky, my young friend. I had not hoped for such good fortune."

Mattie on the other hand frowned dismally. "Wait a moment, Señor Gomez!" he said abruptly. "I am not so sure of your good fortune. For I gather that the Kaid of Taugirt is to be our Mr. X."

"That may be," said Gomez simply.

Mattie was torn in two. It was true that in the ordinary way of business he was not greatly troubled by minute scruples. But he liked the Kaid of Taugirt infinitely more than this wicked old scoundrel from Cordoba.

He had a picture of the kindly old gentleman keeping guard in his kasba with its turrets and its crenelated walls over one of the high passes of the Atlas, like some baron of old days. On the other hand he had one peseta in his pocket only, and it would not turn into two.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked sullenly.

Gomez leaned forward and clapped him on the shoulder. "It is not so serious, my young friend! No harm will be done to anyone—not even to Mr. X. Listen! There is a great key in the kasba of Taugirt. It hangs on a nail, I think, in the patio."

Mattie looked up swiftly. "It is treasured?"

"It certainly will not be given to you."

"Therefore I must steal it."

"Let us say that you must not ask for it. Yet I want that key."

"Why?"

Juan Gomez raised his hands in amusement. "My young friend, consider! If I were prepared to give explanations, I should not have sought for a complete stranger, down to his last peseta, to help me. Nor should I offer for this little service the high reward which I am willing to pay."

"How much is that?" said Mattie.

"Twenty thousand pesetas. Five thousand now for your expenses, fifteen thousand when you hand me the key."

It was certainly a handsome sum for a little villainy. But Mattie had a strong conviction that the villainy was really colossal. And not only colossal, but devious and subtle. He contemplated Señor Juan Gomez with respect—and with an inward reservation that he might have to tread a measure with him requiring considerable agility.

Gomez took a note case from his pocket and counted out four notes of a thousand pesetas each and ten notes of one hundred.

"Mr. B keeps his word," he said with a laugh, as he pushed the notes across the table. Mattie could not resist them.

"I have to go from here to Casablanca, from Casablanca to Marrakesh, from Marrakesh up into the Atlas. It will be four weeks before I bring back the—tribute from Mr. X. How shall I find you again?"

"You will announce your arrival to Fontana," said Gomez. He paid the bill and rose from his chair.

"You will give me ten minutes, if you please." There was a note of authority in his voice now as though he spoke to a servant.

Mattie was not offended. He was suddenly afraid. It seemed to him that his whole body was just a house ringing with alarm bells. More than the ten minutes had elapsed before he realized that he was smoking a good cigar in a pleasant garden.

Mattie traveled by the Air Service the next morning from Alicante to Casablanca, and a week later with his mule train climbed up to the kasba of the Kaid of Taugirt. The kaid rode forward to meet him, seated on a high red saddle on a white mule.

From afar he cried out in a voice of welcome, "Mattee!" and he led Mattie Driver through his courtyard into the hall. It was a place of tiles and painted pillars, and a fountain played in a marble basin.

"I saw you from afar with the glasses you gave to me," said the old gentleman, to whom in more prosperous days Mattie had presented a fine binocular. "Now how can I serve you?"

"I was in Marrakesh," replied Mattie, "and I had a wish to see you again."

The kaid's eyes narrowed and his face became a mask. But he asked no further questions and busied himself with brewing tea. Meanwhile Mattie's eyes wandered around the court and in a little while he saw it—a shining key, like silver, hanging from a nail against a pillar.

"You will stay with me for a week," said the kaid. "I will have a hunt for the third day."

But Mattie shook his head. "On the morning of the third day I must be on my way back to Marrakesh."

"It shall be as you wish," said the kaid. "Meanwhile

Irvin Cobb

has harked back to that picturesque Kentucky background which brought him his early fame as a short-story writer and to those homely Southern types which he endeared to all of us. The first of his new pieces—a truly surprising and beautiful story which brings back an old friend—will appear next month.

Anita Loos

on the other hand, has departed from the blonde and presents a young man. And what a young man! He's as naïve and as interesting as Lorelei and we think it is safe to guarantee he will give you just as many laughs.

Viola Brothers Shore

is a name new to the pages of Cosmopolitan but it is one you will remember and follow from next month on. Mrs. Shore has written a mystery story in a manner different from any we ever have read. There is a woman in it who will fascinate and puzzle you just as she fascinated and puzzled the police. The story is called "The Beauty Mask Murder"

my house is yours, Mattee—and all that it holds."

At one o'clock in the morning on the second night of his visit, when the whole kasba slept, Mattie crept down into the patio.

Through the open roof the moonlight poured down upon the tiles. The key gleamed upon the pillar like a jewel. Mattie lifted his hand to it, and a light suddenly shone behind him. Mattie turned silently and swiftly.

An electric torch exposed him from head to foot, and concealed the man who held it. Then the light went out, and the old kaid spoke gently.

"You too, Mattee? I told you that my house was yours and all that it holds. Why creep down the stairs, then, like a thief, in the middle of the night?"

Mattie stood rooted to the ground in shame, while the kaid lighted the candles in a branched silver candelabrum.

"I wouldn't have had this happen for worlds," said Mattie slowly.

"Yet it has happened," answered Sid Mohammed-el-Hati. "Let us talk."

He sat down cross-legged upon a long cushion and beckoned to Mattie to sit beside him. Mattie, however, stood in front of his host.

"'You too,'" he quoted. "Then others have preceded me?"

"One," replied the kaid. "He came last year, and at this time. He was a stranger. He had a story that he was traveling to Tafilelt. He stayed one night. In the morning my key was gone. I sent after him, not on the road to Tafilelt but on the road back to Marrakesh. In his luggage my key was found. He was brought back to me. He was poor, it seemed. He had been offered much money for my key. I let him go. So you too, Mattee, are now poor?"

Mattie nodded his head, and explained the pass to which he had come.

"And you want my key, Mattee?"

The kaid did not wait for an answer. He crossed the moonlit patio and lifted the key from its nail. The light from the candles rippled along its stem and its wards until it seemed a thing alive.

"Not a speck of rust. Not a flaw in its metal," the old man continued. "Yet it has hung upon that pillar for three hundred and fifty years. We call it the Key of Paradise. For it opens the door of my house in Spain."

Mattie Driver had expected this statement. Here and there about Morocco, in Rabat as in the Atlas, in Fez as in Marrakesh, in the houses of the nobles hung similar keys. Their ancestors, driven out by Ferdinand and Isabella, had carried their house keys away with them against the time when they would fit them into the locks again. Even now their descendants keep alive that faith.

"Perhaps even I——" said the old kaid, and he broke off with a laugh. "But if so, the time must come soon, Mattee."

"And where is this house of yours, Sid Mohammed-el-Hati?"

"At Elche."

Mattie drew a deep breath. He was thinking: "Yes, this is a bigger piece of villainy than I dreamed of. But I don't understand it. I think I am afraid."

Aloud he said: "Elche is that old Moorish town with its famous date palms thirty kilometers or so from Alicante."

"Yes," said the kaid. "My house stands on the river bank in a great garden. I have never seen it."

"And who occupies it now?"

"The Conde de Torrevieja."

With a cry Mattie sprang to his feet. "I was sure of it. Listen, Sid Mohammed! A man calling himself Juan Gomez, a merchant of Cordoba, hired me to steal your key. But I had seen his picture in the newspaper El Liberal—and not over that name. But over what name I could not remember until now. He is the Conde de Torrevieja.

"He wants the key which opens the house in which he lives during the summer—a second key—safe in a castle of the Atlas Mountains. Why? He wants it secretly too. Why?"

"That, Mattee, you shall find out," said the old kaid slowly. "For I shall lend you my key. I ask you to bring it back to me as clean and bright as it is now."

He was speaking a parable as Mattie Driver well understood, and he held up the key for Mattie to take.

Mattie returned to Alicante and slipped quietly into the town one evening, with a week in hand, and betook himself to a hotel. He had still fifteen hundred pesetas left and he was in no hurry to connect up with Fontana.

"It strikes *me*," he said to himself, "that Mr. B is giving me the baby to hold, and I should like to see what make of baby it is."

But Mattie had no luck. As he strolled under the palmettos in front of the club that very night, Fontana brushed past him and said in a low voice:

"Follow!"

Reluctantly Mattie followed in his steps. In a dark square back of the esplanade Fontana stopped.

"You have been quick, my friend, and I hope successful?" he said.

"Yes."

Fontana patted him on the back. "I knew, of course, that you had returned this evening, but I was afraid, since you were here a week before your time. You will be glad to have finished with the affair and to receive your reward. You shall receive it tonight."

Fontana was all joviality and good will, but he allowed Mattie no time for deliberation. He hurried on with his instructions. It was something which Mattie was to fetch, he understood. He did not want to know what it was. Heaven be thanked, he was not curious.

The point was, Mattie had fetched it and the excellent Juan Gomez was anxious to have it—was, indeed, at this moment waiting for it at his house in Elche—oh, a mere hop, skip and a jump of thirty kilometers, an hour in a motor car—and it was not yet eleven!

"But I must go back to my hotel first to fetch——" Mattie began, and was at once interrupted.

"Yes, yes, no doubt. To fetch what you have to fetch! See how wonderfully everything agrees. While you fetch what you have to fetch, I will get a car and send it here to this quiet square. At one o'clock you will be back in your hotel, your mission accomplished, and tomorrow you start life again a capitalist. Bravo!"

Fontana shook Mattie warmly by the hand and added:

"It will be best that the car should not go to the house. You have understood of course that Juan Gomez does not wish for the limelight, the old fox." With a chuckle he poked Mattie in the ribs. "You cannot mistake the house," and he proceeded to give the same description of the house at Elche which Mattie had already heard at the castle in the Atlas Mountains.

"But by the time I arrive there, Gomez will be in bed," Mattie expostulated.

"He will be expecting you. I telephoned to him as soon as I knew of your return." Without waiting for any further objections, Fontana disappeared.

Mattie was all for running home to his hotel and putting his head under the bedclothes. But fifteen thousand pesetas were fifteen thousand pesetas. Moreover, he saw no reason why, if he failed Gomez, Gomez should not pay the governor of the town something, get him clapped into prison and kept there.

He went to his hotel for the key. He was going to keep his word with Mr. B. But he meant also to keep it with Mr. X. That key must be returned bright and clean to the Kaid of Taugirt.

It was eleven o'clock when Mattie returned to the square. Every house was dark, the roadway deserted. But the lamps of a car were burning on the spot where he and Fontana had stood.

"You are waiting for me? You know where to go?"

"Elche," said the driver.

Mattie got in. The car ran parallel with the coast until the salt pans were reached, and at that point the engine stopped. Mattie hoped that the damage was too important for the chauffeur to repair.

But in twenty minutes the car was ready again, and it ran so smoothly that Mattie suspected there never had been any damage at all. What if the accident were a trick to delay him, so that he might get to the house on the river bank at a moment exactly prearranged? Mattie was in the mood to turn back at all costs when the car reached the outskirts of the village, swung to the left and stopped before a lane between hedges which ran down to the river bank.

"It's here, man," said the chauffeur.

"You will wait for me," said Mattie.

The chauffeur extinguished the lamps as Mattie entered the lane. A hundred yards farther on Mattie came upon the house. At the side towards the river massive old date palms stood up behind high garden walls.

There was not a light in any of the windows, not a sound from any room. Mattie seemed to have come to some forgotten mansion in a wilderness. Yet somewhere in its depths the disturbing Count of Torrevieja was waiting for him.

"Well, the sooner I get it all over, the better," said Mattie, and taking the key from his pocket, he searched the surface of the door for the keyhole.

The door was a massive barrier of walnut wood and bolts and bars, and hung upon hinges which would stop a battering-ram. Yet as Mattie touched it, it swung open noiselessly. And it opened upon a cavern of blackness.

Mattie drew back with a little gasp. He was now thoroughly frightened. Why was the house in darkness when he was expected? What trick was being played on him by that old spider of a Torrevieja?

He stepped cautiously across the threshold and closed the door behind him. Then he waited and he listened. The house was as still as a tomb.

But at last far away he saw a single perpendicular thread of faint light, as though a door stood just ajar. He moved cautiously across the floor and came at last to the door. It opened inwards and at the corner of a room.

He bent his head forward and listened. He heard nothing—not even a sound of breathing. The lighted room seemed as empty as this black cavern of a hall.

Mattie opened the door wide, with an eye upon the crack at the hinges, lest anyone should be concealed behind the panels. But that space was empty; so was the room itself—as far as he could see. But it was a bedroom with a four-poster bed round which the curtains

were drawn, as though someone slept there—or as though someone watched there, holding his breath.

Mattie's eyes wandered to a long cheval glass which stood opposite him in a recess by the bed and became fixed in a stare. He shivered as he looked. It seemed to him that all the ice in the world was trickling down his spine and he felt his hair lift upon his head.

He saw himself and behind him, to the left of the door, the dressing table and upon the dressing table the solitary candle which lighted the room. It gleamed like a star in the depths of the mirror and threw its pale radiance down upon a litter of broken jewel cases and fragments of jewels: here a chain from which a pendant had been wrenched, there a gold setting from which the stones had been roughly forced.

There had been a robbery in the house that night. That was why he had found the door open. The thief had escaped that way. Then—then—what lay hidden behind the curtains of the bed?

Mattie was drawn across the room as a needle is drawn by a magnet. He pulled one of the curtains aside and dropped it again, and stood holding his breath. There was someone there—in the bed—asleep. Yes—no doubt asleep. But the bedclothes were drawn over the sleeper's head and there was no stir, no rise and fall, as there must be if the sleeper breathed at all. Whoever lay in that bed was dead.

Mattie approached the head of the bed and his eyes once more encountered the mirror. They met in the mirror another pair of eyes. The Count of Torrevieja, late Juan Gomez, merchant of Cordoba, was standing in the doorway, a smile of satisfaction upon his lips, a glittering sword in his hand.

As Mattie turned, the count raised his voice in a scream. "Murder! Help! Romero, Felipe! Hurry!" and as he screamed, he sprang toward Mattie.

Mattie had no weapon, but as the point of that glittering sword darted toward his breast, he swung the curtain of the bed and caught it in the folds. Already in the rooms above a clamor arose; there was a rushing of feet.

Before Torrevieja could disengage his sword, Mattie's hand with the heavy key struck twice at Torrevieja's head; at the second blow the Spaniard fell.

Mattie leaped across him as he lay. Candles gleamed upon the stairway as he raced across the hall. He reached the door. Once more it swung inwards without noise. In a second he was outside. He drew the door to, as the shouts resounded through the hall.

He had a moment while the servants rushed into the bedroom. Mattie fitted the key into the lock and locked the door. Then he took the key out again and ran.

For a while the house was still. Then the cries, the shouts, broke out again, and lights leaped from window to window. Mattie reached the mouth of the lane. His motor car had gone.

In a few minutes that door would be opened; Torrevieja's men would spread over the country; the whole district would be raised in pursuit of him. Mattie ran and ran.

Months afterwards a haggard, bearded man dragged himself up to the kasba of Taugirt and was admitted to the presence of the kaid. From his ragged clothing, he drew a shining key.

"There is, however, some rust upon it," said Mattie. "It is the blood of the worst scoundrel I ever met. I would that I had hit harder and killed!"

"Mattee, explain this to me!" said the kaid, as he hung the key once more upon its nail in the patio. Mattie Driver told his story, and at the end produced a clipping from a Spanish newspaper . . .

> It is now certain that the murder and attempted robbery of the Condesa de Torrevieja must be classed among the unsolved mysteries of crime. It is thought that the murderer must have hidden himself in the house during the day, but the police have no clue to his identity, and the fact that he had not the time to take any of the Condesa's jewelry with him makes his discovery now almost impossible. The count, who was prostrated by grief, intends to travel for a year. He, of course, inherited all the wealth of his Argentine wife.

Mattie read the extract to Sid Mohammed-el-Hati and then resumed:

"Torrevieja meant of course to kill me there and then with his sword. If his men had taken me prisoner, I should not have been in any better case. For who would have believed my story?

"I was caught in the room with a key of the house in my pocket, and the countess' jewels in a bag and the countess murdered in her bed. But since I got away, the count will not speak of that key. He has all he wants, you see.

"If I were sought out and brought to trial and told my story, it would not save me, but here and there his enemies might begin to talk; there would come a shadow over his name. So he leaves me alone. But I wish that I had struck harder with your key."

The kaid looked up at his key. "Mattee, we are in God's hands," said he.

Kiss of April *by F. E. Baily* *(Continued from page 59)*

very lovely in the hall going out as I came in. Who is she, Diana? Fair, with heavenly gray eyes and a figure like a dryad's."

"Oh," Mrs. Creagh said after a second's pause, during which a whole sequence of ideas flashed through her brain, "that's Fay Morveth. Quite the prettiest of the young generation, I think. She came to ask my advice. She feels she's not a success with men."

"My dear, they must be blind! She's Bunny Morveth's girl, I suppose. He married Margery Ellington. No wonder the child's so fascinating! But I shouldn't have thought, with her parents, she'd have cultivated an inferiority complex."

"Then why not tell her so, Charles?" suggested Mrs. Creagh in her caressing voice. "She couldn't help feeling flattered and she'd be safe in your hands. You have my permission to make love to her as a reward for coming to see me directly you reached England. I shall arrange for you to meet her if you like."

"That would be sweet of you, Diana," Lord Norchester said gratefully. "She seems so fresh and vital after the tired goddesses of Government House."

Fay drove her slightly detuned racing car to Soho and in an ancient thoroughfare not far from Gerrard Street where, at the Turk's Head, Doctor Johnson used to meet Reynolds and Goldsmith and Garrick, she drew up before an equally ancient house. No sign of any business obtruded, but in the direct way of her generation she rang without pausing to reflect, and a manservant admitted her. To him she gave her letter of introduction and waited impatiently in a period room full of treasures. Presently the manservant returned and conducted her up a magnificent old staircase into the presence of an elderly Frenchman.

He sat at his writing table in a lofty, paneled room, benign and white-bearded, with the ribbon of a decoration in his buttonhole. He rose, smiled, and bowed her to a high-backed chair in which she felt strangely out of place.

Therefore she began in clear staccato tones: "Are you Monsieur Duvigny? Oh, well, Mrs. Creagh, who gave me a note for you, said you sell marvelous perfume. I'd like some, please. She said you blend it specially. I want something mysterious and intriguing and passionate."

Monsieur Duvigny, seated again at his writing table, inclined his head.

"It is true, Mademoiselle, I am a seller of perfumes. I distill them from flowers, because I will have nothing to do with synthetic perfumes. I blend them individually for my clients, as you say, because the perfume must express the personality. But you ask me for that which is intriguing, mysterious and passionate, and it is not thus that I see your personality, Mademoiselle."

His grave glance rested thoughtfully on Fay, so that she felt the color come into her face and said hastily:

"Well, how do you see me, then?" and realized that she had made a profound mistake, because Monsieur Duvigny seemed about to tell her the truth.

"You are, if you will excuse me, very young, Mademoiselle, and typical of your generation—brave, athletic, direct in speech, beautiful, but although you may not believe me, your heart, your emotions, are not yet awakened. This distresses you sometimes and that is why you ask me for a perfume intriguing, mysterious and passionate, but I shall, if you will allow me, blend my perfume to symbolize Mademoiselle as I have described her. It will be mysterious, yes, for nothing is so mysterious as a young girl on the threshold of life, but passionate, no. For passion one must have suffered, and of suffering I see no sign. In a little while I shall send you your perfume, Mademoiselle, and I shall call it 'Baiser d'Avril,' because you still have the kiss of April, the freshness of spring on your brow."

He was on his feet, bowing her toward the door; from the hall the manservant conducted her to her car. She spun the car round a corner almost on two wheels and pushed it to a speed that won frowns of rebuke from patient traffic policemen. Her swift brain recalled in wrath the diagnosis of Monsieur Duvigny.

"The kiss of April still on my brow—I who have had the most hectic flirtations of any girl in my set and come out of them with a vanadium-steel nerve and not one remaining illusion!" she exclaimed. "He can send me his Baiser d'Avril and I'll give it to my maid, and even she'll think I was mad to buy it."

But when it came she withdrew the stopper from a crystal *flacon* almost reverently and sniffed delicately at the contents. A clean, cool perfume arose from it that somehow suggested youth, clear-eyed and tireless, seeking eternally what lies on the other side of the hill, undaunted yet wistful.

Despising herself for an insane sentimentalist in a hard-boiled age, Fay did not give Baiser d'Avril to her maid. Instead, she used a little of it behind either ear and gradually a reputation for subtlety wove itself about her.

THE FIRST ACT ON THE SPRING PROGRAM

THE first important act of Spring house-cleaning is to provide yourself with *extra* help — which means providing yourself with Fels-Naptha Soap.

For Fels-Naptha brings *extra* help —the *extra* help of two brisk cleaners, soap and naptha, working together. The soap is unusually good soap. And blended with it is *plenty* of naptha. You can smell it! Beneath the gentle urging of these two cleaners, painted woodwork regains the freshness it had when new. Spots vanish from rugs. Enamel and tiling lose their winter's coat of dinginess. The whole house takes on the bright sparkle of Spring.

So make sure you use Fels-Naptha for your house-cleaning. And be doubly sure to use it for Fels-Naptha's biggest job—the family wash. It washes clothes beautifully clean without hard rubbing. And you can wash any way you please. You can boil your clothes, or soak them, if you prefer; you can use washing machine or tub. It's the nature of soap to wash best in hot water — and Fels-Naptha is no exception. But it also does a wonderful job in lukewarm or even cool water.

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FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just decided to try its *extra* help, we'd like to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) as you need them. The chipper will be sent, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.

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In consequence, Hugh Wayland, who was twenty-six and working for his living, fled from her in despair, but Lord Norchester, availing himself of Mrs. Creagh's promise to introduce him, blessed that lady's discrimination.

Lord Norchester had what is called in cavalry circles a good leg for a boot; he had also a fine figure for a uniform, being one of those tall, lean men with narrow heads and aquiline noses who, generation after generation, succeed to important commands in the army and high offices in the state. He combined the charm of soldier and administrator, and all his life he had known the most important men and the most attractive women of the day. Now Fay Morveth succeeded those attractive women.

She went home after that first dinner party with the electric knowledge that she had aroused the interest of an exceptional man, and let her imagination play round the possibilities which offered themselves. She realized for the first time that nothing flatters a young girl so irresistibly as the admiration of such a man, who came to her having chosen, dallied with and turned his back on a long line of lovely ladies.

He treated her as an equal, and at the same time with a respect that her young men never dreamed of showing. Why should they respect her? they would have asked. They were Derek or John or Francis and she was Fay, and that was that. Charles Norchester, on the contrary, implied that she was Fay, and that meant something wonderful.

So began the springtime love affair of Fay and Charles, the young girl and the man of the world. People watched in amazement and shrugged their shoulders at the spectacle of Fay in love, unaware of the simple fact that for the first time in her life Fay could look up instead of being looked up to, because there happened to be little she could do that Charles Norchester had not done infinitely better.

Early in the morning they rode together in the Park, Fay, slim and heartbreaking in perfectly cut coat and breeches, astride a restless chestnut, girl and horse with a satin-skinned quality of fitness that delighted the eye. But beside her rode Charles, who looked as if he and his horse had grown together. She knew that in a lifetime she would never ride like Charles. Yet:

"You're lookin' rather a picture this morning, Fay," he would say, his blue eyes glinting. "Pity it's only the Park. I'd love to be with you behind a pack of hounds with a southwest wind and a hint of rain and a scent as high as your hat."

Sometimes she drove him out of town in the detuned racing car to play golf. He would stretch himself out in the bucket seat beside her and watch her absorbed profile as she made the narrow, open-bodied car streak through the traffic and reach Sunningdale Golf Course in record time. He thought she looked like a green witch in her green leather coat to match the car. Sometimes she tried to shake his nerve and failed, because he knew she possessed the same sort of hands for a car that he had for a horse.

When they began to play golf she looked up to him again because once he had been a scratch player and even now his handicap was only four as against Fay's twelve. Yet never once did he do anything but praise her game and advise her tactfully how to improve it. He made all her young men seem mere patronizing upstarts by comparison.

When she dined with him at the dance club in Bond Street or at a restaurant she might have been the Queen of Sheba dining with Solomon, because his reputation made the most puissant *maître d'hôtel* grovel before him and he did not keep his charm of manner for his friends only. Waiters spoke of him behind his back with admiration.

Only when he kissed her for the first time did Fay realize she possessed a heart. They were at one of the season's crowded parties given by a hostess who knew less than half of her guests by sight. Suddenly the spectacle of Fay with the underlying gold of her skin answering the gold of her hair, and the grayness of the seven seas in her gray eyes, left him breathless, so he stood in her path and said:

"Fay, my darling, all this seems unworthy of you and me and it'll go on for hours. I've never in my life seen Windsor Castle by moonlight. Let's find my car and go to see Windsor Castle by moonlight."

She smiled into his eyes and answered: "All right. I'll get my cloak and meet you in the hall."

Ten minutes later she joined him at the foot of a marble staircase and a servant in breeches and silk stockings called his car. He handed her into it, spoke to the chauffeur, and climbed in beside her. His arm slid round the incredible softness and slenderness of her body and held her with the sureness of steel. When the car had glided from the brilliance of Piccadilly he tilted her head gently and at last his mouth met hers.

Fay, with her record of countless kisses, flushed as though she had never been kissed at all. Then she sighed faintly and let him kiss her as he would. Presently the cloak slipped from her shoulders; she raised her golden-fair arms and locked them about his neck.

All that night she lay wide-eyed on her bed, living her kisses over again half in joy and half in terror.

"It's never quite the same after a man's kissed you," she murmured desperately; "and if he doesn't want to kiss me any more I can't bear it."

But he did want to kiss her again. The sting and passion of her youth stimulated him like wine, so that imperceptibly the control of their destiny seemed drifting from him to her. Though he surpassed her in everything else she began to dominate him by the sheer magic of boundless vitality. Whenever they were together he felt it, a sort of emotional oxygen that took away the burden of years and made him young again.

Because she must have him a part of everything in her life she said to him one day: "I'm going to buy more perfume, my special perfume that a wonderful old Frenchman blends for me. I'd love you to come too. You and he would like each other."

"That stuff that makes you smell like a field that the Lord hath blessed? Of course I'll go with you, Fay dear. He must be a magician. People in Europe as a rule don't understand perfumes; in the East they're most of the science of love."

Again the car halted outside the old house in Soho; the impassive manservant led them up the magnificent staircase; they found Monsieur Duvigny calm and white-haired at his writing table, and Fay introduced Norchester.

"You are a wise man, Monsieur Duvigny," he said with that endearing charm of manner that had won him his way over and over again with fastidious Orientals. "I come from the East, where perfumes complicate the whole pattern of a man's life. What was it Solomon said? 'Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices.'"

The old Frenchman considered them as they stood before him, and read their situation at a glance, for he was acquainted with life, but he only answered: "I am flattered, Monseigneur. You speak as a connoisseur who understands."

"Well, frankly, as far as I'm concerned, I don't think anything beats the scent of a good cigar, but the perfume you make for Miss Morveth is wonderful."

"And I want more, please, Monsieur Duvigny," Fay told him. "May I take a couple of *flacons* with me? And I'd like some of the essence as well."

"I am afraid, Mademoiselle, it is not ready at the moment but I will send it. I shall not keep you long."

But when she received it she found it no longer the same. A little of the youth and freshness had gone out of it, but new magic contrived to make it at last mysterious, a little sad, and unforgettable.

Inevitably the love affair of Fay and Charles Norchester swept onward to its crisis. She lived it in a fever, from mood to mood, lifted to peaks of happiness and dashed into depths of despair; at one moment content, at the next conscious of everlasting frustration.

Therefore on a night the gods decreed she made an engagement to dine with him at the dance club in Bond Street and when they had reached the stage of coffee and cigarets commanded:

"Take me back to your apartment after dinner, Charles. I want to talk to you and we can't talk here."

A faint, chill warning of approaching danger aroused Charles Norchester. So many times in his life women had said: "Take me to such and such a place; I want to talk to you and we can't talk here," and never had the request brought forth any good.

Yet he only smiled and answered: "Very well, adorablest. You shall sit like a queen on her throne with a tiger-skin under your small feet and deliver justice; only please temper it with mercy because I fear justice like every other man."

The blue-uniformed commissionaire called the car. They floated between rivers of lights to one of those apartments in the Parish of St. James's where men still lead utterly male lives. Fay sat in the kind of splendid armchair only men buy, with her feet on the tiger-skin; shaded lamps made everything softly outlined.

When he bent to kiss her she gave him her mouth for one aching moment, and then pushed him gently away. He stood looking down at her, and she said:

"Charles darling, what are we going to do?"

Fay had no illusions about the inevitable climax of a love affair with a married man of enough distinction to be forever in the limelight. Either it resulted in nothing, or the girl gave herself secretly during the brief span of their romance. Then his career took him and she made the best of life without him.

But looking up at Charles Norchester, the man who had awakened her to the ecstasy of loving, Fay knew that they represented the hundredth case: that for her sake he would be divorced, sacrifice his career if need be, create another in which she would share, and set her on such a pinnacle of happiness that she would have nothing left to pray for. She longed for him passionately because, deliberately or by accident, he really had touched her heart.

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Whatever creams and lotions and powders you may use, *never forget* this important aid to the natural desquamation every skin undergoes. See what a special soap and a specialtreatment made to aid the skin's natural processes will do for you.

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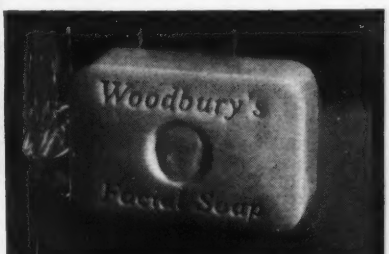

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She heard him say with a smile: "How do you mean, what are we going to do?"

"I love you and you love me. I want you and you want me. I'm not the sort of person to be happy with a secret love affair, and I don't suppose you are, either. At any rate, you'd never ask *me* to agree to anything like that, would you? And so, darling, there's only one thing to do, isn't there? We'll have to face the music. Shall you mind frightfully?"

Looking down at her, Charles Norchester realized suddenly the sheer directness of modern youth. They tolerated no shams and were not satisfied by anything that savored of second best. This golden girl in all the thrill of her beauty would go through the divorce court with him and never hesitate, but all clandestine love merely aroused her contempt. She had too exact an appreciation of her own worth. She credited him with the same exact appreciation.

A long line of women who had loved him and been content with such favors as he could bestow on them, faded into the mists of the past. This was the new age and the new code, and he knew he never could live up to it.

"You mean that I should give my wife grounds for divorce and marry you when the divorce has gone through?"

She nodded. "That's the only decent way. You realize that, don't you?"

In his mind's eye he saw a balance, on one scale of which was Fay Morveth and on the other his wife, his children, his governor-generalship, his renown, a distant, more brilliant climax to his career, and it did not take him long to choose. "How magnificently arrogant the young are," he thought, "and how difficult it is to tell them so!" Then he began that difficult task.

"My dear," he said, "you don't know what you're asking. You suggest that I throw away my life work, my career, the future of my family for a beautiful emotion. I tell you, brutal as it sounds, that no emotion is worth such a sacrifice on my part, let alone the one you propose to make. When you remind me I love you, you're right. You're the most adorable thing God ever made, but——"

"But you prefer not to run any risks to possess the most adorable thing God ever made. You'd rather take her on the sly!"

"I don't think," Lord Norchester said, "I've ever asked you for anything you might not be justified in giving."

"No, Charles. You've been too clever. You were content to let things drift and some day, somehow, in an unguarded moment, who knew what might happen! And, quaintly enough, I really loved you and I really believed in you. Equally, no one has ever been sweeter to me than you. I'll give you your due. I despise you and I can't help loving you. I'll never see you again and I'll never forget you. You're the first man who's ever made a fool of me, and you'll be the last, but somehow I wish you'd been different, or that I were different."

He felt a trifle bleak because the charming idyl had come to an end, and nothing remained but to take a town house for Laura, and do the round of the season, and go up to Scotland for the shooting, and return in November to his governor-generalship in time for the cold weather, when the same political assistants would have tangled up affairs in the immemorial manner.

"When you're as old as I am, Fay," he said at last, "you'll realize that all life is a compromise, and that one learns something from every—er—episode in one's life. You'll find yourself surer emotionally because of our love. You'll have stored up a few memories. Some day memories will be all we possess."

She was standing beside him, cloaked and very calm. Her eyes had the clearness of water. "Will you please," she asked, "get someone to call a taxi for me? And I don't want to be seen home."

She wept far into the night for her fairy tale in ruins, but when she awoke she felt calm, the only change in her a tiny droop at the corners of her mouth.

Mrs. Creagh, graceful and erect in her chair, watched Hugh Wayland as he sat and talked eagerly, or roamed about her drawing-room and talked eagerly, and deplored inwardly the lack of repose of this restless age. It occurred to her how, thirty or forty years ago, Hugh would have come to see her in a frock coat and silk hat, the personification of gilded idleness.

"Too many things exist nowadays. That's the whole trouble," Mrs. Creagh thought. "Who could imagine Hugh's father tramping up and down my drawing-room and raving his anxiety about a girl whom he's never even offered to marry? In Hugh's father's time women took a minor place in men's lives until an individual woman made hers of some importance in the life of an individual man. Now the position seems to be reversed."

She heard Hugh's voice saying: "I'm worried to death about Fay."

"Why worry about a healthy, wealthy, unwise young female animal with the energy of a tigress and the aimlessness of a kitten?" Mrs. Creagh inquired of her soul. She said aloud:

"Do you really think it's necessary?" and he answered:

"She's miserable; she's all strung up and she smokes too much. There's some rumor of an unhappy love affair."

"Serve her right," Mrs. Creagh informed her soul. "She behaved in the most brutal manner to poor Charles. In my time a young girl considered it an honor if she could distract and comfort a distinguished public servant."

She went on aloud: "Hugh, do you mean to marry Fay?"

"My word, if I thought I had a dog's chance I should think I did! I'm crazy about her, and always have been, but I didn't think it fair to marry while I was still flying professionally. But since my last stunt flight, the long-distance nonstop record from Croydon to Sydney, you know, they've invited me to join the board of an aviation company, and I've invested what money I have in it and settled down to organizing the show. Comparatively speaking, though, I'm not rich, and of course Fay could choose anyone she liked."

Mrs. Creagh glanced at an old French clock and saw it was time to rest. "I will give him a piece of advice and send him away because he fidgets so," she decided.

"Hugh," she said, "Fay is ready for you to ask her. But don't ask her. Just tell her you are going to marry her. She will be relieved to find someone who will make up her mind for her. It won't be because she's unhappy from a love affair that has gone on the rocks. It will be because understanding has come into that golden head of hers."

She rose and gave him her hand, and presently he found himself walking down Hill Street pondering Mrs. Creagh's counsel.

At a fancy dress party given by the young Streatley-Gorings, he decided to act upon it. Perhaps it was the untrammeled atmosphere of the party, or the sight of Fay in a golden medieval gown with skin-tight bodice, long, straight hanging skirt and a girdle about the hips that inspired him. He took her face between his hands in a shadowy corner of the toy garden behind the Streatley-Gorings' house and looked into her inscrutable gray eyes. She suffered his direct glance with unruffled calm.

"Fay," he told her, "I want you and you've got to marry me. I can't bear to live without you. You're different, somehow, from the Fay I used to know. You were always a darling, but you didn't seem to care for love. Now you look haunted and still more beautiful and you need me to take care of you. What makes you unhappy, Fay?"

She was surprised to feel herself inclined to yield to the demands of this steel-hard young giant with the bright courage of the new kings of the air and the inescapable appeal of youth.

She reminded herself that she once loved Charles Norchester and the memory seemed amusing. She would put this young man to the torture and see.

"You didn't in the least want to marry me at one time, Hugh."

"I did, but I was risking my neck and it wasn't fair."

"You didn't. You looked me over and decided against me. Don't lie. I'm a girl, and I know."

"Well, six months ago you were so darned aloof and despising. You despised me, Fay, and you needn't lie either, because I know. To you I was a futile boy playing with my clockwork airplanes."

And then, in the shadowy corner of the Streatley-Gorings' garden, the explanation came to Fay. "Diana Creagh was right," she thought. "I was too raw and callous to be attractive. I hadn't suffered. Your emotions have to be educated and education implies suffering."

His lips were lingering against hers, and gently she pushed him away.

"It was my fault, I expect, Hugh. In those days I had a distressing rawness. Someone once explained it to me. She said I lacked perfume. Wine and women and song should never lack perfume."

"How perfectly absurd, when you use the most marvelous perfume."

"Silly!" she murmured, drawing his head down again to hers. "He thinks I mean scent!"

Nor many days before her wedding she found herself again in the paneled room of Monsieur Duvigny. He looked at her gravely, with new interest. She seemed indued with an aura of peace and the splendor of a woman who is loved.

"I am going to be married, Monsieur Duvigny," she explained. "My fiancé is Hugh Wayland, the aviator. I shall need a supply of perfume for my honeymoon. Will you please send me some?"

A flicker of some emotion passed over Monsieur Duvigny's face, perhaps the satisfaction of an artist who has had faith and seen a masterpiece arrive at perfection. Then he answered:

"It is a privilege, Mademoiselle. May I be permitted to offer my congratulations."

On the night of her wedding day she opened one of Monsieur Duvigny's crystal *flacons*. The perfume that arose from it was new to her, mysterious, intriguing, passionate, heavy with chypre, even as she had commanded on her first visit to the house in Soho.

She paused, and a smile broke over her face. "He knew, that old man," she whispered. Then she put a little of the perfume behind either ear and at her throat, and went to meet her lover.

● Mrs. Alister McCormick, English gentlewoman to the manner born . . . descendant of the royal house of Plantagenet. By marriage a member of the distinguished McCormick family, she is the charming hostess of homes in Chicago and Santa Barbara.

Beautiful and blonde, young Mrs. McCormick has hair like pale new gold, eyes of forget-me-not blue and lovely skin like pink hawthorn blossom.

In a letter to an English friend she says: "My dear, American women are wonderful . . . they taught me how to keep my skin nice even in this climate.

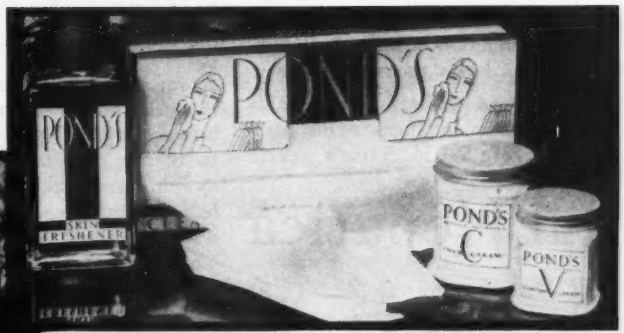
"Pond's is their secret . . . four simple preparations, quick and easy to use. The wonderful Cold Cream cleanses divinely . . . the Cleansing Tissues are better than anything to remove cream. . . the Skin Freshener tones and tightens the skin . . . the Vanishing Cream is the perfect powder base for face, neck, arms . . . and keeps hands smooth and white."

Keep your own skin exquisite by Pond's famous Method . . . First, for thorough cleansing, lavishly apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day and always after exposure, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . Second, wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical . . . Third, dab face and neck with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores . . . Last, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection and exquisite finish.

MRS. ALISTER McCORMICK OF CHICAGO

(*Below*) Flowers are Mrs. McCormick's hobby. She specializes in aloes, and has a wonderful collection of tropical plants in the garden of her beautiful new home in Santa Barbara, California.

(*Right*) Pond's four preparations for exquisite care of the skin . . . Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream.



SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. E
112 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

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City_____ State_____

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Try this Saline Cocktail *at 7:00 a.m.*

YOU hear about tomato juice cocktails, clam juice cocktails, orange juice or sauerkraut cocktails. But have you heard about the new Saline Cocktail, that keeps you fit and fine all day long? Here's the way to get its pleasant benefits:

As soon as you hop out of bed, fill a glass with pure, fresh water . . . into it drop a spoonful or so of Sal Hepatica (measure with the bottle cap if more convenient) . . . and drink the mixture!

For this splendid saline clears your body and your bloodstream, swiftly and thoroughly. Women find it excellent for ridding the skin of blemishes. Men like it, for it keeps them fresh all day!

Constipation . . . headaches . . . colds . . . rheumatism and digestive disorders vanish before Sal Hepatica's gentle action! More than any other kind of laxative it fights acids, it purifies the blood, it clears away wastes and toxins.

For generations, physicians—here and abroad—have urged the good effects of Europe's saline spa-water. To the noted health springs of Germany and France, they send their wealthy patients year after year. By drinking the waters, many a man and woman who arrives feeling listless and rundown, returns home refreshed and rejuvenated! Sal Hepatica contains the same salines and is the efficient American equivalent of these justly famous springs.

From your doctor, learn more about this saline method of keeping well! Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist . . . The next morning you awake feeling "logy" and half-sick, put a spoonful in a glass of water and drink its splendid mixture. You'll go through the day with a smile.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30¢, 60¢ and $1.20*

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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War Nurse

(Continued from page 89)

to practice self-control and endurance. You would have thought I couldn't lose the first acquisition and wouldn't be likely to lose the others; but when I tried to exercise them in peace-time I found I couldn't because of the lack of certain conditions to which I had grown accustomed in France. On one of my first attempts to settle down again at home I was for three months a nurse in a New York hospital; and I could not go through with it.

In the ward of the war hospital I felt that I might have to nurse five hundred patients, or five thousand, but some day the procession would stop. There would be peace; there would be no more men injured by shot and shell and gas and liquid fire; the job would be done, and I would be able to turn aside from it with the feeling that I had borne my share.

But it wasn't so in the New York hospital. The procession of pallid human misfits who passed through those wards would go on forever and ever. I dare say it would have been different if I could have understood what it was all about and why society had to have those masses of wretched, sickly people. But it just seemed hopeless to me. So I weakened and quit.

There are a lot of things about which it can be said, "It was all right in the war, but it's no use in peace."

That, by the way, was what Waldron said about his marriage when I met him in the Grand Central one evening.

I had not spoken to him for five years. I had seen him quite a number of times during my brief visits to New York, at the Metropolitan, at the Beaux Arts Ball, at parties. I knew by heart the appearance of his wife, who is a beautiful red-haired girl. At first Waldron and I used to bow to each other, but I stopped doing that after I read in the papers the announcement of the birth of his first child. They have two sons.

Then suddenly we ran into each other in the Grand Central. I was walking along with the crowd to that dreadful tomblike tunnel where one gets a taxi, and suddenly I noticed that the man beside me was keeping step with me; there was a kind of harmony between our movements, almost as if we were linking arms.

Surprised, annoyed at this curious familiarity with a stranger, I swung around and looked at him. Just at that moment the same feeling made him swing around and look at me.

He said, "Corinne, it's great to see you. You're looking wonderful."

I put up my hand to straighten my hat, and then hated myself for caring how I looked to him. I turned away and tried to slip through the crowd.

He was there beside me just as he used to be in the old days, heavy, grumbling, not cross with me for going but determined that I should not go.

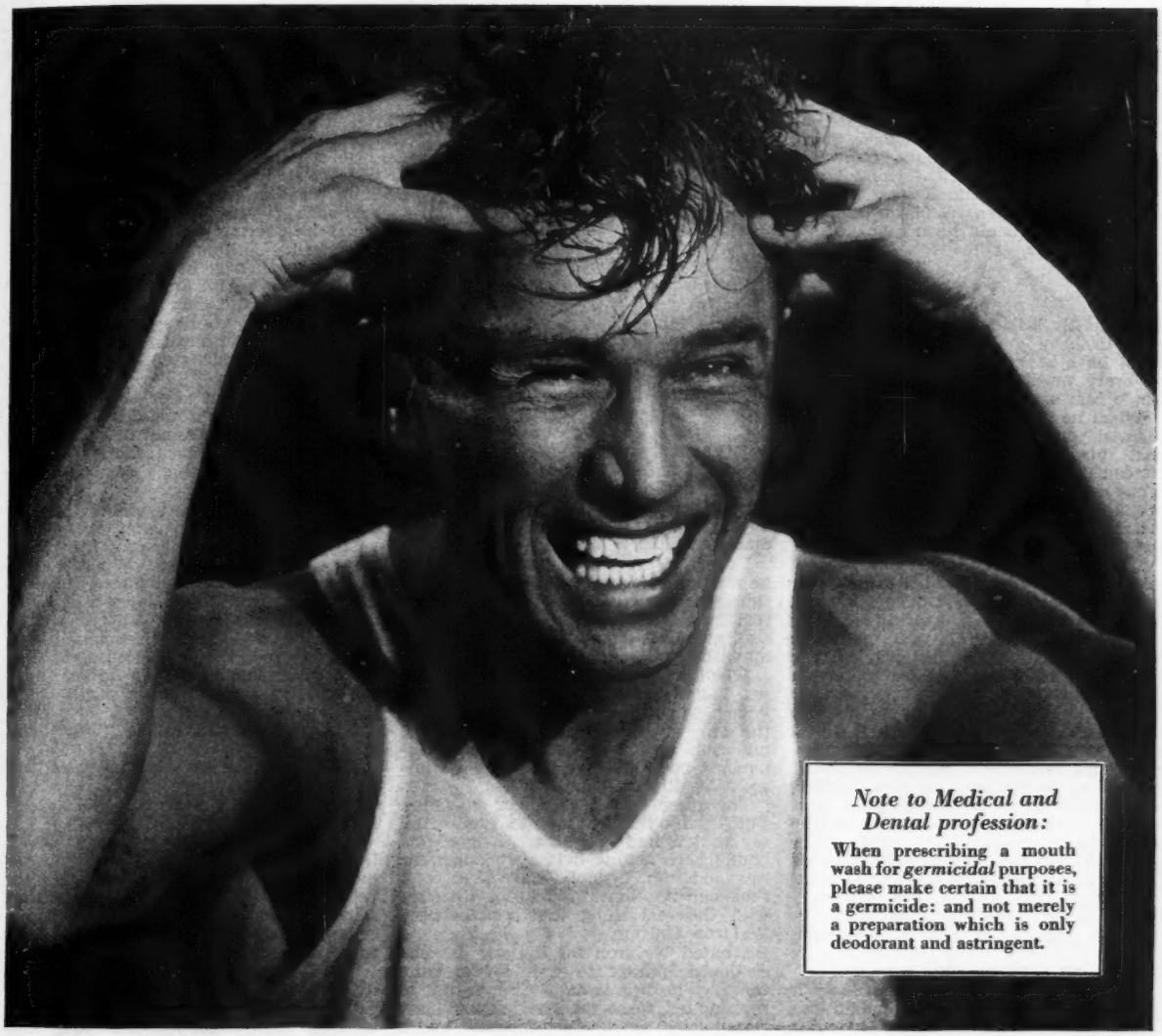
I was amazed. I could not think how he could speak to me without an outburst of penitence. I thought him thick-skinned and impudent, and at the same time I was becoming weak as water because he was doing something so characteristic of himself, of the personality I could not help adoring.

He let me walk against the crowd for a time and then said, "Come back and let's get a taxi."

It was funny that my throat seemed to be full of tears, not my eyes. I felt faint. He put his arm in mine and led me back into the tunnel.

When we were in the taxi he said

Once a week do this . . . .


Note to Medical and Dental profession:
When prescribing a mouth wash for *germicidal* purposes, please make certain that it is a germicide: and not merely a preparation which is only deodorant and astringent.

Invigorates scalp . . . CHECKS DANDRUFF

WHENEVER you wash your hair—and most people do it once a week—douse full strength Listerine on the scalp either before or after the rinse. Then massage the scalp and hair vigorously for several minutes.

You will be simply delighted by the wonderful feeling of cleanness and scalp exhilaration that follows this treatment.

Moreover, it is unquestionably one of the best treatments for dandruff—to prevent it, and to overcome it once it has started.

Many hundreds of people have told us that since making Listerine a part of the weekly shampoo, their scalp has felt better, their hair has looked more attractive, and is entirely free from loose dandruff.

Of course, if dandruff does get a start, it will be necessary to repeat the Listerine treatment systematically for several days, using a little olive oil in conjunction with it if the scalp or hair is excessively dry.

Listerine checks dandruff because it attacks infection that causes it, removes and dissolves the particles of loose dandruff and heals and soothes the scalp.

LISTERINE

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

something that made me laugh. What he said was, "Corinne, I'm terribly unhappy."

I laughed and laughed.

Stupidly, he pondered over my reason for laughing; and finally asked me.

I tried to explain why I thought it a humorous complaint in the circumstances. I don't think he understood. I suppose I have to admit that Waldron is stupid. He's crass; he doesn't see things. After all, it was the height of imbecility for him to have imagined, as he told me he had in the tea room where we spent the next two hours, that when I said good-by to him the thing I was holding back was that I was tired of him. He had been my lover for two years, and he should have been able to read me better.

WHEN I remember how ghastly I had felt about not being able to have children, I realize there must have been traces on my face and in every word I said that should have made him ask questions.

When he talked about his marriage he showed what an idiot he was. He had met this American girl just after she landed in France and had found in her what he needed to refresh his nerves when he was all in with flying. She was, he explained, so marvelously young and not worn out by war work.

I had to smile at that. I never would have won Waldron if I hadn't done war work, and because I had done war work I had lost him. The war giveth; the war taketh away. Well, anyway, the war had made him want this girl, and he could not have her without marrying her, so he married her.

That seemed to him a satisfactory settlement. In a twisted way he made it seem to himself a virtuous and self-sacrificing settlement, because he hadn't wanted to marry her. He even thought of it as a piece of self-sacrifice that should have made me feel especially sympathetic, because he would rather have married me. Actually, he kept on saying in an aggrieved way, "You know I'd rather have married you, Corinne."

Now, since he had behaved so admirably, it seemed to him a monstrous shame that the thing shouldn't have worked out all right. But it hadn't.

To begin with, his wife was a poor housekeeper and an incompetent hostess. That meant a lot to him. It was a hang-over from his wretched childhood. All his life he had longed to have a fine, dignified home that would be everything that his parents' home hadn't been. But he found that a good woman's stupidity could smash up a home just as much as a bad woman's flightiness. Of course that didn't really matter; what mattered was that fundamentally he didn't like her.

I mean, he thought she was sweet and nice. But there wasn't any real suitability between them. In the war he had wanted her undrained vitality to soothe his depleted nerves. That situation didn't exist any longer. He had gone into his grandfather's business, and he was making money, and he was feeling fine, and he wanted to be with someone he liked. And he just didn't like her, whereas he did like me.

So he said. And I believed him. For he wasn't saying how much he had missed me as any personal tribute to me. He said it complainingly, enlarging on his suffering. He was even blaming me for it. When I told him what it was I had been keeping from him in Paris, my operation and its consequences, his sympathy was deep but perfunctory. In a minute or so he went right back to himself, and was pointing out to me how much better it would have been if I had told him the truth at that time.

I sat there saying to myself, "He is stupid; he is selfish; he is cruel." I shuddered and threw back my head. It hurt me terribly to admit what I knew to be true. All the same I had to let myself add: "But he is what you like."

I said to Waldron sharply, disagreeably, "I want to go."

He took out his watch and said, "We can stay another quarter of an hour."

Of course I stayed.

It was the same thing when we said good-by at the corner of Madison Avenue and the street where I lived.

He asked me, "What is your number?"

I said, "You mustn't ring me up."

"I'll find it in the book," he said placidly.

"Father's name is Robert M. Andrews," I helped him out. Then I left him.

The next morning Waldron did call up. And the result of that was that we met for tea two days later at the Casino in Central Park.

I was ashamed of myself for going, yet I took a lot of trouble to look my best. I came to the place by that gray slope that leads from the main road joining East and West Seventy-second streets, and I saw him walking up and down at the top of the hill, slowly, massively, like a buffalo keeping guard.

I drew to the side of the road, where he was not likely to see me, and thought things over. I raged at him. What a fool he was! He needn't have married this girl. He needn't have got mixed up with her at all.

I had a right to judge him on that, for I had been in his shoes. I had known what it was to be fagged out in the war, to be exhausted to the core of my soul, and to hunger for an unexhausted body and soul to share its unspent vitality with me.

There had been that doctor at Nancy. But I hadn't given way to him. And say that I had been there longer, and hadn't been able to hold out against the war and him, I should have seen to it that our relationship did not interfere with the real thing that was between Waldron and me.

I hated Waldron for the way he had stationed himself to wait for me and the way he occasionally disappeared to reconnoiter, to corral me if my will asserted itself at the last moment and I ran for home. It might be for my own happiness if I did run for home. But he didn't care about my will or about my happiness. It was his will that had to have its way; it was his happiness that had to be considered. He had as much loving-kindness and altruism as an alligator.

Yet I found myself going up that slope. It wasn't any use. I wanted to be with him.

If you ask why on earth I gave myself over to the power of this man who had double-crossed me, I think I can put up a defense. In the war when everything seemed in danger of being eaten up by death I had had a need for this man, who was so strong and so crafty that if the common fate could be evaded it would be he who would do it. I had fled into his strength and his craftiness as I might flee from an enemy into a twisted passage through a rock. My need had been so great, the satisfaction he had given had been so great, that it had worn grooves in the emotional approach to my soul, like the ruts the Army Service Corps trucks used to leave on the roads in France.

A light, peace-time love affair, which hadn't sprung into being for any grave reason, wouldn't have left such deep marks on me, any more than a small car does on a road. And if I tried to have another affair it couldn't follow that approach, any more than a small car can get along a road that's cut up by heavy traffic. It's only the truck that can follow in its own tracks.

In other words, it had to be Waldron for me or nobody.

So we went in and had tea. Soon it was dusk, and an unreasonable, aching tenderness came up in my heart.

He was holding my hand under the table. I drew mine away and said, "You know there isn't anything physical about this now. It's just that I'm fond of you, and I love seeing you. There isn't any harm in it—nothing against your wife—for all that is over between us. There's nothing now except affection."

He agreed, and didn't kiss me in the taxi. I didn't quite like that. I suppose he knew I would feel that way. I thought so even then; and hated him and loved him for it.

I met him often after that. Once a week. Then twice a week. Then there came a day when we met in a tea room and he said, "We've got to hurry. I want to show you something. So drink that tea."

Then he took me to a building in the East Fifties that was partly offices and partly apartments. We went up in the elevator to the very top. When we got out and the elevator slammed its gate we found three dingy doors facing us, two with milk bottles outside them, though it was late afternoon. They made me feel the mysteriousness of a great city; the way it is riddled with rat holes into which queer people creep to live and die in secrecy.

I shuddered, and asked, "Why have you brought me here?"

He took out a key and unlocked the third door.

"What's this?" I cried. "Who lives here? Waldron, what's all this?"

He took my arm and led me into a little lobby, kissed me roughly, and took me into a sitting room. It was beautifully furnished, with a tapestry I had said I liked when we saw it in an antique-shop window on Madison Avenue.

"What's this?" I cried again. I was in a panic.

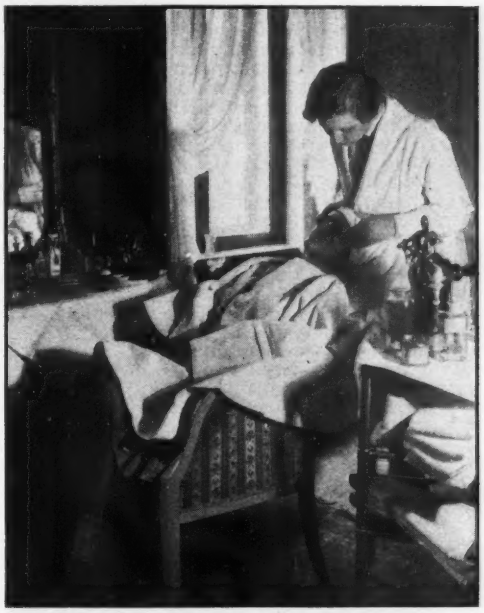
He waltzed me across the room to another door. He opened that and showed me a bedroom, quite nicely done, too. And done for me. There were various things he had remembered I liked. I love the quilts they make out of those flowered, padded Provençal skirts. There was one of those.

I SCREAMED, "I won't stand for this! I'm going home!"

I did wrench myself away and try to get out of the place. I didn't want to start the affair all over again. For one thing, I was pierced through with fear at the thought of putting myself again in Waldron's power, so that he could hurt me as he had before. The intensity of that fear amazed me, for in the intoxication of being with him I had forgotten how much he had hurt me.

Also I felt I couldn't go on with it here, in New York. It shows a curious childishness in adult minds, but I am speaking the truth when I say that the attitude towards sex of the American men and women who were in the war was largely conditioned by the fact that there were three thousand miles of Atlantic Ocean between them and home.

It has something to do with the



The woman of today values expert beauty care

Why every woman who values beauty needs the services and advice of a Professional Beauty Expert

Modern beauty culture has become a science practiced by specialists whose sole task is to safeguard and heighten beauty

DURING recent years, beauty science has been so highly developed by the experts in this comparatively new profession that every woman is now enabled to make the most of her natural loveliness.

Laboratories are workrooms for research. Schools of beauty culture have been developed to teach workers not only the methods of perfecting external beauty but also laws affecting good health.

Today—to add that finish, that perfection of grooming which distinguishes the truly fastidious woman from her less particular sisters—a certain professional touch is needed. The deft, well trained, skilful touch of the beauty expert.

Go to Paris, home of beauty in all its forms; or to Rome, Madrid, London, Berlin, Budapest, Vienna! Wherever you travel—either here in the United States or abroad—you will

undoubtedly seek out experts to help protect and revitalize your good looks.

Throughout the world

And it is therefore particularly interesting that more than 19,800 of these experts today recommend Palmolive Soap. What a remarkable tribute to the purity, the blandness, the delicacy of this vegetable oil soap . . . which is based on an age-old formula combining nature's finest cosmetic oils — palm and olive—for beauty cleansing!

Palmolive does not — nor would anyone claim that it did—make all other beauty care unnecessary. It aids your beauty specialist by providing the finest natural skin cleanser, the greatest day-in-and-day-out safeguard for facial beauty.

And it is, for the same reason, an ideal bath soap. That is one of many reasons why 19,813 world-famous beauty experts recommend it . . . why they unite to urge "foundation cleansing by one means and one only—the twice daily use of Palmolive Soap."

This advertisement is published in the interests of lovelier complexions and the furtherance of the beauty profession by the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company. 5250

feeling that makes a child think God won't see him stealing jam because the cupboard is dark. In France we were a long way from home; maybe our home gods wouldn't hear about it if we broke their laws. I felt almost as much shock at the idea of living with Waldron here in New York as if I had never lived with him in Paris.

Also there were those milk bottles . . .

I could see them in front of me, tapering white cylinders, hateful symbols of everything I loathed about a hole-and-corner relationship. I wanted my love affair to be a part of my life. I wanted its setting to be beautiful and gracious. I wanted it to be pure relaxation; I wanted to melt into a sense of happiness and rightness and peace; I didn't want always to be holding myself ready to make some terrific effort of deceit and concealment. And above all, I didn't want to take my love to a place where I never could bring anyone; which I'd have to sneak into; where there was nobody around that I knew or liked, only queer people who left the milk out until late afternoon.

I really felt all this, and I think I would have got away, if Waldron hadn't stopped trying to persuade me and started on something else.

Waldron let me go and looked at me in amazement at my hard-heartedness, and he cried, "Corinne, you can't really be going to walk out on me! Confound it, I'll have this place on my hands! And I've had the best time fixing it up the way you'd like it! I thought it was going to be such *fun!*" he wailed. "And now—oh, Lordy, I'll have to stand here watching people carrying the stuff away —the stuff I chose for you—leaving the place empty——" His voice broke.

I asked myself, "Is he such a child inside that seeing the furniture taken away counts as much as this? Or has he worked out that if he acts like a disappointed child maybe that'll be the way to get me?"

I felt my heart chilly as a stone floor in winter when I asked myself that question. Then a tide of feeling rushed over me and I said, "Well, if he is a hurt child I must comfort him! And if he is only pretending to be a hurt child, how he must want me, to take the trouble of making that pretense! Either way I love him!" And my arms closed around his neck . . .

So that's what I've been doing for the last few years. I don't think it has shown much on the surface except that I've been late for dinner a number of times, and have left some good parties at a comparatively early hour. And it's shown in my enhanced attractiveness and self-possession.

When Mr. Burleigh dropped in the other day for a cup of tea, he told me he'd come straight off the boat from Europe, and that he meant to spend a week in New York before he went back to Indiana, and he wanted to spend as much of it as I would let him with me, because he thought me the most attractive woman in the world. "You have so much poise," he said.

Well, it's true I have poise. A woman who has all the love of the man she wants can be wonderful to everybody.

But mind you, my love affair with Waldron isn't perfect. Not for me. There's a queer difference between men and women in the way they take their love affairs.

Say what you like, men are more childish than women. Women grow out of the games stage, for one thing. If you see a woman playing golf, ten to one it is either because she plays it so well it would be silly not to play it, or because she wants to reduce. But if you listen to men talking about their game, you'll find there isn't any real difference between them and boys who have just started playing baseball.

It's much the same in love-making. Men like the sport of it more than women do. They are interested in us physically far longer than we can be in them. I don't mean that I am not in love with Waldron in every way. I don't want to paint women as ethereal beings. No, certainly I don't mean that.

What I mean is that often I lie with Waldron in my arms, and he is perfectly happy, and I kiss his thick brown hair absent-mindedly and think: "Well, either I have to stay in my present mental position, where all this seems silly; or I have to go on until I become absorbed in the practice of love-making as an art."

I can see myself going along that road; I can imagine myself becoming what the French call *"une grande amoureuse."* I can imagine myself, in the course of that research, taking other lovers besides Waldron. Wouldn't I naturally do so if I took up love-making as an art?

That isn't a prospect I can contemplate with an easy mind.

I lie there and speculate on what might have happened to prevent me from facing this dilemma; what interests, if we had had better luck, might have arisen to shift this emphasis from the physical relationship.

We might have had children. Well, I don't think about that. I can't have children. If I start sentimentalizing about the children I might have had, I think about the children Waldron has had, and then I feel angry.

Then my mind shifts to those milk bottles, and all they represent in my mind. It is a real deprivation to me not to have any neighbors except these queer people about whom I know nothing except that they take their milk in late.

We Americans are still a small-town people. If we find ourselves in a big city like New York, why, we make a village in the middle of it—the Fifth Avenue village, or the East Sixties and Seventies village, or the Park Avenue village—and there we lead an essentially village life, with the same joy in knowing our neighbors and showing off to them.

I want to have a home with Waldron in the village. I want to show him off to the neighbors. I want to decorate rooms for him. I want to keep them always new and different with lovely flowers. I want to have a wonderful cook and train her myself and keep an eye on the menus, so that he'll eat better food than he ever gets anywhere else. I want to look after the servants so that his clothes are always pressed and his boots and shoes always shiny and his pipes and his papers and all his toys always just where he wants them.

I want him to identify me with every form of well-being, so that he wouldn't think of parting with me any more than he would think of parting with his health. I want us to share all our good times. I want to look after him when he is ill. And I want people to fix our happiness on us from outside by knowing and talking about it.

In comparison with all that, it used to seem to me that my episodic life with Waldron in those two secret rooms was pretty poor.

Heaven forgive me for thinking that! How could I ever have grumbled at a relationship that gave me Waldron in my arms, preferring me above all other women in the world? I ask myself in agony. For the whole thing came to an end three weeks ago.

It came to an end through a tousle-headed stenographer in Waldron's office. She was the kind of girl who gets prominent men into trouble: the angel-child whose accusation gets the potential President run out of politics; whose scream in the inner office puts an end to the hopes of the rising physician; whose account of what happened in the vestry betrays the minister.

She didn't get us that way. Waldron watched his step almost from the first. I say almost from the first because there was a day or two when he liked seeing this flowerlike face turned adoringly up at him. But he held her off very soon, and the proof of that is the way she acted.

Waldron's wife was at Palm Beach, and we were seeing each other often. One day we spent the late afternoon together. Waldron had to dine with a client of his from Chicago, and I had arranged to go to an informal dinner that a friend of mine was giving in his studio down by Washington Square. It started early, and I didn't have to dress, so Waldron suggested that we walk part of the way downtown.

It was a foggy evening of late February. Walking along the streets with the soft mist between us and other people, we felt as if we were alone and we linked arms and I snuggled up to Waldron as if it didn't matter if we looked like lovers. Nor would it have mattered if it hadn't been that down at the end of Madison Avenue a girl walked straight into us.

Waldron jerked his arm away and gulped out some noises that were meant to be polite greetings.

As soon as we got away he groaned, "Oh, Lord, that's that girl out of my office! Now there'll be trouble."

There was. It broke three days later.

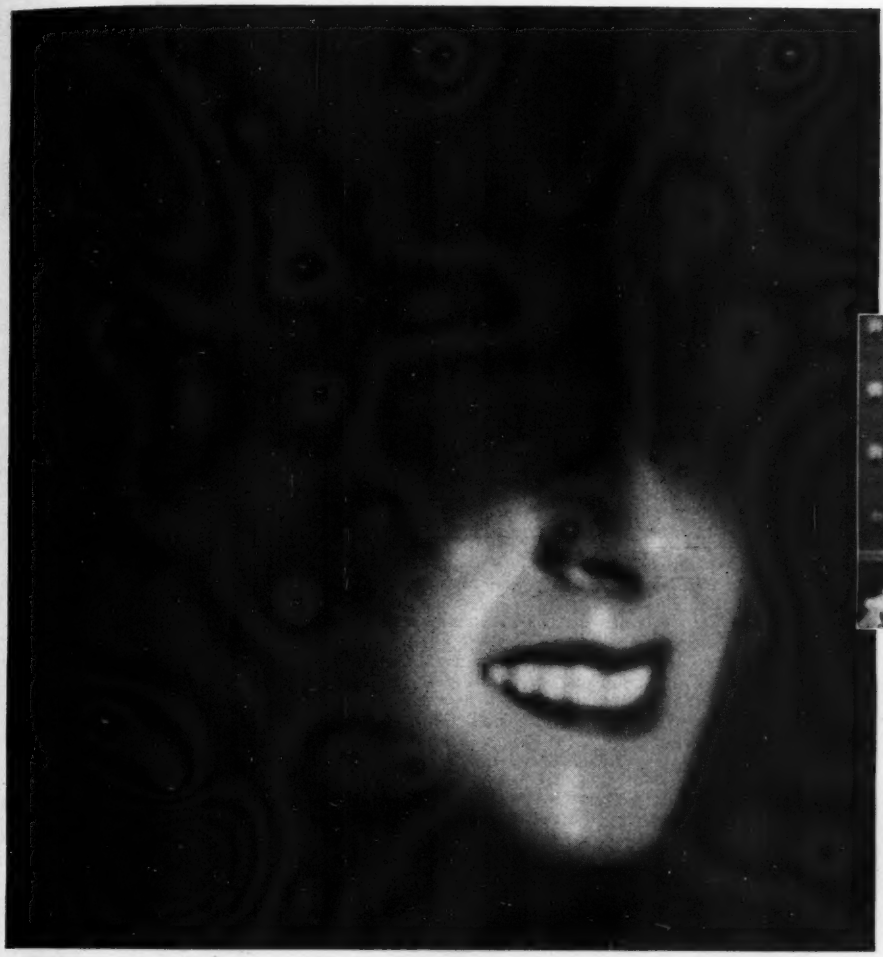
Early in the morning Waldron called me up asking me to come to our little place at noon. We had never met at that hour before, so I knew something had happened.

When Waldron came in he was angry. It seems the girl never had showed up again at the office. She had gone home that night and written an unsigned letter to Waldron's wife at Palm Beach telling her that Waldron was having an affair with me, and she hadn't even come in to the office the next morning to pick up her salary.

But it wasn't the girl who had made Waldron so angry; it was his wife. She had sent him a telegram saying she was coming back at once and wanted a divorce. Then, it seems, she had gone over to Barclay's and routed out Ted Wakeley, who was gambling there, and told him she wanted him to act as her lawyer and help her get a divorce. Ted had told her he wouldn't do that, but he didn't mind giving her the best advice for all parties. So he got the whole story, and then he sent a night telegram to Waldron, giving him all this information.

And that was what was making Waldron so angry. You see, Ted is almost a crook. We all ask him to parties, chiefly for his wife's sake. But Ted isn't straight and we all know it. Waldron has always shunned Ted, even socially, as far as he could, and he has refused to touch him in business.

For some time past he had known that Ted was anxious to get in with him on a proposition. And here his wife had given Ted this chance to put Waldron



How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

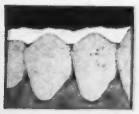
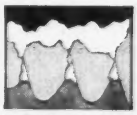


Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

This Cleansing Foam gives teeth an extra protection

In addition to polishing, it penetrates the tiny spaces between teeth... washing out the impurities which mere surface brushing can't dislodge.

OF course, you want sparkling white teeth. Colgate's polishes them brilliantly, with a soft chalk powder, a material used by all dentists to polish teeth safely.

But Colgate's does *more*. Its famous penetrating foam flushes out the decaying food particles hidden in the crevices and spaces between teeth . . . giving a hygienic bath where ordinary dentifrices can't reach.

Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Its *washing*-action enables it to get down into the tiny, hard-to-clean places and flood out decaying food particles in a manner approved by modern dental science.

Superiority in cleansing has made Colgate's the largest selling toothpaste in the world—used by more people, recommended by more dentists than any other toothpaste.

If you have not become acquainted with Colgate's may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

For those who prefer it, Colgate's comes in powder form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot cure pyorrhea; cannot permanently correct acid mouth; cannot firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean* . . . any other claim is false and misleading. Self-medication is dangerous. Go to your dentist frequently... let *him* take care of the health of your teeth and gums.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-515, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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in his debt, so that he would have to come across when the time came.

"The fool! The fool!" Waldron raged. "She must have heard me speak of this a hundred times! She ought to have known! *You* would have known!" Then he went on raging at her.

"What do you mean to do?" I said.

"What do I mean to do? Why, give her this divorce she's asking for. Then I can have a decent life with you. Lord knows I'll be glad."

I flung my head back while he went on grumbling. My longing for a public life with Waldron was going to be gratified. Then I remembered something. Something that couldn't be overlooked.

I felt as I did that first morning in the hospital when the doctor put a man's eye in my hand and told me to find the piece of steel in it. The fact we had forgotten stared up at me as the eye had done, and I wanted to drop it and run away. But just as I pulled myself together then and handled my probe properly, so I did what was necessary with this fact.

I said, "Aren't you overlooking something?"

"Overlooking nothing!" he snorted. "Thank heaven I'm doing well and can give her a decent alimony. There isn't a thing to keep us from being married as we should have been long ago."

I said, "But what about the reason that's kept us from doing this all along? Doesn't that still hold good?"

He turned a hostile eye on me. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you've never asked for a divorce because of the effect on your two boys. How does that stand now?"

For a minute he didn't speak; he just looked like a sulky boy himself. "Guess they'll have to get on the same as other children whose parents have made fools of themselves. Six months with me and six months with her. I tell you I'm going to see this thing through. Why, Corinne, wouldn't you like to be married to me?"

He looked so hurt that again I had to laugh. "Of course I would. Though heaven knows I know you're nothing to boast of, I'd like to be in a position where I could boast of you!" I slipped my arm around his neck and kissed him, but I went on. "You darned old fool, Waldron, you'd never have a happy moment if those boys were living the life that the children of divorced people live."

"They'll have to put up with it," he grumbled. "I had to. If they're good stuff they won't be any the worse for it."

"I didn't say they would be any the worse. I said you were a darned old fool. And you wouldn't have a happy moment. You'd fret all the time, thinking they were going through what you and Mary did," I told him. Then I put my head on his shoulder while he thought it over.

I want to make it clear that there was no self-sacrifice about this. I wasn't sending him back to his children in any noble mood of renunciation. I didn't care a nickel about those two children. But I understood the situation, and I knew that this was a factor which was beyond my control.

Waldron was morbid about the sufferings of children who grew up knowing their parents had misbehaved. Some part of him had never escaped from that awful minute when he and his sister had been playing around the kitchen door, and the dog upset the ash can, and he looked down and saw through the dirt the faces of his father and his mother on the front page of a newspaper. I suppose every time he thinks of it he shudders as if it had happened ten minutes before. And he is terrified for fear he might let his children in for the same thing. Well, I couldn't make a good job of marrying a man who was feeling that way, could I?

Presently he straightened up, and I could feel he knew what I said was true. We weren't going to be married.

Then he called out in a panic, "But what am I to do? Marion's set on divorcing me! She's angry with me!"

I asked, "But won't she feel what I do? That since you are as set against divorce as you are, it would be a terrible thing to do?"

Contemptuously he answered, "For heaven's sake, no! She isn't—serious, as you are. She doesn't know that anything ever has a consequence."

"We can fix that, all right. How much does she know about me?"

He hesitated. "Something. Not everything. She's often spoken about you, of course. People told her a bit in Paris. But I've always said there never was anything between us. She believed me."

"Oh, she did, did she!" I cried. It's funny, but for that minute I turned against him and was all for this poor woman whom he had deceived. But that feeling didn't last. I went on, "Now you've got to own up. You must tell her that we were lovers in Paris."

"Are you crazy?" he asked.

"I am not," I answered. "Just tell her that. And tell her that you left me to marry her."

"Must I do that?" he said.

"It has to be done," I told him. "Then tell her I've just become engaged to Tom Burleigh, and before the engagement was announced I wanted to see you to ask you to swear never to breathe a word about Paris. It'll be true about Tom at five o'clock this afternoon. He's coming to tea with me."

He sat in silence, looking at his hands. At length he burst out: "But see here! Mustn't she know more about us than this? How did that girl know your name was Andrews if she hadn't trailed us?"

"I imagine everybody in your office knows you often call up a girl named Andrews."

"Is that so?" The idea amazed him. He's an ostrich, all right. Then he said gravely, "Well, up to now I've had only loyal people working for me!" and he sighed deeply. That way of escape was cut off.

Presently something began to worry him. "This Tom Burleigh——" he began with a shade of derision; then his voice broke. He was suffering from jealousy. I didn't blame him. However, there was something more subtle worrying him. Abruptly he asked, "Will you tell him?"

I didn't feel too comfortable myself. "No."

He looked away; then he had to look back at me. "Would he—mind?"

I had to tell Waldron the truth, even though he'd never be able to think of me as a self-sacrificing saint, only as a woman talking common sense.

"No. He won't mind. But he'd mind admitting that he didn't mind. So the thing to do is not to tell him. You needn't worry. I'll give him a square deal."

Waldron said quickly, almost menacingly: "You certainly should do that."

I was glad, for I saw that just as I had turned against him and sided with his wife because we were both women, so he was turning against me and siding with Tom because he was a man. This sex antagonism is a funny thing.

I began to laugh, and it turned to crying. I said shakily, "Well, you look after your end of the story and mind you learn your piece to say to your wife when she gets here."

You and Yourself

or, Beat "Pink Tooth Brush"

A PLAYLET IN 1 ACT

A DIALOGUE IN WHICH YOU PLAY BOTH OF THE PARTS

YOU: *H'm——"pink tooth brush." That's the first time I've ever noticed that.*

SMALL VOICE WITHIN YOU: You might have known. You've really been expecting to see it for some time.

YOU: *Nothing of the sort. I take good care of my teeth.*

SMALL VOICE: True enough, but you like to forget about your gums.

YOU: *I don't. I keep my mouth clean and fresh and my teeth white. What more can you ask?*

SMALL VOICE: Plenty. What's the good of white teeth, if your gums aren't healthy?

YOU: *No good, I suppose.*

SMALL VOICE: Of course not. This soft, modern food that you are eating doesn't give the gums enough exercise to keep them in a fit condition. The circulation of the blood through them grows sluggish and before you know it they have become soft and spongy and tender.

YOU: *I know. I heard about that somewhere.*

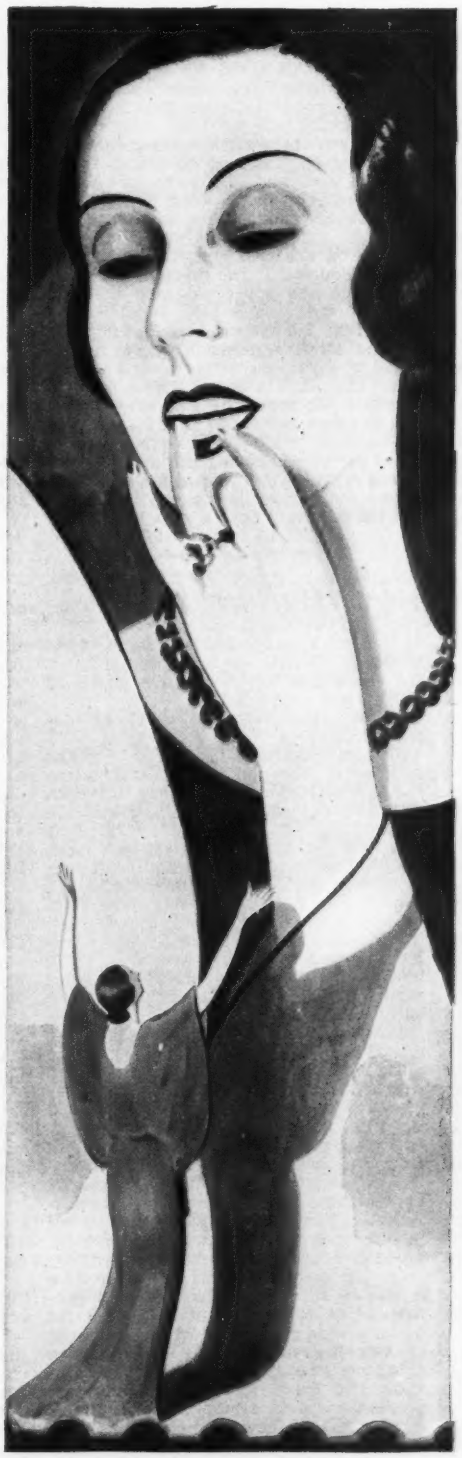
SMALL VOICE: You bet you did! Ipana has been telling it to you often enough. What's more, if you aren't careful, you're likely to find yourself fighting gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even—

YOU: *Wait a minute! Don't let's think about pyorrhea.*

SMALL VOICE: Maybe you've *got* to think about it and the sooner the better. What's the use of sticking your head in the sand? "Pink tooth brush" isn't going to kill you. It won't take long to clear it up. Not if you massage your gums with Ipana.

YOU: *I might try it some time. But why the massage?*

SMALL VOICE: Might! Might! Don't put it off until it's too late. Don't you know that massaging the gums is the most beneficial thing in the world for them? It tones them up, puts new life into them and starts the blood coursing through the tiny veins in a healthy, invigorating flow. And massage with Ipana is even better.



YOU: *But I don't have to use Ipana. There are plenty of other good tooth pastes.*

SMALL VOICE: That's true, there are many pleasant tooth pastes made. But Ipana not only tastes good, it does good, too. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic that has an extremely beneficial effect on the gum tissue. Why, dentists have been using ziratol for years.

YOU: *I think I'll send for a sample of Ipana and give it a trial.*

SMALL VOICE: Go ahead. They'll be glad to send it to you, but is this the time to be looking for a ten-day sample? If you are going to clear up "pink tooth brush", the thing to do is to go right down to the corner drug store and buy a full-size tube. That's the only way to get the good result that comes with the steady use of Ipana. It'll last you a month and at the end of that time you'll know what it is to have hard, rosy gums as well as shining white teeth.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Street.....

City.....*State*.....

But he paid no attention to me, saying over and over again: "But this is too much! I can't stand it!"

I knelt beside him, crying out, "While I'm still here, take notice of me!"

Saying good-by was awful. Yet it was somehow marvelous to find out that we really did love each other.

And at five o'clock I was engaged to be married to Tom Burleigh.

Nobody need be sorry for me. Tom is all right. He is straight; he is simple; he wouldn't let anybody down.

I will give him a square deal. After all, that won't be so difficult.

When he said, "You know, honey, it's the war that has given you to me," it gave me a start because it seemed to me that if ever the war gave a woman to a man, it gave me to Waldron.

I tried to turn off Tom's remark by laughing and saying that it would take nothing short of a war to make a girl who was brought up in New York live in Indiana. But he went on to prove his case. It seemed that he was in a small business until 1914, when the war caused it to grow so rapidly that in 1917 he was able to join Joe Addison as an equal. And it was through his business association with Joe Addison that he met me.

So it was true. The war has done this for me, as it has done so many things. This is one of the best of them. I tell you I am going to be happy; there is no reason why I should not be happy.

I wish I could use scientific bookkeeping on this and find out how the account stands: how much my generation lost or gained through the war.

For, mind you, it wasn't all loss. I've been thinking of what Waldron took for granted about his wife: that she would go ahead with this divorce, the idea of which was unthinkable to me. He put it down to her not knowing that anything has consequences. Now that was what the war taught me. I learned that life isn't arbitrary; that the law of cause and effect runs clear through things.

Waldron knew that if he didn't do certain things to the mechanism of his airplane he would drop through the air and be killed. I knew that if I didn't do certain things to a wound it would become septic. I knew that if I did not take certain precautions in dealing with an already septic wound the sepsis would invade my own body. There was no end to the serious consequences with which the war acquainted us.

It seems to me that I never got closer to reality than I did when I had that sense of there being consequences; and when I learned that other lesson the war was teaching all the time—that sometimes, even though the consequence was disagreeable, you had to stand for it if it in turn had a consequence which was worth the price. You got killed if your death would bring something for the side you were fighting for. You worked on a septic wound without protecting yourself if the precautions would take time and you could save the man only by working speedily. What worries me is that I don't see how I could have learned all this except through a war.

Yet you can't say a good word for the war. See what it does! Think of what I've told you about the pain! I do want you to remember that.

And think what the war has done to all of us! It's turned Edna into a nitwit and a spender. It's turned Gracie into a sad fool instead of a gay fool. It's left me high and dry.

You may say I'm not typical, but I am. Even my not being able to have a child is typical. The war did that to lots of people. Either directly, as in my case, or indirectly—by reducing the number of men and leaving a surplus of women.

But the war did worse than that for me in making me love Waldron. I do love him. Every hour of the last three weeks I have been learning how much. But I have a head on my shoulders that tells me I should be infinitely happier if I had had an affair with a man who had more subtlety, more restraint, more tenderness. But it was a time that swept us back to the primitive, and finding myself in primitive conditions, I had to choose a man who went with them.

That's the real hatefulness and futility of war. The world ought to pass more and more into the power of people who have lovely minds and who would make it a lovely place. Instead, every time there is a war we call back the roughnecks and the toughs and give them the power. And it's only an illusion, after all. It's only a silly disposition inherited from cave ancestors, whose idea of danger was a bear, and whose idea of a savior was someone husky enough to throttle a bear.

Now I must pack. Tom and I are going to be married tomorrow, and the next day we are going to catch the Twentieth Century and go straight through to Tom's home. Mother has done everything she can for me, but there are some things I have to see to myself. I feel awfully down about the whole thing. I don't know what I can possibly do with the new life. Almost I find myself wishing there would be another war.

THE END

La Estrella *by Wilbur Hall* (Continued from page 87)

peeped out, with her glances darting amongst us like a humming bird in manzanita and lighting a moment to draw sweet from the troubled eyes of this Ernesto Arrelanes!

You must observe that our leader had as yet but slight hold on this impetuous boy; before the day was spent he had tightened that grip so that he held him, for the time being, fast. Not eight kilometers out of Paraje Seco lies a little mining camp called, I believe, Paradones. Stopping us in the road forks, Sal cried:

"Fifty pesos to the first man over yonder threshold; and my knife in the first who draws back!" He fell behind us. *"Adelante!"* he shouted, and like sheep were we driven to the attack, with Ernesto Arrelanes lagging and looking at us all with a new understanding.

"I did not subscribe to riding with a pack on such a business as this, Señor Sal!" he said to the chief.

"Ride apart, then," said Sal, "if your fear is so great."

"Fear?" the boy exclaimed. "What is fear? Let me go with the vanguard, if there is doubt of my courage!"

His big gray leaped forward, pressing us others aside, until he was riding neck and neck with Porfirio Paz in the lead. And so we came to the house of the *superintendente*—Paz first, the boy behind him, and myself last, watchful to see what might befall. The mine boss leaped up and back, reaching for a rifle; then his eye fell on Arrelanes and his hand forgot its purpose.

"Caramba!" he cried. "Is this some prank, Ernesto Arrelanes?"

"Si, Morena," our recruit rejoined; "but it has a bitter point!"

He stood aside, biting his lip; Paz was at the loot already; I myself followed my instincts. When we had gone through the place like rats through a cupboard Paz turned to Arrelanes.

"Where next, faithful spy?" he demanded.

"Espia!" So he saluted Ernesto in the hearing of the pallid little *superintendente,* who had known the boy for years, and was, past doubting, a friend of the boy's father, the alcalde of Paraje Seco.

"Espia?" the *superintendente* echoed. "So leading bandits to the houses of your friends is the new trade of our alcalde's son, is it? It shall be remembered of him!"

With a sigh and a shrug Ernesto Arrelanes turned on his heel and walked out, and when all was finished he rode thence with us, studying Luis Sal, who met him with an approving word.

It was plain that the boy was of two minds whether to abandon us, whom he plainly despised, or to see the thing out. And I think perhaps his decision was reached because of his anger against his lady, as much as in the hope that, in very truth, Luis Sal would help him find the assailant who had confronted her in the trees out of Paraje Seco. *Ay de mi,* there were, also, it is not impossible, the eyes of La Estrella shining before the eye of his mind, heightening his mood of bravado! *Quién sabe?*

On the eighth day out of Paraje Seco a chance meeting with an old *compañero* of Sal's, one Valentino Suarez, led us on a wide detour; under the guidance of this Suarez we came to a hidden rancho where the sheepshearers were at work and there was some money and a great warehouse bursting with fleece. Against us, when we came roaring upon the place, were only a slack-nerved major-domo, the fumbling sheepmen, and an aunt and uncle of the master's, with their comely daughter. Straightway, when we had sheared the shearers and sold the wool to a buyer who asked no questions, the old aunt and her daughter were taken into the hills whilst Juan Borega was sent, with the uncle, to the nearest town to communicate with the master and demand ransom.

We made camp in a secret spot in a high canyon, awaiting the ransom, and while we idled there our leader—that tiger with the thorn in the pad of his foot!—began to cast his eyes upon the timid Ynez, our hostage. I pledge you my word that his new purpose sickened me, for the girl was but a child, yet a leader must be a leader, and the follower must be deaf and blind and dumb lest all things come to a futile end! It was so with me, but it was not so with this Ernesto Arrelanes.

Sitting by my camp fire one night, he gave ear to a sharp cry that arose from the wretched adobe where our unwilling guests were housed. It came to our ears muffled—and the laugh of our *jefe,* Luis Sal. Ernesto started up.

"It appears to me that coyotes are in our camp!" he said. "Do we plunder virtue as well as treasuries, Manuel Castro?"

"We follow our inclinations," I said. "And this seems to be a business of our chief."

"By the heart of Mary," he cried, coming to his feet, "I am not made of your clay that can hear those cries unmoved!" And he set off at so great a pace that I had difficulty in keeping near him. For I pledge you my word that, while I

"I never heard it knock like that before!"

She always just asked for "oil"

The wrong oil won't cause trouble at once. You cannot see its harmful effects on your motor as, for example, you can see the effects of a strong soap powder on a printed chiffon frock.

But suddenly one day the engine starts knocking. Or you may notice that your car takes the hills less easily. Or the car goes to the garage more frequently to have valves ground or carbon removed . . . These are some of the troubles you risk when you buy just "any oil."

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It is true that oil is something which you must, to a certain extent, buy on trust. Isn't it wise, then, to look first for an oil which has won widespread confidence? Here one oil stands above all others—Mobiloil. If you should travel around the world, you would find that Mobiloil is the leading motor oil on every continent.

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had sympathy for his motive, I questioned his discretion, and I remained in the background, only venturing close enough so that, through a chink in the wall, I could observe what went forward.

I made out that the old Tia Ysabel was confined in a small room behind; Luis Sal stood over a table at which the young girl cowered, her face pressed to her rosary and her prayers rising thickly. Sal turned to confront Arrelanes.

"You come to the wrong place, my friend," he said, mildly enough. "You will find the door behind you."

"We find the door together, Luis Sal," Ernesto replied, taking the chief's quiet tone. "It appears that we intrude."

Sal laughed. "Come, *jovencito!*" he said, still in good humor. "You may pluck you the aunt in yonder room."

"Neither that game nor yours has any flavor for me!" said Arrelanes. "And while I remain in this camp it will not be played."

Luis Sal took two steps and his face was gray. "There is room outside," he cried, "and both of us cannot remain within!"

"Good!" said Arrelanes, matching Sal's two steps with two of his own. "Then both of us will go. *Buenas noches, señorita!*"

He made a bow to the girl, who was watching those two fearfully and hopefully. Sal struck his thigh.

"Por Dios!" he exclaimed, his anger now complete. "I have come a long way since I was young enough to be taught my obligations! *Vamos!"*

His gun was a heavy one—his hand swift. The flame and smoke of the fire and the loud shout of the shot came to me together, yet not slower had been the lightning thrust of Ernesto Arrelanes, who leaped aside and lashed out after the fashion of the *americanos*, with his clenched hand, so that Luis Sal's bullet went harmless into the wall and he himself was sent crashing to the floor. As though he had been a calf, then, Ernesto dragged him from the adobe by one heel, making the girl a courteous farewell.

Por San Juan, I would not then have given my share of a divided *cinco-centavos* piece for the boy's security! But Luis Sal had a longer thought than mine, and before morning I was awakened in my blanket to hear roistering, and looked over to see our leader and our young recruit making fiesta by a camp fire, with a jug of wine between them, and the exchange of many vows of undying friendship. So it was, as I give you my sacred word!

The ransom came at last, and hot on its heels—as we had wit enough to expect!—a troop of Federalistas from Parral, so that we ran like deer, losing two that had been told off as a rear guard, and it was necessary to override the rendezvous we had made with our women and our camp followers and to return to it two weeks later, and then only for a night. Thence, before dawn, with our women stumbling after and La Estrella riding the horse Luis Sal had provided for her, we renewed our flight and for a long time were hid out in the mountains of Chihuahua.

Waiting and idling about are not good tonics for men of action: you may credit that we were soon sick of our own society and hard put to it to keep the peace one with another. Only two of our band seemed always amicable: Luis Sal, who clung to Ernesto Arrelanes, promising him the early completion of his bear-hunt; and Ernesto Arrelanes, who was the very shadow of our leader, Sal.

The first, perceiving that Sal had some hidden purpose with the boy, I could accept; the second, seeing that they had little in common, I was sorely tried to comprehend. But the truth came to me in the end.

In one of those dark nights there in our place of hiding that clown, Juan Borega, and myself, Manuel Castro, had stolen a red gamecock with which we hoped to humiliate the white *gallo* of Diego Corral; we made a secret business of this training, the more completely to undo Corral, and so it happened that whilst we were grooming our bird one day in the chaparral above the camp voices came to our ears and we peered out to see, walking toward our hiding place, Estrella de Dolores Hidalgo and young Ernesto Arrelanes. It was an amazing pairing! And first to our hearing came clearly the words of the woman.

"I am the heart of Luis Sal's life," she cried, "yet I lie against his side panting to have you touch my hair! Do you know that there are many would envy you, hearing me make such a confession, Ernesto?"

He moved away from her, and I saw that he trembled.

"All the story is bound up in this, Señorita!" he said hoarsely. "I know full well what envy would be given me, if all were published. But I am betrothed and my heart is in the keeping of Mercedes Baca, of Paraje Seco, as I have given you to believe before now."

"In the name of Mary, then," she said piteously, "abandon this camp and go to your love! Do you stay here, so close to our Luis Sal, the Tiger of Jalisco, because you divide with him the love you bear your Mercedes?"

"Yo niego formalmente!" he said, with tense throat. "I remain in his band because he promises to help me find mine enemy; I cling thus close to his side, La Estrella, because when he is by I am armed, perforce, against your fascinations!"

With those words I beheld that he wiped his brow. The woman could have bent his purpose then with a sigh, a look, a touch of her hand; but she, too, drew back. She pointed along the way they had come.

"I know all now, Ernesto *mio!*" she said. "Go back to the camp straightway; I pledge you my word you shall have no more danger from me." He wavered; he stretched a hand to her. She raised her voice in a cry of agony. *"Maria y Jesús!* will you leave me? Do you think my body is carven of stone?"

He went away with his head bent, and straightway Juan Borega, that great buffoon, and I, Manuel Castro, ignorant bandits and renegades, saw the proud Estrella sink to the ground and heard her heavy sobs that seemed as though they would tear her bosom asunder. Shamefaced, we made a stealthy retreat.

News came at last that the Federalistas had given up the chase and were retired to Parral again; Luis Sal began to talk of a long *viaje por tierra*, flanking our enemy and striking unexpectedly far to the west. Whereupon Ernesto Arrelanes spoke with decision.

"I, for one, have business nearer home," he said. "My mission has languished long enough; as we have been good companions, let us part now as good friends."

"Caramba!" cried Sal. "I am cursed, but I had let your errand slip my mind these many weeks! Now, *por Dios*, we shall not part with you, Ernesto *mio*, until we have seen you through in your business!"

"I am not suing for aid," said Arrelanes proudly.

"Nor we offering!" cried Sal. "We

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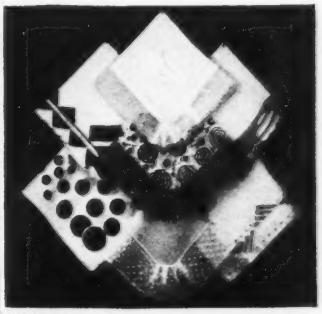

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shall attend only as spectators, to cheer the conqueror of the bear!" He laughed. "Has aught been heard by any here of the assailant of the gentle girl outside Paraje Seco?"

It was Porfirio Paz, that jackal who had named Ernesto a spy at the mining camp in Paradones, who spoke first.

"It has come to my ears," quoth he, "that a certain Rodriguez, called 'El Buitre,' of Copalquin, has been known to boast of his encounter with such a lady and at such a time. He promises soon to bring her little velvet *chinela*—her slipper—from which to drink his wine in a certain *cantina* in Parral."

Ernesto Arrelanes burst out angrily. "Let him look to himself—this buzzard, Rodriguez!" he exclaimed. "I know him well. Where is he now, Paz?"

"I am able to tell only what I have heard," Paz replied, shrugging.

"I ride tonight," said Arrelanes, "and not in all Mexico is there a cranny so small that this vulture—this *buitre*, Rodriguez—shall find sanctuary in it!"

"Good!" said Sal. "And we ride with you—armed for bear-hunting!"

WHEN dusk came and we were mounted, La Estrella suddenly appeared, mounted on a sturdy nag and wearing under her *capa* man's breeches, with the butt of a heavy American revolver protruding from the band and with her Toledo-steel dagger in her boot. Luis Sal cried out sharply at this sight.

"This ride tonight," he said, "will be no jaunt for girls."

"I do not care for jaunts, and I am no longer a girl," said Estrella coolly. "Mount and lead on, *jefe*, or there will be an old moon rising to light the path of your enemies."

"I tell you to go back with the other women!" Sal said, with oaths.

"Ay de mi!" La Estrella mocked. "Do you think yourself a *maestro de escuela*, and me a little pupil, Señor Sal? I tell you in return that where you go tonight I go, or may God take my life before the sun shines again!"

Sal cast an eye furtively on us. Some were smiling, others sneered; thus defied, and by a woman, it became necessary for our leader either to advance or to retreat swiftly. He gave a loud laugh, asserting that he had only jested, and bade La Estrella ride at his side. It was thus that we set forth to companion Arrelanes on his hunt for bear.

Now I confess to you that I do not know well the lay of the land about Paraje Seco, so that I cannot tell by what route or by what device Luis Sal and his confederates among us, whoever they were, contrived what they did. What I do know is that presently I found Ernesto had become separated from us who rode with Sal, and that either before or after him had gone Porfirio Paz, his sworn enemy, also Juan Roca, a knave if ever one lived, and thirdly a half-caste Indian called Bustamente, who was capable of any treachery.

What I know further is that on the third day, before daybreak had come, we found ourselves in the very courtyard of Francisco Baca, the cattle breeder, at the edge of the town of Paraje Seco. We had no more than herded the peons of the rancho quietly into a mud warehouse when there rode straight in among us, with his eyes wide and with enlightenment growing upon him, Ernesto Arrelanes, hard-pressed on either hand and behind by our three miscreants, Paz, Roca and the Indian!

"Welcome, my bear-hunter!" our leader cried, and I saw that the mask of friendliness he had worn had dropped from his treacherous face. He forced his horse into the very flank of the high gray the boy bestrode and struck Arrelanes heavily in the mouth. "What, are you blind, *estúpido?"* he mocked. "Come, dismount! Unsheathe your knife. My dogs are about to drive out from this house the bear you seek."

Ernesto Arrelanes looked all about him; his eyes rested for an instant on the face of La Estrella, sitting quiet on her horse, but she gave him no sign.

"Surely you make a jest, Señor Bandit!" the boy said vacantly. "That buzzard, Rodriguez, is not here, I think!"

Sal laughed cruelly. *"Por Dios!"* he growled. "I have said it. You are blind! It is a piteous affliction; let me open your eyes." And he slashed out with his keen knife and cut neatly through the bridge of Ernesto's nose so that the blood spurted each way into his eyes. "Now, while you can see clearly, let us drag out our quarry. Come, *hombres—pronto!"*

Ernesto was dragged from his horse by the three who guarded him. Others, too, went into the *casa*, and presently, into the bloody glare of the torches Luis Sal had caused to be lighted, there were brought old Francisco Baca, dark with anger, his furious son, and that high-headed girl, Mercedes.

It was such a play that Sal loved above all others; like the *tigre* for which he was named it was his pleasure to play with helpless victims before dispatching them. He feasted his eyes, mouthing against Ernesto, appraising with gloating the swelling bosom and the thinly clad limbs of the girl, Mercedes; he ignored the dignified remonstrance of her father, the Señor Francisco.

I, helpless, yet filled with repugnance at this hellish scene and finding others of my companions in the same mood, from their angry eyes and sullen faces, looked for leadership to strike against Sal; there was none there. La Estrella sat apart, missing nothing, yet unmoved, to my judgment, as stone.

Sal spoke suddenly.

"Señor Baca," he said, "I am called Luis Sal, a gentleman who makes such fortune upon the road as God wills. Not so long ago He sent me a spy who has pressed me on to this undertaking against you; knowing your great courtliness I have the pleasure of introducing him to you, so that your thanks may be expressed to him." He laughed shortly. "I present to your household Ernesto Arrelanes, your former friend and my lick-spittle!"

Ernesto was thrust forward. He straightened, dashing the clotting blood from his eyes; but before he had spoken a phrase suddenly Mercedes Baca pushed into the open, with a sob, and ran to her lover. With one arm about him, she pointed at our *jefe*, Luis Sal, and her voice could be heard clearly by all.

"It is he, Ernesto!" she said. "That monster—that Sal—is the one who attacked me on the road!"

"By Mary!" Ernesto shouted, leaping out. "Thus are all things made clear!" And he would have plunged into the open knife and drawn gun of the leader had he not been restrained by the three ruffians who guarded him. They had a struggle, and Porfirio Paz kicked the boy brutally in the groin with his knee so that Ernesto was again reduced to helplessness. Luis Sal laughed loudly.

"Señor Arrelanes, our bear-hunter!" he said. "To you shall be the honor tonight! Let those two Bacas, father and son, be placed against the wall... Good! And now, Ernesto, the riflemen are ready. Speak to them the word to fire!"

I give you my word of a gentleman, such as I am, that I could not look upon that pitiful spectacle, but covered my face with my hands. For the Indian wrenched the boy from the arms of his sweetheart, whom Luis Sal caught by the wrist, whispering promises to her; the two Bacas stood manfully under the shadow of their own house walls; the riflemen fingered the trigger guards impatiently; to one side, helpless, mocked, undone, was Ernesto, avoiding the sanguinary glances of Luis Sal, and checked by Porfirio Paz and by Roca, that heartless rascal, who whetted a knife, chuckling! *Sangre de Cristo!* my heart withers at the memory!

Is it not true, Señor, that no man knows what is in the mind of a woman who loves? They have—those women—a cunning that is from the wolf, a strength that is from the great bull, a quick wit that is from the fox, and, finally, a compassion that is sent down to them from Mary, our Holy Mother! When a woman loves she will do whatever is to be done.

Here, *por Dios!* is the heart of the matter:

In that moment of crisis, when one would have said not even God Himself could intervene to save those helpless ones from the cruel vengeance of our treacherous leader, La Estrella, who had been his mistress, rode her horse quietly near him. I saw her white arm whip up and down, pointed with steel that had been made blue and glistening in the smithies of Toledo. I heard a grunt. I saw Luis Sal fling out his arms and reel from the saddle, falling with a mighty sound like that a stricken oak makes in the mountains.

"Let all honorable men stand fast against the shameless!" La Estrella cried. "What, *compañeros*, are there only jackals amongst us?"

I observed that Juan Borega leaped for the warehouse where the peons of the ranch were imprisoned. Arguello, that quiet mouse, sprang at the throat of Diego Corral, who had always stood with our leader. I myself, in an instant, had my hands on Porfirio Paz, my gun in the stomach of that murderer, Juan Roca, and the toe of my boot in the *popa* of the hangdog Indian, Bustamente. Half a dozen fled, squealing; the rest of us stood fast, with La Estrella shouting approval. And so, while one winks an eyelid, all was ended. The true men and the servants of the Bacas pursued the renegades who had decamped.

"Live La Estrella!" they cried. *"Vitor* Arrelanes! Down with the traitors!"

For me, I hung on my turn; I checked my horse. I saw Mercedes Baca sink down in the arms of her lover; he, that brave heart, looked pityingly beyond her black head and his eyes rested on those of La Estrella de Dolores Hidalgo.

THE Star—our Star!—sat her horse silently, steadying him with her little heels where he reared back from the dead hulk that had been the Tiger of Jalisco, Luis Sal.

She looked at Ernesto Arrelanes proudly, smiling. With a queen's bearing she made him a bow; smiling, she kissed her hand to Mercedes Baca; then, with her head tossed and a light laugh on her lips, she rode away into the night.

That great clown, Juan Borega, and I, Manuel Castro, called The Squirrel—we followed her, at a distance, loyal to her service in our renegades' hearts; so, for a second time, when she thought she was alone and unobserved, we beheld that Estrella flung herself to the warm earth, and let her broken heart flow out in her weeping upon the fading leaves, under the bright, cold pearl of the dawn.

Diamond Cut Diamond *by Allan Swinton* (*Continued from page 81*)

K.C.B., A.D.C., Maharaja of Isulmeer, Prince of Nunar, Lord of Nine Plains, Holder of all Justice—and twin brother of Rao and stanch friend of Dick Ruttan.

He rode slowly up and down the waiting regiment, straight and aloof and fearless, like the son of swords he was, on a white, pink-nosed stallion. He wore a long caftan of ivory satin, pearl-encrusted, and white top-boots and a yellow turban of nodding egret plumes with pendent diamonds. Horse and man scintillated with jewels, and behind him flew the black silk banner with the gold hawk of Isulmeer.

As he rode past Mona's carriage, his keen eyes dwelt on her, but his expression did not change.

The regiment displayed itself. Time after time Dick led it past, a thundering scarlet avalanche of hook-nosed horsemen, to rhythm of drums and high scream of trumpets, with roar of hoofs and jingling trappings, gleam of rich leather and dazzle of scoured steel.

And for all it was the maharaja's review, the day was Dick's. It was the first review since he had taken command. He had been born into the regiment. His father and grandfather had led it before him.

Crowding the ground were ancient sowars who had served under them, men who remembered Dick as a fat cherub. Their own sons rode behind Dick now, and as he led them thundering past they greeted him tumultuously.

Dick's triumph was a lash on the raw wounds that were already in Mona's arrogance. *She* wished to be the center of her scheme of things, as she always had been until she came to India. At home, men served her; women feared her and so made her way easy.

Poor Cuthbert Cullen killed himself with shame and worry in his endeavor to afford her all the things she desired. And Dick, at home, for all his charm, had not been more than husband of the lovely Mona Cullen.

But Isulmeer had spelled defeat—catastrophe for her. Dick was the colonel, great and loved in the land, friend alike of the king and of the people, while she was—the colonel's woman.

As she drove home, the streets seethed with excited Rajputs. Approaching the palace road, suddenly the crowd went wild. Through a forest of tossed arms she saw three horsemen gayly canter by, one in glittering cream and two in scarlet: Bikha and Rao and Dick, state duties over, cantering home together. The crowd roared greetings.

It was the last drop in her cup of bitterness. She knew she could endure it no longer. She would end it all. She would. She must!

But how? As the horses moved slowly with the crowd her mind worked desperately. She knew now that her belief that she could impose herself between Dick and the regiment was folly. He held that it was his sacred duty, that his life was dedicated to the thing his forbears had created, and it would be unthinkable to him to leave it till his soldier's career had run its course.

With alarm she had come further to realize that she dared not let him know her attitude toward it. She wore the mantle of a simple man's ideal, holding her place in his regard as the woman he believed she was. And to violate this, to reveal that she hated him for his popularity and did not care a rap for what he held to be his duty, or for anything on earth except herself, would destroy what held him to her and, as well, her hope of winning to her desire.

In her present mood she was capable of leaving him unceremoniously, had she been able to do so. But she was penniless. It was the imminent expiration of the shreds of Cullen's fortune which had thrust on her the need to marry, and led to her selection of Dick as the man best suited to her requirements. At the thought of how great had been her blunder, her anger reared again.

There was guest-night in mess to end the day—another thing that galled her, as did any sequestered gathering of the men. She was to dine with the other women at the bungalow of Donley, a married captain. But by late afternoon, as she sat watching the polo, she made up her mind she could not endure it.

She excused herself for the evening and went home. She wanted to be alone, to think by what means she might bring Dick unknowingly to do her will.

Back in the fragrant loveliness of their chambers, she bathed and gowned herself with care in a negligee of daffodil chiffon. Then she lay in a long chair in the anteroom as sunset began to blaze behind the palace spires.

She heard Dick come in at the other entrance; heard him shout for his man and sing as he bathed and changed.

She had not been alone with him since morning. Knowing he would go out past where she was, she lay there quietly, waiting. From the city below the hill came the throb of distant drums and the chant of revelers.

Her form, slender and exquisite in the long cane chair, was so still that in the gathering dusk Dick was almost past before he saw her. But he swung around, to bend above her in surprise.

"Why, hullo, darlin'! You'll be late for dinner, won't you?"

He wore the scarlet forage coat of the mess, his honors clinking on his breast, with golden swan-necked spurs and a gold stripe down the blue trousers.

She answered guilefully, "I don't feel well enough to go."

"My dear! Why didn't you tell me? I'd no idea!"

"I didn't want to spoil your evening, Dick. It's nothing but a little fever."

"But that wasn't kind. You can't be all alone here, seedy; and tonight of all nights! We shall all be at Donley's by half past nine, to dance."

"No, please. I'd like to stay quiet."

He bent and ran his fingers through her hair. His voice was deep with tenderness—no shadow from their quarrel seemed to be between them.

"As bad as that, dear? Then won't you let me call ayah and get you off to bed? Please!" He crossed and struck the gong. "Run along now; and I'll go over and tell Jane Harlon. I know she'll come and keep you company. I'll come back the minute dinner's over—the Donleys'll have to let me off. Here's ayah, now. Off you go. I'll be back in a minute!"

The jingle of his spurs went down the path between the roses. In a perverse way his concern and tenderness were fuel to her anger and her chagrin.

Janki, her ayah, a gentle creature in a white sari, approached. *"Mem-sahib palan taire hai."* The bed of Madame is ready.

Mona flashed round on her savagely. *"Nahin mungta. Jao!"* The frightened woman scuttled off, as Mona's impotence gave vent hysterically to tears.

Thus she did not hear Rao as he strolled up to the doorway. Dark was fast closing; Shan Singh's marble terrace flooded with the weird incandescence of the afterglow that casts no shadows. The heavy scent of jasmine drenched the air. Rao heard her sob and stopped short.

His was the true Rajput figure, slender and tall, with wide shoulders, a bit awkward when afoot but splendid in the saddle. His face changed with concern as he realized that she was crying, and he crossed to her quickly.

She looked up, genuinely startled, to see his big brown eyes burning down on her. His face was less dark than many an Englishman's, hawkish and fine and ardent, with red lips and wavy black hair.

"Mona! You're crying! What's the matter?"

In his concern, the keen flame of his soul shone from his face, impetuous sympathy was in his voice. She was reminded vividly of the fierce passion with which he had paid court to her in England, and of the night she told him she had accepted Dick—his despair, his hurt and his gallant loyalty to both of them. The Rao of that day she had not seen again; but now she saw him gazing at her with hungry eyes that seemed to envelop her in tenderness.

It was like the answer to the question that obsessed her: how she might be free of the odious shackles she herself had locked; a revelation whose impact was a shock at which the tension in her brain gave way with the most exquisite feeling of relief.

"I'm—lonely, Rao." There was a universe of meaning in her tone.

"But aren't you dining at the Donleys'?"

"I was, but I begged off. I couldn't have stood them. Don't you see, Rao, it's not that kind of loneliness?"

Neither of them saw the man who had come after Rao and now stood in the doorway, watching. In his uniform as colonel-in-chief, Bikha was like his twin as one coin is like another.

Rao dropped on a lean knee beside her. "Oh, come; buck up, Mona. Anything I can do? You know, old girl, if there's anything, any darn thing——"

She put out her hand to his; smiled up at him as Eve smiled up at Adam in his innocence, and with like intent.

"Thanks, Rao. Thanks more than I can say. Just stay close and be kind to me. You've helped already. Oh, why is life so difficult? Why can't we see ahead? We'd do so differently, wouldn't we?" Again the smile of Eve; and of Jezebel, Circe, Delilah and the wife of Potiphar, straight into Rao's heart.

It startled and puzzled him. He said, in a quiet voice: "Why, what d'you mean, Mona?"

She sat up, patting his hand, then made a despairing gesture. "Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. I shouldn't have said that. Forget it, won't you? I'm ill. This climate doesn't suit me."

Footsteps rang outside, and Dick's drawl came in cheerily. "Why, hullo, sir!"

They turned, to see Dick's splendid figure join the lanky one of Bikha in the doorway.

In his precise clipped English, Bikha said, "We strolled down to walk over with you, Dick. Rao is within."

She wondered how long Bikha had been standing there.

They came in, as a chokidar brought lamps.

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"Mona's feverish," Dick explained. "Jane will be over in half an hour, dear. She said she was glad to dodge the crush."

Bikha had stepped close to Mona and was looking down. For all his physical resemblance to his brother, the essential man showed very different. Here was no gayety, no joyous laugh, no eager charm. In their place he wore a still detachment, an inscrutable small smile that seldom changed. He was all Rajput warrior, all eastern and all king.

Mona's interest in him was acute, but his manner to her, impeccable, but aloof and completely cold, afforded her no satisfaction. Yet she was aware he was by no means indifferent to her.

Time after time she would discover his gaze on her, balefully contemplative, like a tiger's in a cage. It caused terrifying movements at her heart, which she could not understand. Certainly, she was aware, she was not indifferent to him. But the nature of her feelings she could not determine.

Of his private life she knew nothing save that he was monarch absolute of Isulmeer, ruling in person in the tradition of his house and living in semi-barbaric state in the privacy of Shan Singh's ancient edifice. She knew that the exquisite south wing, with its high, sheer, castellated walls, was his zenana, and she often had wondered what manner of women those impassive barriers imprisoned.

Bikha turned to Dick. "I should not worry, Dick. She has no fever."

It was as if he discussed an ailing horse, and her feelings toward him crystallized into hot resentment.

"How's that, sir?" Dick was puzzled, and a shade resentful.

"I said she has no fever, Dick. There are ailments, you must know, not of the body. But we intrude, Rao. Shall we wait outside?" He led his brother out.

When Jane Harlon came, Mona watched the three tall figures in the short scarlet jackets merge into the gloom; Bikha, the king, between his brother and his friend. The clink of spurs and the bass murmur of their voices waned and ceased.

On a sweltering June night six weeks later, the blue-tiled anteroom beheld the fruition of her purpose, born that day.

Dick was away inspecting his ressala at the Ghaggar wells.

In a week the regiment was to go north for maneuvers, and Mona to Simla for the rest of the hot weather.

Rao sat opposite her; leaned forward tensely, his ardent eyes on her in the dusk. "Don't, dear," he pleaded. "Don't say such things. You can never take them back, however much you want to."

"I tell you it's true. I don't care for him. He's different from what I thought. Must I go through life tied to a man I've come to hate, who doesn't care enough for me to move a step out of his path to make me happy?" His dark face was anguished, but before he could speak she rushed on, "Why try to go on any longer? It's you I want, Rao; you whom I love."

At the words, he caught his breath. His eyes widened. He sat staring before him. In the silence a lizard on the wall said, *"Tchk-tchk-tchk-tchk."*

At last he said, "Then we must tell Dick; ask him to let you go."

She laughed, bitter and short. "Do you think he ever would? I thought you knew him better! No! There's only one thing we can do," she urged. "We must go away, start fresh somewhere, you and I."

He answered slowly: "Sneak away like a pair of thieves? Shame Dick and betray him? Make his name a joke in every mess in India? Could we be happy with that behind us?" He answered his own query with the passionate declaration: "No. I tell you, no! If that's the only way, then we must go on and face the music. Face it and keep faith. If you do that, it comes right in the end. It always does, if only you don't fail."

She turned on him witheringly. "So you're just another of them! Men are all alike. You've both said you love me till I'm sick of hearing it. Then, first Dick showed me how much his word was worth, and now you, you, who swore this minute you would do anything for me, are afraid to make it good!"

In his distress he sprang to his feet, and she rose with him. He seized her arms and gave her a little shake, as one shakes a sulky child.

"You say that to me, Mona, when all these months since I came back I've been in torment! I've prayed and fought for some release from it. It's made a furtive thing of me. I've wished that you or he or I were dead. I've loathed myself for visions that I've had of Dick dead in some fight. I've even found murder in my heart—and you can say I do not love you!"

She swayed toward him with a whimper. "Oh, Rao! Please forgive me. Don't be so hard. I'm so tired and lonely. Help me. Take me away, Rao. Oh, take me away! Let's begin fresh."

Losing himself in her tearful eyes, he swept her into his embrace; but at once with a supreme effort released her, thrusting her off at arm's length. She felt his arm shake violently.

"No! You hear me, Mona? We can't do this. It's too beastly. We'll have to see it through. I'll get leave for a year and go away. Old Dick, to drag him through the mud like that!"

He swung away and plunged into the dark. She heard his footsteps die, and for all his passionate renunciation, it seemed to her that all went well.

That was at pig-sticking time in Isulmeer, when thakurs and sowars, princes and the officers of the regiment strove for the maharaja's trophy. The Fates had it that Dick and Rao should reach the final together. Everyone turned out to watch that ride, the day before the regiment was to leave.

It was a sizzling, breathless day. Under a brazen sun that glared from cloudless turquoise twenty or so spectators sat their horses where a rugged slope of yellow boulders ran out to open desert, waiting for the boar to break.

Slim and erect on a gray Kathiawar gelding, Dick's present, Mona rode beside Bikha. She was in a state of supreme uncertainty and discontent. She was sure that Rao would capitulate before the regiment left. But he had made no move.

One ride, one evening spent alone with him, would bring her triumph; of that she felt assured. But as though aware of this, studiously he avoided her. And now there was just this day. Then he would be gone for six weeks with the regiment—and she knew he had applied for a year's special leave.

Through her meditation, she heard Bikha say, "See, the father of all pigs!"

Out from the rugged slopes before the beaters trotted an old boar, grizzled and lean and scarred, with massive shoulder and razor hump sloping to corded, greyhound quarters. When he had gone two hundred yards or so, the umpire gave the signal, and Rao and Dick, on a bay and a rawboned dun respectively, charged out from the rocks in a cloud of yellow dust.

The boar turned at the sound, bristled

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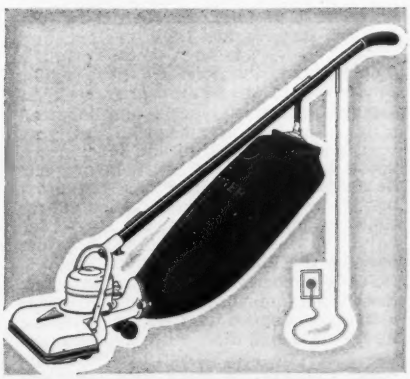

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and lowered his head, but at the sight of the two horses tearing down on him he wheeled. Then they were between him and cover, and he was headed for the yellow plain.

All eyes were for Dick and Rao, superb horsemen and wily hog-spearers both. Realizing they meant business, the boar showed his kind's well-known belligerency, facing them with furious grunts and only sheering off in time to dodge the spearheads. Suddenly he broke, and at a lurching gallop headed for the open.

Dick was in the act of circling, so that Rao was three lengths ahead of him before he was around. Rao reached the hog, but before he could spear, it "jinked," that lightning break across a horse's feet which so often saves a wild pig's life. As it crossed from right to left, Rao tried the Rajput's lance-thrust, stretched by his horse's neck, with all his weight behind the rigid spear arm.

But the distance was too great. The point struck the mass of hide and gristle at the hump; the boar's weight swept the lance across the horse's legs and it was wrenched from Rao's grip as he went on. In a cloud of dust the hog bucked and shook himself with rage.

Bikha said, "A novice's stroke. He should know better. That hog is a bad one!"

The boar had abandoned flight and stood with slavered tusks weaving to and fro, sunken red eyes gleaming. Dick rode at the animal, but a fierce side-slash of the massive head turned his spear. He circled and came at it again, when the gray monster went to meet him with clumsy leaps.

Before Dick could swerve, it was beneath the dun. There were three lightning upward slashes of the tusks, then Dick was past, with the boar after him like a mad thing. The lifeblood poured from the dun's ripped flank. They saw it falter, reel; then as Bikha muttered, "Ahhh, Dick," the dun was down on its rider's leg, with the boar not fifteen yards away.

Mona's heart was in her throat. Abruptly her brain seethed with fantastic newborn visions of a transcendent life for her, affluent and free.

Bikha had hurled his horse forward, whipping a sword from the scabbard of a sowar of his escort, as he passed, and was halfway to Dick with outstretched blade, point low, when with a clean drum of hoofs Rao tore past, spearless. He and the hog reached Dick together, and as the yellow tusks went down to rip the helpless man, Rao dived from the saddle, squarely onto the brute's gray back.

Mona's mouth was acrid, and her head sang. She saw a mad whirl of gray boar and khaki clothes and long brown boots in a cloud of dust before the butchered dun. Then Bikha was afoot beside them, with poised blade. Three times he made to thrust, but stayed his hand. Then he lunged home and sprang back as the hilt was wrenched away.

For a moment the fantastic wrestling match went on, but the hog's struggles weakened, stopped, and he lay weltering in the darkened dust, with Rao embracing him, one arm about his neck, one hand gripping his snout and long legs wrapped about his quarters.

When the spectators rushed up, the twins were releasing Dick's leg from the dun. As he got painfully to his feet, Rao was feeling him with shaking hands, half laughing and half crying.

"Dick! Dick! Say you're all right!" he croaked through trembling lips, while tears ran down his dust-grimed face.

Dick grinned. "Course I'm all right, you old chump. Thanks all the same, though. Ugh! Look at those tusks!"

Bikha said to Rao, "Brother, before you ride pig, better to learn to use the spear!"

All at once they were aware of Mona, pushing between them. She was deathly pale, and her eyes were wide and hard. She did not look at Dick but at Rao, and before her scorn he hung his head. His hands opened, closed again.

Dick said, "Near thing, old girl! We owe Rao my life." He put his hand on Rao's shoulder.

Bikha was gazing at her narrowly, with an appraising look on his olive face. Suddenly she realized there was knowledge, understanding, in his regard. How much did he know? And in what manner had he come to knowledge?

"More than life has been saved, my Dick," he said with emphasis, pointedly turned his back on Mona and went to Rao. Bikha embraced his brother.

The sun was no more than a man's height above the far Ghaggar hills when she came out on the terrace in her riding things. The syce was waiting with the Kathiawari, and she mounted and at once struck off at a hard canter.

It was a week since she had watched the dust-brown squadrons tripple from the square. At the last minute she had refused to go to Simla with the other women.

She wanted to be alone for a long time, to think, to coordinate her jangled feelings, to scheme, to nurse her chagrin and her injured pride, and to decide what to do. She had been so sure of Rao's capitulation. Instead, he risked his life to snatch from her the easy freedom which the Fates had flung her.

She cantered down the cypress avenue to the maidan, crossed and rode out to the open desert. The chill of dawn had gone, and the arid heat begun.

A sense of unreality enveloped her. Could this be she, alone in this fantastic city, forsaken of all men? June! Derby day, she realized. She should be at Epsom.

Not reckoning that but for her own petulance she might have been at Simla in the best of company, she achieved a poignant self-pity, which unaccountably swept into fear: fear for herself, for her well-guarded comforts; fear of the veiled vistas of the years to come. She wheeled and rode hard for home.

When she pulled up at the terrace a sowar of the regiment waited by his horse. He saluted, presenting an envelope. "Rao Sahib Bahadur sends salaam!"

Standing there, she read the note. His words leaped out at her:

> Fool that I was, to let my chance of happiness pass by. But these days here alone have taught me, thinking what life would be had that boar done its work. There is only one thing in the world for me, and that is you. Forgive me. Take me back; say you will come away with me and I will make our plans. The thought of it makes me drunk with joy.

She had not failed. *She had not failed.* Feeling weak at the knees, she went inside and dropped into a chair. Her sensation of relief was abysmal. It was over—this life she loathed.

The past for her was blotted out in that one hour; the future glowed as glamorous as it had ever been. She was foot-loose, afloat and free on life's stream again, out of the placid backwater. To an adventurer born, such as she was, it was enough.

The sowar was leading his horse away. She called, *"Subbarkaro!"* He halted, stood, while she took her pen and wrote. "I can be ready in three days. I am *too* happy. Mona."

"Let's take the children on a picnic" says Mrs. Fox

"Let's stay at home and rest" says Mrs. Fox

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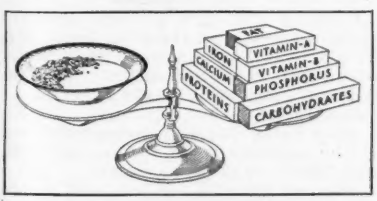
How often a woman's vitality is like a see-saw. Now up! Now down! One side says "let's go places, and have a good time." The other side says "let's *not*—it's just too much trouble."

How we welcome the days when our vitality is brimming over—when even our daily duties are faced light-heartedly and zestfully. For these are the days when vigor and energy make every hour bright with the joy of living.

Why doesn't every day bring us this feeling of eager vivacity? What's wrong when we're low-spirited and apathetic—when we can't pull ourselves together to do the things we'd like to do?



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the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

She waited in a fever of impatience for his answer. At last it came. It was exhaustive and explicit.

His year's leave had been granted, and he had announced that he was going to the Pamirs to shoot sheep. He would send camels and his trusted men, meet her on the desert and cut across the neck of it to take the train at Rarwalgarh. She was to give out that she had changed her mind and gone to Simla. Thus there would be a generous period when neither of them could be missed.

> Write, then, to Dick (he concluded). Tell him the truth, that you have done with him, and ask him to let you go. But do not say it is with me. He would guess what means I would take to throw him off, and he would intercept us. And if that happened, one of us would die.

She sat for a long time thinking of Dick, of the many times he had chagrined and thwarted her. She fanned her injured conceit into rage, till she took up her pen and wrote her farewell message.

It was a letter such as many wives have penned, since wives began. The burden of it was the old cheap thrust, "Gone with a handsomer man than you." But her pen was dipped in vitriol that day. All her repressions found vent in it; her hurt conceit, her disappointed selfishness, the hatred that his defeat of her had borne. It was finality, limned in vindictive, burning words.

The days flew past, busy with preparations. She selected carefully her loveliest clothes. Her thoughts ran on excitedly. Life was beginning again; *her* life, the old life, with all men at her feet.

Rao was rich, far richer than Dick. He never could return to India after this. They would buy a villa at Cannes; another in Italy. He adored her elementally, knowing what she desired in return for her favors; he would never plague her with incessant cant of things that must be done for this or that mildewed tradition.

In her new mood, Ratangarh city changed its aspect. For the first time she was conscious of its gemlike loveliness.

It was *the* night. Dinner was done; the day servants had gone. She had sent the night chokidar with a letter, to get him away. Janki she had disposed of, also. All was ready. She wore her riding clothes of Johdpur breeches and a coat of Kashmir silk. The lamplight did not fill the room, making but a yellow pool on the blue tiling. Far off, a woman sang wailingly, and a drum beat.

Mona's heart was pounding, and she found herself wondering which was the drum-throb, which her heart. The scent of *moughrra* bloom and jasmine filled the air. It made her think of Dick, whereupon she lashed her mind to memories of her anger, to still a tiny qualm.

Now that the hour was near, her calm wavered a little. She wished they would come and end her suspense.

Suddenly she gave a start. Framed in the doorway was the grim figure of a Tonkhi cameleer, armed barbarically with sword, jezail and dagger. She had not seen him come. As she stood up, he salaamed low.

"Rao Sahib Bahadur commanded me. If the presence wills, the camels wait. And there are goods to load?"

She was grateful for the need of action. Barefooted men in gaudy silks, at whose calves swung velvet scabbards, bore off her trunks.

On the terrace it was very dark. The fountain tinkled among the roses. She made out two kneeling camels, with baggage beasts looming behind them. One

of those kneeling bore the fantastic tented howdah Rajputs use when their purdah-women travel.

Her guide raised the embroidered silken curtains and helped her clamber into the quilted cradle around the hump. The screen fell before her, and at once the camel lurched to his feet.

Within, it was dark as pitch and reeked of stale, heavy perfume. The loose drapes swayed about her like the wings of evil things. Frantically she flung the curtain back on the carved ivory support. The night was dark, but starry.

They rocked in silence through Shan Singh's exquisite garden, through the winding streets, where voices murmured from behind pierced screens.

Presently they were passing through the date palms at the city's rim. The tasseled tops hung black and still against the myriad stars. They thinned and dwindled, ceased, as, straight ahead, Mona saw the rim of an enormous yellow moon slide up from behind a smooth heave of the desert sky line. They left the last ragged palm, climbed a soft rise, topped it, descended—and were alone among the sands, Ratangarh city left behind.

For all the hushed eerie atmosphere about her, at the thought her spirits rose. That was the last of the life that had galled her so. She was going back to what she loved: Europe, where women ruled men, not men women.

Yet at once her spirits sank again. She wished desperately that Rao would come soon. How long would he be? He had not said. The moon slid up, a gigantic yellow disk. In its pale light she saw her escort clearly, a grim, hawk-ish figure, perched on his camel's hump. He led her beast by a long halter.

Mona spoke to him. "When shall we meet your master?" He did not answer, did not turn his head.

She called again, but he remained impassive, and she shrank back, crouching in the saddle. She was afraid, desperately afraid, all at once. She gripped the pommel, swaying to the camel's racking lurch while hours dragged by. The moonlight was brilliant now, the gently swelling sky line silver against the somber sky, pricked with stars. Shadows of tall dunes lay on the sand, impenetrably black.

More hours, more miles—on, on and on, till she lost all count of time, till her limbs were numb with cramp.

Æons after, she was snatched from oblivion by the deep voice at her ear. "If the presence wills?"

She had actually been asleep. The beast was kneeling. She was so stiff that she could not move at first, and when she contrived to slide to the sand her knees gave, dropping her into its hot, soft dryness.

The moon had set, and by the chill in the air she was aware that it was close to dawn. In fact, she saw the first pale streaks low in the eastern sky. Her escort was busy at his mount's girths. The baggage camels were nowhere to be seen. There were only the two beasts and she and the Tonkhi, the center of the unbroken sweep of undulating sky line in the ghostly dawn light.

"When will your master meet me?" she asked the fellow.

He looked up. "My lord commanded me to meet him in this place at sunrise."

Her spirits rose at this information. Sunrise! Already the saffron in the east was tinged with rose. She leaned against her camel's side, watching the dawn wax tranquilly through rose to gold and flaming scarlet, till the first fierce ray stabbed at her from the sun's rim.

The sun was up. It had turned the

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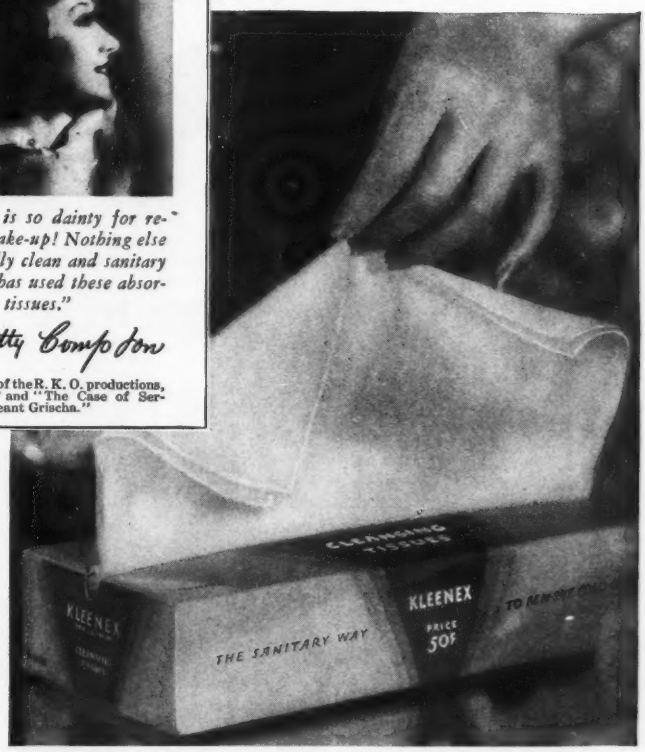

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dawn coolness into malignant day. She was unutterably weary, longing for an end to this phase of her adventure, for the sight of Rao, his rare smile and the ardent sound of his voice. The cameleer was squatting by his camel's flank.

Presently the fellow got to his feet and pointed silently. Against the blue above a dune crest nodded a turbaned head. The shoulders and a camel heaved up, followed by another, till the two were outlined clearly on the sky. Her disappointment was acute, for by their dress they were Tonkhis, like her escort.

As they neared, she saw that the leader's garments and the accouterments of his camel were magnificent. Then he unwound the blue silk puggree that was drawn across his face against the dust, and flung it behind him.

Her heart leaped for joy. It was Rao. The set of his head and the lean contour of his cheek were unmistakable. She ran to meet him, as his camel knelt. He slid to the ground, dropping on his feet to face her as she stopped before him.

Her heart turned over and her eyes stared with consternation. It was Bikha, the king, dressed as a Tonkhi chief.

He stood faintly smiling, regarding her, it seemed, with a sort of benevolent toleration. Her overtaxed nerves failed her at last. She shook all over. She was so shocked that she forgot her guilt, forgot the need of concealment, forgot everything but her loneliness.

"Wh-where is Rao?" she faltered.

"Past Landi Kotal, by this time. He has a year's leave and has fled from you, who would have him murder his best friend."

She swallowed, and her lips twitched. As from a great distance she heard her own voice say, "But he wrote me to meet him here."

Bikha's white teeth flashed as he smiled his negative. "No. I wrote those letters. It seemed to me that you had been long enough in Isulmeer, and when my brother fled, knowing your heart I presumed to arrange for you the freedom that you have so desired."

"What do you mean?" Her voice was hoarse.

"You know well what I mean. Dick loved you, brought you here. You were received as one of us, sharing our confidence, free of everything we prize. But you have fouled the place that made you welcome. You were done with Dick, once you found he held his duty higher than your whims. You planned to discard him like a sucked orange. You did your best to drive Rao, who loves you, to betray his friend, and you hated him when he stopped that boar and spoiled an easy freedom for you.

"There never were such friends as Rao and Dick and I, since we were children. For generations our fathers have been great men together in this land. Yet, to serve your ends, you would have destroyed all that, put bitterness in place of loyalty."

"I didn't! Oh, I didn't! I never meant——" Mona stopped, for conviction had descended on her. She remembered the tall figure of Bikha in the doorway, the night she first had laid siege to Rao; she remembered what Bikha had said to Dick that night, and the grim understanding in his look after the boar had died. She knew she was beaten by a more subtle player.

He nodded, perceiving that she understood. "You have been clever, madonna, but not clever enough. You have forgotten that this is not England. There is a proverb of the desert people, 'No pestilence like an evil woman.' They tie them up and bury them in sand if they are ugly. If they are beautiful, they cut their tongues.

"You are more fortunate than they, for you have, instead, the freedom from your husband that you have so desired. Where will you go? South are the sands. East, the chiefs of Tonk. North, three hundred miles to the railway and Europe"—and she was penniless! "Or will you go back to Dick and say that you lied, that you do not hate him as you told him in your letter?"

"You saw *that?*"

"Ten minutes after you wrote it. Dick had it two days ago. The world is yours, madonna. I wish you better luck than these last months have brought you!" His teeth gleamed and his eyes searched hers. Then his head went up with arrogance.

"And know that I, no less than other men, have desired you greatly. And if it should chance that the desert is too hot, or you fear the arms of Tonkhi lovers, or your pride will not bend to beg your husband's mercy, then it may be you will honor me with your favors!

"Till sunset this man waits with you, and if you would so delight my heart, command him, and he will bring you to a certain gate in the south wing of Ratangarh Palace. There are jewels and eunuchs and soft music, beauty such as few eyes have seen, that shall be yours as long as you are lovely. You shall be chief of all my women, save only the red-haired girl of Cutch my uncle gave me.

"I go there now, to bid them prepare for the honor that I dare to hope may come to me. At sundown, the Tonkhi follows, with you or without you. Yet remember, that is a door from which there is no going out!"

He turned without bowing, mounted his camel and set off, followed by the Tonkhi who had come with him.

Mona stood slim and straight, ankle-deep in the sand, staring before her with eyes that did not see.

By and by, one of the camels tried to bite the cameleer. He quirted it across the nose, and as it recoiled snarling, squatted in the shadow of its body and composed himself to wait.

Evening found them still there, the Tonkhi squatting where he had dozed the long day through.

Mona crouched close to her camel, where she had been forced for shelter from the sun. Her lips were dry, her face like ivory, and her eyes seemed to have receded into the caverns of their sockets. Hour after grim hour, the same thoughts had reeled through her brain in a mad, macabre dance: four choices—and each led pitilessly to death, or to abysmal shame.

The sun was low, the shadows long and black, when the Tonkhi awoke and glanced at the sun. He looked at her, tightened his beast's girths, crossed to hers, kicked it up and led it to his own.

A voice she did not recognize croaked, "What—are you doing?"

The fellow pointed to the sun, mounted, spurred his beast and headed east. Then her nerve went at last. Anything, anything, but not to be left alone in that awful plain!

"Wait, wait for me!" she called.

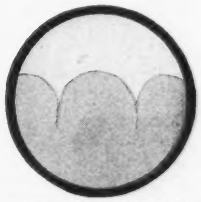
He stopped, and she stumbled after him as the camels knelt.

He motioned to the howdah, and trembling violently, she mounted. The curtain was snatched shut before her, leaving her in inky dark.

When the camel rose and marched she tried to part the drapes for air. She could not. They were lashed tight. The heavy perfume from its previous occupants filled her prison . . .

"You've never seen anything like the dirt that liquid Ambrosia removes on cotton"

ORDINARY CLEANSING
note embedded dirt



PORE-DEEP CLEANSING
skin is clean, smooth

▼

SKIN MAGNIFIED 50 TIMES

Face to face with a great skin specialist

A LITTLE WORRIED, a little embarrassed, but determined to hear the truth, you are sitting in the examining room of a great dermatologist. A light overhead searches out each tiny wrinkle; a microscope studies the texture of your face. Questions tumble over each other: "What's wrong with my skin? Must I look old?"

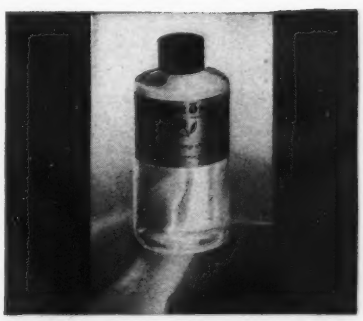
The doctor explains: "To look young you must keep the skin clean. Perhaps you think you've done that but under a microscope I can see dirt in the depths of the pores. It is this dirt that coarsens the skin and dulls the complexion. Dissolve out all the embedded dirt and normal circulation will be restored. Remember: doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

Ambrosia, the pore-deep cleanser that carries out the medical principle of liquid cleansing, was created by a French chemist and named by the exquisitely beautiful Empress Eugenie. Until recently it was made in this country only to the private order of notable women. Write now for generous free sample.

Apply Ambrosia on cotton; it penetrates instantly into the pores. You've never seen anything like the dirt it removes on the cotton. Repeat until a fresh pad does not show any soil—now you *know* your face is perfectly clean.

Ambrosia prepares the pores of a dry skin to absorb a softening cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles. Safe... no caustic alkali, no coarsening wax! Quick, convenient...nothing to wipe away. Hinze Ambrosia, Incorporated, Dept. 5-F, 114 Fifth Ave., New York. Dept. 5-F, 69 York St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

4 ounces $1.00 ▼ **8 ounces $1.75** ▼ **16 ounces $3.00**



AMBRŌSIA

the pore-deep cleanser

"I never used as fine and pure a powder as this marvelous new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder" says beautiful actress Miss Margarett DeCoursey, 57 W. 84th St., N. Y. C. "It absolutely banishes nose-shinyness."

"This amazing new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder actually prevents large pores" says the charming and beautiful Ziegfeld star, Miss Dorothy Flood, 10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

© 1929, M.-G. Co.

Beautiful Women Thank this New Wonderful Powder

MELLO-GLO prevents large pores —The face powder that stays on longer.

Wherever beautiful women gather, there is talk of this marvelous new face powder—so smooth, so pure, that it stays on twice as long as the average powder. It is sifted and sifted—through the finest of silk meshes—mixed and re-mixed until the perfect consistency is obtained.

Use Mello-Glo and see your skin take on the lovely tint, the delicate bloom of youth!

MELLO-GLO *prevents large pores!* Made by a marvelous French process, it *will not* irritate the skin or leave that pasty flaky look that bespeaks clogged pores. Instead it spreads more smoothly, protecting the skin and keeping it soft and young, banishing shiny noses!

Its color is passed by the rigid tests of the United States Government—a delicate shade that blends perfectly with the natural skin tone. Remember there are no substitutes! Only MELLO-GLO has the secret formula and the new process. One dollar at all stores.

Liberal trial size of this new wonderful face powder will be sent upon receipt of 25c. Address Mello-Glo, Dept. 6, Statler Building, Boston

10 Minutes for Marriage (*Continued from page 49*)

handed over to the clerk. She opened it and with a pen crossed out the word "married" and wrote in the word "unmarried." Then the clerk told the girl to sign her name at the bottom of the sheet in the registration book.

This finished, she gave the girl her identification card and instructed her to take it to the table where I was sitting. The young man in front of me automatically inked his rubber stamp on a red pad, stamped the page and then signed his name across it.

The girl picked up the card, turned and went out of the room—free, divorced without cost.

I looked at my watch. It was exactly eleven-forty-one. She had been divorced in nine minutes.

"Quick work," I said to my young friend at the desk. "In some states in America it takes months and costs hundreds of dollars—and most everybody concerned has to lie and cheat and intrigue. I'm afraid we're not quite as frank and aboveboard as you Russians."

"We're doing our best to take the hypocrisy out of the whole marriage and divorce problem," he explained. "If childless people don't want to live together, either one of them can come in here and get a divorce immediately—without the consent or even the knowledge of the other. If there are children a written agreement about the support of the minors is necessary. That's all there is to it. We believe that women should become self-supporting economic units, the same as men. And we make them share the economic responsibility for children . . .

"You see, there is no longer such a thing in Russia as an illegitimate child. There are unmarried mothers—but the child has a father and when the mother designates him he is financially responsible for his child. She bears her share, too—but in our eyes she is not disgraced. We are absolutely for the single sex standard here. Women in the Soviet Union have——"

The entrance of a young man and a pretty girl broke his train of thought. He winked at me; then he whispered:

"Here's your marriage."

I smiled up at the embarrassed pair. I knew just how they felt; I had been a teeth-chatterer myself when this thing had happened to me, lo, these many years ago.

The young woman clerk motioned them to chairs in front of her desk, opened another book and then the questions began. I looked at my watch. It was eleven-forty-five.

"What name will you take?" the clerk droned.

"His name," the girl answered. She could have kept her own had she wished.

"How old are you both?"

The girl said twenty-one and the boy twenty-four.

"Have either of you been married and are there any children?"

The boy said he had been married once before but there had been no children. The girl blushingly shook her head in the negative.

Then came what to all intent and purpose was the same list of questions that had been asked of the young woman getting the divorce—only now the final question was: "Will you be married in a church?"

They shook their heads and ogled each other. What could a little thing like that mean to them? They would have each other; they would certainly live happily ever after.

The clerk shoved the registration book toward them and each signed with a gay smile. Then he motioned them toward the desk at which I was sitting.

I stood up and shook hands with them. "I'll be your best man," I said.

The clerk took their identification cards, stamped and signed them. They were married enough to suit anybody—but officially they had not been through an actual marriage ceremony but had only "registered" as man and wife.

I looked at my watch. It was eleven-fifty-five. They had been married in ten minutes—and it hadn't cost them a kopeck.

By the time this article is read the chances are that new marriage and divorce laws will be enacted here in Red Russia. For one thing, it will cost from fifty cents to two dollars and fifty cents—according to income—for either a marriage or a divorce. A foreigner will have to pay the maximum of two dollars and fifty cents (and by the way, my friend, this "Soviet priest," told me that he divorces a score of Americans and several hundred foreigners each year—and his is only one of six large bureaus in Moscow alone).

The next two or three days I spent running down marriage and divorce statistics. For the year 1928 I found that in the city of Moscow there had been 28,175 marriages, and 21,220 divorces—*seventy-five percent as many divorces as marriages.*

Of these 21,220 divorces, 279 had been people divorced within two weeks after marriage; 323 within one month; 1213 between the first and third months; 1243 between the third and sixth months; 1492 between the sixth and twelfth months; 2095 between the first and second years; 1802 between the second and third years; 3237 between the third and fifth years; 5840 between the fifth and tenth years; 1624 between the tenth and fifteenth years; 1022 between the fifteenth and twentieth years; and 1050 after couples had been married more than twenty years.

In all Russia during the previous year 1,322,392 marriages had taken place, and 342,924 divorces—slightly less than thirty percent. In the villages and towns under 50,000, there were 254,377 divorces to 1,150,434 marriages. But in the cities there were 88,547 divorces to 171,958 marriages—more than fifty percent divorces for all the large cities of the Soviet Union.

As to the ages, there were 29 men and 252 women divorced at 18; 443 men and 364 women at 21; 1076 men and 355 women at 39 years; 4367 men and 3746 women divorced between the ages of 30 and 34; 315 men and 93 women between the ages of 55 and 59; and 25 men and 3 women when they were 70 or older.

One man had been married and divorced seven times within two years—but the authorities refused to marry him the eighth time.

"Flare-up divorces" or "mad divorces" I found to be frequent among young married people. One young woman whose husband was supposed to report home at noon had rushed to a registration bureau and got a divorce at three in the afternoon. When she got home she found her husband there with a perfectly good excuse. In tears, she brought him to the bureau and by four that same afternoon they had been remarried—divorced and married within an hour.

So it goes in this land of the Great Experiment.

Germs destroy teeth and tissues

Film that is found by dental research discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE . . . a 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Try this special tooth paste—sent free. It will aid in bringing back lovely teeth where other ways have failed.

YOUR teeth may be *unusually subject to decay.* They may be *stained, discolored and dull . . . or threatened with pyorrhea starting.*

If they are, please accept a tooth paste to try, that, under the observation of authorities, is found a great aid in combating the cause of 80% of tooth or gum disorders. There is no other kind just like it. That is why in ten days' time you will see results that ordinary brushing has failed to bring.

Germs and film must be removed from teeth

Germs cause tooth decay. Germs and tartar, under favorable conditions, cause pyorrhea.

There is but one way known to fight germs. You must remove a slippery, stubborn film that glues bacteria to the tooth's enamel. This film imprisons germs in crevices and clings so tenaciously that the most vigorous brushing fails to dislodge it successfully.

SAFE, scientific way acts differently

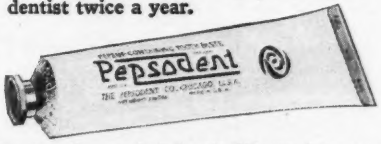
Today dentists are urging patients by the millions to turn from other ways to the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. It acts in an utterly different way.

First, Pepsodent curdles film, and then REMOVES IT SAFELY. No pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a scientific action that recommends it for the most sensitive teeth and gums.

Do not delay

There is only one Pepsodent. It is the finest tooth paste dental science of today knows how to make. Please write today for your tube to the nearest address.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist twice a year.



Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

AMOS 'n' ANDY

America's Most Popular Radio Feature

Laughs and tears make the experiences of these two boys part of your own daily life. Every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
9:30 p. m., Mountain time—8:30 p. m., Pacific time

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 175, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., London, E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3410

THE STOCK EXCHANGE IS HIS ONLY "GYM" . . . YET HE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

THE only game he knows is the market. His daily exercise is a stiff work-out on the floor of the Exchange. His muscles are strangers to "gym" routine and he wouldn't know the difference between a "back-hand" and a "birdie."

Yet this fast-stepping floor trader has been futilely fighting an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot" for six months and—*he doesn't even know what it is!*

An unpleasant, soft moistness with itching between the toes of his left foot worries him and bothers him more than a ten-point drop in one of his favorite stocks.

And the thing that bullies this man in the game of bulls-and-bears is a tiny ringworm germ called *tinea trichophyton*—hardly noticeable at first, but stealthy, *persistent* and *terribly annoying later on.*

***Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton,* is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition — or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

Broken Heart

(*Continued from page 77*)

South Bend, Indiana.

Mr. Al Evans,
c/o Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Al,

I want to go on record right now with the statement that what is really wrong with this country is the women in it. I'm for loading 'em all on barges and taking 'em out to the center of the Gulf Stream, and pushing 'em off. All but one. I'd save her for the last and I'd keep a rope on her and push her off and pull her out and push her off again and keep it up till I ran out of ocean to dunk her in. I don't have to tell you that her name would be Sheila Cassidy, the cold-blooded, double-crossing, frozen-hearted harp!

Of course you didn't get your order. I didn't get it, either. That's why *you* didn't get it. And I don't even know why, unless it's because Sheila is cracked or something. Look at what she did to me the other night—that night I had the date with her I wrote to you about.

Here I was all set to take her out and make Indiana yip-yip, which isn't so very dizzy but it's the best South Bend can do about it. And where do you think she makes me take her after dinner? To church. No fooling! It seems there was something she calls a Retreat going on out at Notre Dame, and she said a good sermon would do me good. Anyway, she was going out there and I could take her or else.

Of course when she put it like that I could see she was really sincere about going to church, so I smothered my real feelings, figuring no sermon can last more than an hour, anyway, and then we can make up for lost time. Well, that's what I thought. It lasted two hours, and instead of her sitting there and paying attention the way I thought she would, she spent most of her time looking all over the church as if she was trying to find somebody.

I nudged her half a dozen times trying to get her to sneak out, but nothing doing, we had to stick to the finish, and then when we got outside she had to stop and talk to this one and that one and the other one, and there was one guy in particular, a big, pale, serious-looking duck she introduced me to. I could hardly drag her away.

Well, so far the evening was a pretty wet smack, but I thought it would pick up from then on. Yeah—that's what I thought. But it didn't. All the way back to South Bend I couldn't get a word out of Sheila. She just sat and looked out the window and didn't seem to hear half what I was saying.

So when I got to town I says, Where do you want me to take you? She says, I don't care. And I says, If you're going to be like that I'll just take you home. And what do you think she said, Al? She just looked at me as though she had never seen me before, and said, Well, that'll be just dandy. So of course, Al, I wouldn't be bothered with anybody like that. I took her right home and left her flat.

Well, believe it or not, she wasn't at the shop the next day when I went in to get the order, and I had a definite appointment, too. She'd called from the house, and left word she had a sick headache and wouldn't be down, and I said, What about my appointment, and my order? And the girl said, She didn't say anything about an appointment or an order, either.

So there I was, stuck in South Bend for the day. And the next day, too. But tomorrow morning I have another appointment with her, and I'm coming back to Chi with an order or her right eye. They can't make a monkey out of me like that, Al. No, sir.

Denny

Dearest,

I shouldn't have gone out to the school tonight hoping to see you. I might have known it would make my heart hurt more than ever, but I was sure you would be in church for the Retreat and even if I didn't get a chance to talk to you, just seeing you and being near you after all these months would be too wonderful.

And then I saw you, and we talked as gay and careless as though we had just met for the first time. Oh, hello, you said, and I tried to believe you said it as though you had missed me, but it wasn't any use, and then I shook hands with you and said, Oh, hello, John, this is a surprise, and then you said, I haven't seen you for ages; what have you been doing all this time?

And I told you about the shop and introduced you to that goofy salesman I had with me, and then you said, Well, it's nice to see you again; I've been pretty well cooped up with my studies, and then I said, You must be just too smart by this time; what do you study so long after you graduate? And you said, Theology; you must have three years of theology before you can be ordained, and then, John, darling, I don't really know what I said, because something grabbed my heart suddenly like a hand, and crushed it so I couldn't breathe.

Ordained! Ordained! Oh, darling, darling, I can't bear it. I want you so. I want to tell you how much I love you, how happy I used to be when you first came to Notre Dame and we were pals together, and even though I know you never loved me, just being near you and loving you was happiness; but of course I can't say any of those things to you now. I can't even write them to you.

Oh, yes, I can pretend that this is a real letter I am writing tonight, and that I will mail it and you will get it tomorrow morning and read it and know that my heart hurts all day and all night, week in and week out; that it has never stopped hurting since the day you told me you had found your vocation and were going to renounce the world. I have tried to forget you, but it goes on hurting and nothing can be done about it, nothing, nothing.

And I must keep it to myself; I can't even hint it to you, just shake hands with you when we meet, and say foolish nothings like how are you and fancy meeting you here and good-by. Yes, but good-by isn't a foolish nothing, darling, it's terrible and cruel, and some day I will have to say it for the last time. Or will I really—truly? Isn't there a chance you might be mistaken, my own dearest?

We were so happy, going to games and dances together, and then you seemed to change, almost overnight, and become strange like a stranger. Maybe you will change again. I pray every night and morning that you will. I know it's a sin, but I can't help it. After all, maybe it isn't your vocation.

Oh, if I could only say such things to you when I see you. But of course I can't, darling. Others can write to those they love. All day long they come into my little store and leave notes and letters for each other, and buy silly verses to send to those they love, and I spend all

HEADACHES . . . IRRITABILITY
OFTEN WARN THAT
INTESTINAL TOXICITY
IS UNDERMINING YOUR HEALTH

WHY LET intestinal toxicity spoil your business or pleasure trip? Why actually take chances with your health? Why permit poisons in your eliminative system to annoy you with headaches, bad breath and other noxious symptoms of constipation? For it is easy to combat *intestinal toxicity*, the usual cause of these symptoms. Thousands are doing it by perfectly natural means . . . a balanced diet, fresh air, exercise, and, when a certain degree of assistance is necessary, with the gentle but thorough aid of ENO Effervescent Salt.

No doubt you have found this sparkling laxative on trains and ships and already know of its pleasant taste and gentle, thorough action . . . how different it really is from the ordinary strong cathartic.

ENO never leaves you "all dragged out." It leisurely flushes the intestinal tract and speeds up normal action. It does not gripe or disturb the day's routine. Its valuable anti-acid qualities are particularly helpful in certain cases of acidosis also.

Try ENO for a week regularly, morning or evening. Give it a place on your bathroom shelf. It will help you achieve the clear-eyed health possible only to those free from the attacks of intestinal toxins . . . poisons carried by the blood to all parts of the body . . . poisons that cause headaches, bad breath, irritability.

This famous effervescent salt is available at all druggists at 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd., London, England; Buffalo, N. Y.; Toronto, Canada; Paris; Berlin and Madrid. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York City.

ENO
THE WORLD-FAMED
EFFERVESCENT
SALT

"Just pour it in and drink—it stirs itself!"

ENO—health aid—will cost you less than 3c a day

When you get up, take a generous teaspoonful of ENO in a glass of water. This sparkling saline, taken regularly, helps keep you fit and eager through the hardest day. For a business headache, take ENO. At soda fountains everywhere.

my days selling them and buying more and selling those and buying more, and arranging them neatly on counters and filling windows with them and all the time I am saying, If only I could send one line to you, my own, one little line, one little word to tell you how I love you and need you and want you above all the things in this world or the next.

If only I could let you read this letter which I will tear to pieces soon, as I have torn all the other letters I have written you this year, and last year, and the year before that. There is a card lying here on the table before me as I write, a sample valentine given me today by that fool salesman, Denny Kerrigan, who sells the Gleason line. It says "Love is bright as sunshine, love is sweet as dew" and a lot more.

But it isn't anything like that at all, darling. Love is bitter and dark and cruel beyond all the cruel, dark and bitter things of this world. And now I will sign my name and then put this away until morning. Maybe you'll dream about it and get the message some way, if I just leave it written here all night.

Sheila

South Bend, Indiana.

Mr. Al Evans,
c/o Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Al,

Well, I finally pushed the little iceberg over this trip. Run your eye down ye merrie lyttle order herewith. Valentines, everyday cards, bridge tallies, Heart Throbs—you haven't got a haul like that before out of South Bend. I know you're going to say I was long enough at it, but what's a day or so extra when it means cracking a hard nut like this Cassidy gal?

I just waited my time, that's all, and then went in to see her when I figured she was over her grouch or whatever was eating her that night I took her out. The big, pale duck she was talking to out at Notre Dame was in the shop when I got there. Name is Carroll, John Carroll—used to be that star full back. He was trying to get a birthday motto to send to his mother, so of course I took the opportunity to steer him away from one of those Gibson polychromes Sheila was selling him, and hung a framed Heart Throb on him—you know, Al, old reliable HT-7, "Mother, the steadfast faith of you, Your love so tender, deep and true Have guided me along life's way," et cetera.

Sheila was in a swell mood, showing him everything in the shop, and went over my whole valentine sample line with him, and seemed to pay more attention to his suggestions than she did to mine. I guess she kind of likes him. Used to run around with him when he was a regular student out at Notre Dame. He's still out there, but he's studying theology or something. I thought all they studied out there was football.

Well, anyway, Al, I got a good hunch from him. It seems that he and some more of the fellows are going to be ordained soon, and that gave me an idea, Al. There must be lots of that going on all through the country, and we haven't got a single thing in the line to cover it.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea to get out a swell card, "Congratulations on your Ordination"? I bet you it would sell like hot cakes, especially if we were the first in the field with it. I'm going to put the old brain to work on it. There may be a lot of dough in it, Al, and I want a little rake-off on the gross for my originality. Don't let the Creative Department muscle in on this, the big chiselers.

And one thing more, Al, now that we've got our toe in Sheila's door, I want you to give her all that old Gleason cooperation you're always yapping about. Send her plenty of posters, counter cards, window displays, and any new dealer-merchandising helps you've got. Just let me have some cooperation from the home office, Al, and I'll make the Gleason line the scourge of the Middle West.

Allez oop, yourself,

Denny

Minneapolis, Minn.

Miss Sheila Cassidy,
Ye Merrie Lyttle Nooke,
South Bend, Indiana.

Dear Miss Cassidy,

Acknowledging the receipt of your valued order of the 13th inst., we welcome you to the honor roll of Gleason dealers, and hope that our new relationship will be mutually profitable to all concerned. We are especially pleased with your valentine order, and assure you it will be filled and shipped as promptly as conditions warrant.

Meanwhile, I am sending you herewith a photograph of a successful valentine window, by one of our best dealers, Harry Carhart, of Rochester, New York. Mr. Carhart has been kind enough to let us circulate this photograph, so that dealers may profit by any suggestion it might give them for dressing their own windows, and he has also written for us an interesting analysis of its extraordinary pull, which I have incorporated into the sales bulletin for this week, copy of which I am attaching herewith.

Very truly yours,
Gleason Greeting Card Co.
Al Evans, Sales Manager.

GLEASON GREETING CARD CO.
Weekly Sales Bulletin No. 96

DO YOU STILL LOVE YOUR OLD SWEETHEART?

By Harry Carhart

Careful buying and consistent efforts in advertising I have always felt to be perhaps the two chief principles of merchandising—and to these I attribute my success. Some people say there is no sentiment in business; others that there is no sentiment in people; but everyone has a sentimental streak, even though he will not admit it. If you question this, just fill your window with sentimental cards or mottoes and watch the people read every card, provided you have a well-lighted window display.

Valentine and Mother's Day cards have always been the easiest to sell and the best to advertise. About five years ago I struck a slogan for Valentine's Day, "Is Your Wife Still Your Sweetheart?" This was advertised in front of our store, in street cars and newspapers. I did a tremendous business and it was a byword with the Rochester public. They even bought the decorations for valentine parties.

A year ago I advertised "To Love Is To Remember." It wasn't nearly so good but we came back this year with a brand-new one which was just derived from our old one and went over big again—"Do You Still Love Your Old Sweetheart?"

In all of our advertising we have tried to get over one thought at a time: namely, one that was always pulling some sentimental string. In other words, we have been pulling heartstrings in order to get messages across to the buying public.

Personally, I know of no other merchandise which will draw more people to your store than greeting cards that are properly displayed while advertised. Surely you would not hesitate to pay a salesgirl $15 a week if in so doing your sales from a four-foot-square table would average from $100 to $150 a day.

This has been my experience, and I have also been able to sell as high as $150 worth of cards in a day from a space covered by 10 feet of racks, 18 inches deep and 24 inches high, with 2 feet of this space used for a cash register.

The dealer must be a merchandise man and give some thought to his buying, both as to selection and tabulation, in order to show the proper turnover, as it is easy to overstock if quantities are not tabulated and stock purchased in quantities to cover the previous year's sales, plus a legitimate increase which usually leaves a small carry-over.

(From the South Bend News-Times)
St. Joseph's Seminary, University of Notre Dame, will present a class of ten young men for ordination tomorrow morning at a solemn High Mass in the university church. Following is a list of the students who will be raised to the holy priesthood: John Carroll, James A. Tierney . . .

Good-by, my dearest one—tomorrow you will be ordained, and tonight I must put you out of my mind forever. But how am I going to put you out of my heart? How am I going to go on living from one endless empty day to the next? All evening the shop has been filled with boys and girls buying valentines to send to each other. All evening I have been reading verses to them: I love you—do you love me?—be my valentine.

In and out they go, laughing and shouting, So this is Ye Merrie Lyttle Nooke, eh, Sheila? Come on, Iceberg. Cheer up, you look like you just died. They think it's a big joke, but it isn't; it's true, John. When I saw the paper this morning something inside of me died—I guess it was my heart. But how could it be dead and ache so? If only it were really dead, maybe it would stop hurting me . . .

Chicago, Ill.

Miss Sheila Cassidy,
Ye Merrie Lyttle Nooke,
South Bend, Indiana.

Hello, Iceberg!

Well, I got a real big hunch at last. Came like a flash. All my wow ideas do. You'd never guess it, so I'm telling you, and first, too, because I really started on it in Ye Merrie Lyttle Nooke when I sold you that big val order.

This is a new number for the line—there's never been anything to fill the need before. I've been working on it for days until I could get it polished up just right—you know, get that real heart-throb in it. This is it:

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR ORDINATION

Put it over! Knew you would!
Now you're launched on doing good.
Luck and cheer along the way,
Is my wish for you today.

I bet you'll be glad to hear I'm dropping in to see you next week on a flying visit. Break out the bunting and the flags and give the school children a holiday. The old master is coming to town!

Denny

Reflections from Private Life *by Calvin Coolidge* (*Continued from page 27*)

amendment. ***There is no immediate prospect of its repeal.***

It seems to me the Country can get considerable assistance by recalling the attitude of Lincoln in all his discussion of the slavery issue. He was opposed to slavery and thought the decision of the Supreme Court in relation to property in a slave was unsound. Yet he was not an abolitionist and did not approve of the violence of John Brown, or the nullification and secession proposals of the radical groups in the North.

He declared it the duty of citizens to support the Constitution, observe the fugitive slave law, and accept the decision of the Supreme Court in dealing with property in a slave, until by due process these were changed. Lincoln did not recognize any abuse so great, not even human slavery, that he was willing to try to remedy it by a violation of the law of the land. This may well be pondered by those who feel aggrieved by prohibition.

It is my judgment that the great body of serious minded people, who think there are other subjects of superior importance to a drink of liquor, may well continue to follow the principle Lincoln so clearly stated, realizing that we have a well defined constitutional method of changing our statutes and our fundamental law, whenever the people desire, but that so long as the Constitution and the laws remain, the duty of all people to observe them in good faith and of all duly authorized public officers to enforce them in good faith can only be denied by an appeal to anarchy. No one need feel that a Country which maintains this attitude will not, candidly and without prejudice, examine any proposals that are made for the improvement of its people and the betterment of its condition.

If we could all keep in mind that nothing, not even the art of finding fault, is yet perfect, and that the burden of proof is on those who propose a change to show that it would result in an improvement, we should dwell together with less bitterness and more good will. The ultimate determination of human conduct will not be made in terms of appetite. It will rest on the finer and higher, more permanent and more divine qualities of our nature.

THE very young and the very wise are always certain they know just what to do to cure all the ills of the world. They are quick to advocate a change in the laws as a sovereign remedy.

Those who have had more experience and are not gifted with omniscience oftentimes doubt whether perfection can be conjured out of an enactment or a repeal by the Congress. They are content to let the Ten Commandments stand, realizing that human progress comes through the teachings of religion and the development of moral character brought about by striving to live in accordance with definite declared standards. The good citizen will do his best to shape his conduct to conform to the divine precepts and the laws of his Country.

Every session of the Congress creates some uncertainty, but a special session charged with a revision of the tariff is always destined to provide the largest amount of trouble in this respect. A new President usually feels that this is a risk that he must take.

When there has been a change in parties as the result of an election, the situation is not so difficult. That usually comes about by the development of a clearly defined public opinion in favor of specific economic changes. With that opinion behind him a President can secure a revision of the tariff in accordance with it in a minimum amount of time.

But that was not the situation with the new administration. The Country had done so well under the old tariff law that there was no definite demand for a general revision. As some lines of production needed more protection it was entirely logical to propose a limited revision for their relief.

The disposition of the Congress, however, would be constitutionally hostile to that proposal. ***The business of that body is to legislate and it always feels that it magnifies its importance by the exercise of its prerogative.***

When a tariff bill is introduced it opens all the schedules. It can be limited somewhat in the House by a series of special rules, which will keep its consideration well within the report of the Committee with the support of a working party majority. But when it comes to the Senate it is likely to be rewritten by the Committee, is subject to almost unlimited amendment on the floor, and is uncontrolled by special rules, or a working party majority.

There would be little opposition to increasing the duties on those lines of agriculture which needed it, but there were certain lines of industry which felt that foreign competition placed them in an even worse plight than the farmer. No Congress would deny them consideration.

In fact all lines of business, both industrial and agricultural fear foreign competition and are sure to present demands when the tariff is revised, many of which are so strong that Senators cannot withstand them. They could not face their constituents with a bill that relieved some farmers and refused some equally deserving wage earners.

The Senate adopted its classical course of procedure in having one Committee that invited the presentation of evidence by holding hearings, and soon directing another Committee to investigate the activities of those who responded to the invitation. This proved to be a fertile field, because, as there was little crystallized sentiment in the Country about tariff revision to direct the course of the bill, it fell into the hands of special representatives who were working for individual concerns. The investigations delayed action, confused the public mind with the imputation that very many of the claims for relief were tainted, so that the all important element of public confidence in our commercial structure was shaken, and when this situation was prolonged, injured industry and is having its repercussion in some of the staples of agriculture.

These are some of the results which flow from a factious opposition to the program of a President. They give a false impression of the Country and the Congress.

The great body of business is fair and deserving. The great body of legislators is industrious and conscientious. But it is the derelictions of a very few industries and the fulminations of unimportant members that get the front page, while the rectitude of our commercial life, and the wisdom of our completed legislation, get little credit.

The blame for this condition does not lie with the President. He cannot help it. Nor, as a general thing, should it be imputed to individual members of the Congress. It results from our political system. They are usually not its authors but its victims.

Under our system of direct primaries, and elections with fixed terms of office, each Senator has to be very largely his own party. He looks out for himself. He does not have to seek a new election if his nominal party fails of a majority on some important vote in the Congress. He can have his party in the White House, hold his party Committee places, and hold his State patronage, while voting most of the time with the opposition in a combination which often defeats the policy of his party President.

THIS makes our processes of legislation tortuous, extended and uncertain. But it has the redeeming quality of cutting both ways. If a President loses some of his own party designates, he is rather sure to have the support of some of the opposite party designates, so that while the process is uncomfortable, the resulting legislation is almost always fairly reasonable. The bad feature of this system is that it so largely destroys party responsibility.

But things are what they are. The wise course is to make the best of them.

It is not probable that a change to a parliamentary system would be helpful. There are always certain innate difficulties in dealing with human nature which a change of system does not eradicate. If we are to make any progress we must endure the inconveniences of the process to secure the benefits of the result.

While our system has the disadvantage of sometimes causing irritating delays, it also prevents too precipitate action. It provides us with indispensable safeguards to liberty and sanity which it would be unwise to sacrifice for the sake of expedition.

To deal with it a President needs to comprehend the deeper politics of a situation and be able to interpret his position to the people. Others can supply him with almost anything else but this quality he must possess himself. With it he will be able to secure from the Congress, in time, any action that is sound and to prevent most actions that are unsound.

We have recently had an example of this in the effort for farm relief. The substance of the bill which was adopted was proposed years ago. Probably it has been perfected in its details by subsequent study. But the subject was so complicated, and lent itself so easily to radical action, that it was most difficult to secure an agreement that warranted legislation. By a long process of trial and rejection a solution was finally adopted.

The weakness of a measure of this kind lies in the inference that is likely to be drawn by too many of those it seeks to benefit, that the national government has assumed responsibility for the price of commodities, which it is bound to maintain at some artificial level by the support of the public treasury. Its strength will lie in the sound business judgment with which it is administered and in the proper response by the farmer to the service and counsel that it provides for him.

The people are recovering from the shock of an abrupt decline in the price of securities. A study would probably

Too much dinner?

chew

for digestion!

IT'S only human to eat too much. So chew Beeman's, the Pepsin Gum, for your digestion!

Perfected by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago, this delicious gum is still the favorite of people who chew gum as an aid to digestion.

Millions prefer Beeman's fresh, keen flavor, its satiny smoothness, and its mellow quality.

You'll prefer it, too! Try it today!

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

reveal that it was brought about by a multitude of causes. ***Too many people were trying to make speculation take the place of production. .That hampered business. The result was inevitable.***

With this liquidation accomplished capital and industry are now in a position to proceed with our national development and trade appears to be reviving. ***It was a painful experience, but when it is over confidence in the future of business is all the more justified. Production and consumption can have more assurance of a normal, healthy, and stable basis.***

We have always had periods of expansion and recession. Nature seems to require seasons of rest and recuperation. The most that we have yet learned about them only helps us avoid some of their evil effects and diminish their duration. They have always been followed by seasons of growth.

The Country needs to keep its faith in self-government, which is a democracy. The more it can take charge of its own affairs, without the interference of bureaucratic control, the safer it will be. The Country, too, needs to keep its faith in delegated authority, which is a republic. The more it can permit its public officers to discharge their duties in accordance with their own conscience, without the interference of outside dictation, the safer it will be.

I believe in permitting the administration to do just that and in giving it helpful support wherever I can.

I should like to be known as a former President who tries to mind his own business.

The King's Messenger (*Continued from page 47*)

addressed Don Jayme. "Pardon. I did not know you occupied."

Sneering, Don Jayme appealed to the friar. "She did not know me occupied! I am the King's representative in Porto Rico, and my wife does not know me occupied, conceives that I have leisure. It is unbelievable. But come in, Hernanda. Come in."

He grew more playful. "Acquaint yourself with the honors the King bestows upon his poor servant. This may help you to realize what His Majesty does me the honor to realize: that my occupations are onerous."

Timidly she advanced, obedient to his invitation. "What is it, Jayme?"

"What is it?" He seemed to mimic her. "It is merely this." He displayed the order. "His Majesty invests me with the cross of Saint James of Compostella."

Her pale delicate face flushed, but there was no accompanying sparkle of her dark, wistful eyes to proclaim it a flush of pleasure. Rather, thought Don Pedro, she flushed from shame at being so contemptuously used before a stranger.

"I am glad, Jayme," she said in a gentle voice. "I felicitate you. I am glad."

"Ah! You are glad. Frey Luis, you will observe that Doña Hernanda is glad." Thus he sneered at her without even the poor grace of being witty. "This gentleman, by whose hand the order came, is a kinsman of yours, Hernanda."

She turned aside to look again at that elegant stranger. Her gaze was blank. Yet she hesitated to deny him. Kinship, when claimed by gentlemen charged by kings with missions of investiture, is not lightly to be denied in the presence of such a husband as Don Jayme. And after all, hers was a considerable family which included many with whom she was not personally acquainted.

The stranger bowed until the curls of his periwig met across his face. "You will not remember me, Doña Hernanda. I am, nevertheless, your cousin, and you will have heard of me from our other cousin Rodrigo. I am Pedro de Queiroz."

"You are Pedro?" She stared the harder. "Why, then——" She laughed a little. "Oh, but I remember Pedro. We played together as children, Pedro and I."

Her tone seemed to deny him. But he confronted her unperturbed.

"That would be at Santarem," said he.

"At Santarem it was." His readiness seemed to bewilder her. "But you were a fat, sturdy boy then, and your hair was golden."

He laughed. "I have become lean in growing and I favor a black periwig."

"Which makes your eyes a startling blue. I do not remember that you had blue eyes."

"Heaven help us, ninny," croaked her husband. "You never could remember anything."

She turned to look at him, and for all that her lip quivered, her eyes met his sneering glance steadily. "Oh, yes," she said. "There are some things a woman never forgets."

"And on the subject of memory," said Don Pedro with cold dignity, "I do not remember that there are any ninnies in our family."

"Faith, then, you needed to come to Porto Rico to discover it," the governor retorted with his loud coarse laugh.

"Ah!" Don Pedro sighed. "That may not be the end of my discoveries."

There was something in his tone which Don Jayme did not like. "You mean?" he demanded.

Don Pedro was conscious of an appeal in the lady's dark, liquid eyes. He yielded to it, laughed and answered: "I have yet to discover where Your Excellency proposes to lodge me during the days in which I must inflict myself upon you. If I might now withdraw——"

The governor swung to Doña Hernanda. "You hear? Your kinsman needs to remind us of our duty to a guest. It will not have occurred to you to make provision for him."

"But I did not know—I was not told of his presence until I found him here."

"Well, well. You know now. And we dine in half an hour."

At dinner Don Jayme was in high spirits, which is to say that he was alternately pompous and boisterous.

Don Pedro scarcely troubled to dissemble his dislike of him. His manner became more aloof, and he devoted his attention to the despised wife.

"I have news for you," he told her when they had come to the dessert, "of our cousin Rodrigo."

"Ah!" sneered her husband. "She'll welcome news of him. She ever had a particular regard for her cousin Rodrigo, and he for her."

She flushed, keeping her troubled eyes lowered. Don Pedro came to the rescue, swiftly, easily. "Regard for one another is common among the members of our family. Every Queiroz owes a duty to every other and is at all times ready to perform it."

He looked straitly at Don Jayme as he spoke. "And that is at the root of what I am to tell you, Cousin Hernanda. As I have already told His Excellency, the ship in which Don Rodrigo and I sailed from Spain was set upon and sunk by that infamous pirate, Captain Blood

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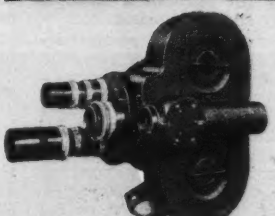

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Filmo 70-D, finest of personal movie cameras, with three-lens turret and seven speeds. In Sesamee-locked Mayfair case, $245 up.

For travel, for outdoor sports, for vacations, Filmo is a splendid companion. The pleasure you'll get from seeing Filmo quality movies at home on your own screen is an experience deep and lasting.

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Hands and arms: when chapped, red, rough. A minute's massage... presto! Hands become patrician white and soft.

Ankles and legs: when blotched, coarsened, irritated from exposure. Also, after a depilatory. A few drops of Frostilla quickly restore smooth loveliness.

Face and neck: —when dry, reddened, wind-burned. Before and after all exposure. Makes your face powder cling.

* * *

FROSTILLA is a friendly guardian against all exposure. It keeps the most weather-abused or water-abused skin smooth, soft and healthy. Have a bottle handy. Use it often.

35c., 50c., $1. everywhere. 10c. handy size at 5 & 10c. stores. Mail orders filled by The Frostilla Co., Department 25—Elmira, New York.

FROSTILLA
SAVES YOUR SKIN

We were both captured, but I was so fortunate as to make my escape."

"You must tell us how," the governor interrupted him.

Don Pedro waved a hand disdainfully. "It is no great matter, and I soon weary of talking of myself. But, if you insist, some other time. At present I am to tell you of Rodrigo. He remains a prisoner in the hands of Captain Blood. But do not be unduly alarmed."

There was need for his reassuring tone. Doña Hernanda turned deathly white.

"Do not be alarmed. Rodrigo is in good health and his life is safe. Also, from my own experience, I know that this Blood, infamous pirate though he be, is not without chivalrous ideals, and piracy apart, he is a man of honor."

"Piracy apart!" Laughter exploded from Don Jayme. "On my soul, that's humorous! You deal in paradox, Don Pedro. Eh, Frey Luis?"

The lean friar smiled mechanically. Doña Hernanda, pale and piteous, suffered the interruption in silence. Don Pedro frowned.

"The paradox is not in me, but in Captain Blood. A devil-driven robber, yet he practices no wanton cruelty, and he keeps his word. Therefore I say you need have no apprehension on the score of Don Rodrigo's fate. His ransom has been agreed between himself and Captain Blood, and I have undertaken to procure it. Meanwhile he is well and courteously entreated, and indeed, a sort of friendship has come to exist between him and his pirate captor."

"Faith, that I can believe," cried the governor, while Doña Hernanda sank back in her chair with a sigh of relief. "Rodrigo was ever ready to consort with rogues. Was he not, Hernanda?"

"I"—she bridled indignantly; then curbed herself—"I never observed it."

"You never observed it! I ask myself have you ever observed anything. Well, well, and so Rodrigo's to be ransomed. At what is his ransom fixed?"

"You desire to contribute?" cried Don Pedro with a certain friendly eagerness.

The governor's countenance became gravely blank. "Not I, by the Virgin! Not I. That is entirely a matter for the family of Queiroz."

Don Pedro's smile perished. He sighed. "True! True! And yet, I've a notion you'll come to contribute something before all is ended."

"Dismiss it," laughed Don Jayme, "for that way lies disappointment."

They rose from table soon thereafter and withdrew to the noontide rest the heat made necessary.

They did not come together again until supper, which was served in that same room, in the comparative cool of eventide and by the light of a score of candles in heavy silver branches.

The governor's satisfaction at the signal honor of which he was the recipient appeared to have grown with contemplation of it. He was increasingly jovial and facetious, but not on this account did he spare Doña Hernanda his sneers.

She looked slight and frail in her stiff black satin gown, which by contrast rendered more dazzling the whiteness of her neck and shoulders, even as her lustrous, smoothly dressed black hair stressed the warm pallor of her gentle countenance. A little statue in ebony and ivory she seemed to Don Pedro's fancy—and almost as lifeless, until he found himself alone with her after supper in the deep jasmine-clad galleries that stood open to the cool night breezes.

His Excellency had gone off to indite a letter of grateful acknowledgment to the King, and had taken the friar to assist him. He had commended his guest to the attention of his wife. She had led Don Pedro out into the scented purple tropic night, and stepping now beside him she came at last to life and addressed him in a breathless anxiety.

"What you told us today of Don Rodrigo de Queiroz, is it true? That he is a prisoner in the hands of Captain Blood, but safe, awaiting ransom?"

"Most scrupulously true."

"You—you pledge your word for that? Your honor as a gentleman? For I must assume you a gentleman, since you bear commissions from the King."

"And on no other ground?" quoth he.

"Do you pledge me your word?"

"Unhesitatingly. My word of honor. Why should you doubt me?"

"You give me cause. You are not truthful in all things. Why, for instance, do you say you are my cousin?"

"You do not, then, remember me?"

"I remember Pedro de Queiroz. The years might have given you height and slenderness; the sun might have tanned your face, and under your black periwig your hair may still be fair, though I take leave to doubt it. But what, I ask myself, could have changed the color of your eyes? For your eyes are blue, and Pedro's were dark brown."

He was silent a moment, like a man considering, and she watched his stern, handsome face, made clear by the light from the windows of the house.

At last he spoke, quietly, almost humorously, in admission of the imposture. "We hoped you would have forgotten such a detail."

"We?" she questioned him.

"Rodrigo and I. He was hastening to you when this thing befell him. That is how we came to be on the same ship."

"And he desired you to do this?"

"He shall tell you so himself when he arrives. He will be here in a few days, depend on it. As soon as I can ransom him, which will be very soon after my departure. When I was escaping—for, unlike him, I had given no parole—he desired that if I came here I should claim to be your cousin, so as to stand at need in his place until he came."

She was thoughtful, and her bosom rose and fell in agitation. "You took a foolish risk," she said, thereby showing her acceptance of his explanation.

"A gentleman," said he sententiously, "will always take a risk to serve a lady."

"Were you serving me?"

"Does it seem to you that I could be serving myself?"

"No. You could not have been doing that."

"Why question further, then? Rodrigo wished it so. He will explain his motives fully when he comes. Meanwhile, as your cousin, I am in his place. If this boorish husband burdens you overmuch——"

"What are you saying?" Her voice rang with alarm.

"That I am Rodrigo's deputy. So you remember it, that is all I ask."

"I thank you, cousin," she said, and left him.

Three days Don Pedro continued as the guest of the Governor of Porto Rico, and they were much as that first day, save that daily Don Jayme increased in consciousness of his new dignity as a Knight of Saint James of Compostella, and consequently became daily more insufferable. Yet Don Pedro suffered him with exemplary fortitude, and at times even seemed disposed to feed the governor's egregious vanity.

Thus, on the third night at supper, Don Pedro cast out the suggestion that His Excellency should signalize the honor he had received by some gesture that should mark the occasion and render it

Youth?

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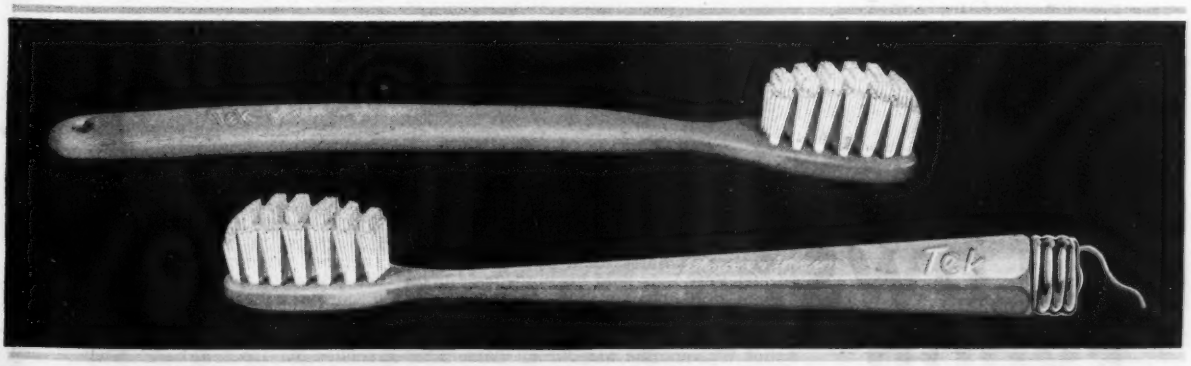

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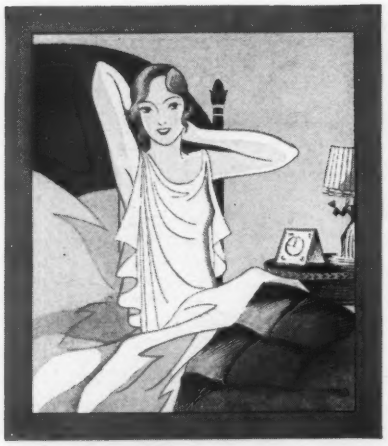

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THE TONIC

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memorable in the annals of the island.

Don Jayme swallowed the suggestion avidly. "Ah, yes! That is an admirable suggestion. What do you counsel I do?"

Don Pedro smiled with flattering deprecation. "Not for me to counsel Don Jayme de Villamarga. But the gesture should be worthy of the occasion."

"Indeed yes. That is true." But the dullard's wits were barren of ideas. "The question now is what might be considered worthy."

Frey Luis suggested a ball at Government House, and was applauded in this by Doña Hernanda. Don Pedro, apologetically to the lady, thought a ball would have significance only for those who were bidden to it. Something was required that should impress all social orders in Porto Rico.

"Why not an amnesty?" he inquired.

"An amnesty?" The three of them looked at him in questioning wonder.

"Why not? It is a royal gesture, true. But is not a governor a representative of royalty, the one to whom men look for royal gestures? To mark your accession to this dignity, throw open your jails, Don Jayme, as kings do upon coronation."

Don Jayme conquered his stupefaction at the magnitude of the act suggested and smote the table with his fist, protesting that here was a notion worth adopting. Tomorrow he would announce it in a proclamation setting all prisoners free, their sentences remitted.

"That is," he added, "all but six, whose pardon would hardly please the colony."

"I think," said Don Pedro, "that exceptions would stultify the act. There should be no exceptions."

"But these are exceptional prisoners. Have you forgotten that I made captive six buccaneers out of a party that had the temerity to land on Porto Rico?"

Don Pedro frowned, reflecting. "Ah, true!" he cried at last. "I remember."

"And did I tell you, sir, that one of these men is that dog Wolverstone?" He pronounced it "Volverstohn."

"Wolverstone?" said Don Pedro, who also pronounced it so. "You have captured Wolverstone!" It was clear that he was profoundly impressed, as well he might be, for Wolverstone, the foremost of Blood's lieutenants, was almost as well known to Spaniards and as detested by them as Blood himself.

"You have captured Wolverstone!" Don Pedro repeated, and for the first time looked at Don Jayme with eyes of unmistakable respect. "You did not tell me that. Why, in that case, my friend, you have clipped one of Blood's wings. Without Wolverstone he is shorn of half his power. His own destruction may follow now at any moment, and Spain will owe that to you."

Don Jayme spread his hands in an affectation of modesty. "It is something towards deserving the honor His Majesty has bestowed upon me."

"Something?" echoed Don Pedro. "If the King had known this, he might have accounted the order of Saint James of Compostella inadequate. Of course, of course, you cannot include these men in the amnesty. They are not common malefactors. They are enemies of Spain." Abruptly, with a hint of purpose, he asked: "How will you deal with them?"

Don Jayme thrust out a nether lip, considering. "I am still undecided whether to hang them out of hand, or to let Frey Luis hold his auto-da-fé upon them and consign them to the fire as heretics. I think I told you so."

"Yes, yes. But I did not then know that Wolverstone was one of them. That makes a difference."

"What difference?"

"Oh, but consider. Give this matter thought. With thought you'll see what you should do. It's plain enough."

Don Jayme considered awhile as he was bidden. Then shrugged his shoulders. "Faith, sir, it may be plain enough to you. But I confess that I see no choice beyond that of rope or fire."

"Ultimately, yes. One or the other. But not here in Porto Rico. That is to smother the effulgence of your achievement. Send them to Spain, Don Jayme. Send them to His Majesty, as an earnest of the zeal for which he has been pleased to honor you. Show him thus how richly you deserve that honor and even greater honors. Let that be your acknowledgment."

Don Jayme's face glowed. "I vow to heaven I should never have thought of it," he said at last.

"Your modesty made you blind to the opportunity."

"It may be that."

"But you perceive it now that I indicate it?"

"Oh, I perceive it. Yes. The King of Spain will be impressed."

Frey Luis seemed downcast. He had been counting upon his auto-da-fé. Doña Hernanda was chiefly intrigued by the sudden geniality of her hitherto haughty pretended cousin. Meanwhile Don Pedro piled Pelion upon Ossa.

"It should prove to His Majesty that Your Excellency is wasted in Porto Rico. I see you as governor of some more important colony. Perhaps as viceroy—who shall say?"

"But how and when to send them to Spain?" wondered Don Jayme, who no longer questioned the expediency of doing so.

"Why, that is a matter in which I can serve Your Excellency. I can convey them for you on the San Tomas, which should call for me at any moment now. You will write another letter to His Majesty, offering him these evidences of your zeal, and I shall bear it together with these captives. Your general amnesty can wait until I've sailed with them. Thus there will be nothing to mar it. It will be complete and properly imposing."

So elated and so grateful to his guest for his suggestion was Don Jayme that he actually went the length of addressing him as cousin in thanking him.

The matter, it seemed, had presented itself for discussion only just in time. For early on the following morning Santiago de Porto Rico was startled by the boom of a gun and, turning out to ascertain the reason, beheld again the yellow Spanish ship which had brought Don Pedro coming to anchor in the bay.

Don Pedro himself sought the governor with the information that this was the signal for his departure, expressing a polite regret that duty did not permit him longer to encroach upon Don Jayme's princely hospitality.

While his negro valet was packing his effects, he went to take his leave of Doña Hernanda, and again assured that wistful lady that she need be under no apprehension on the score of her cousin Rodrigo, who would soon be with her.

After this Don Jayme, with an officer in attendance, carried Don Pedro off to the jail where the pirates were lodged.

In a dark, unpaved stone chamber, lighted only by a small, heavily barred, unglazed window set near the ceiling, the prisoners were herded with perhaps a score of other malefactors of all kinds and colors. The atmosphere of the place was so foul and noisome that Don Pedro recoiled as from a blow when it first assailed him.

Wolverstone and his five associates,

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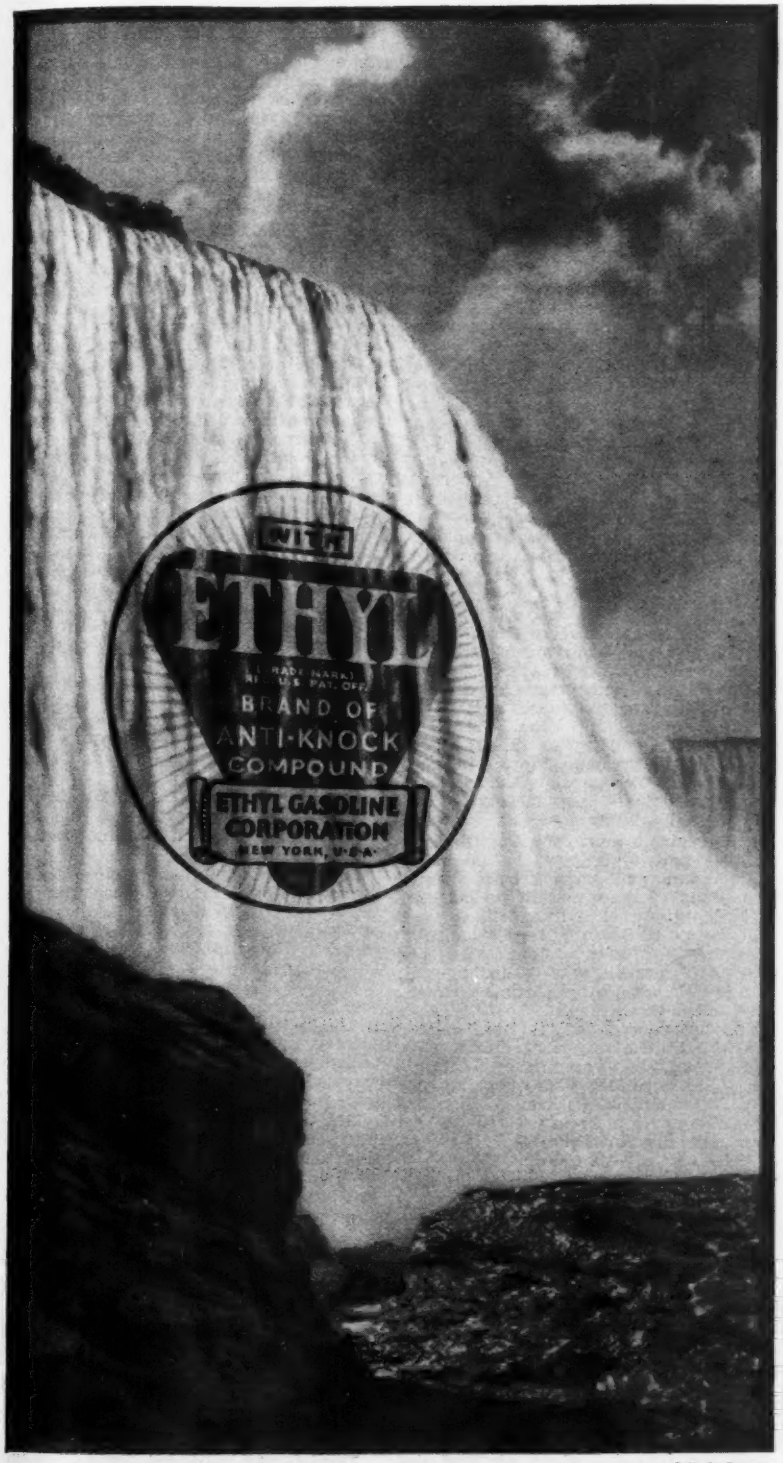

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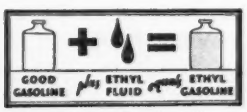

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heavily loaded with irons, were in a group a little apart from their fellow prisoners. They squatted against the wall on the foul dank straw that was their bedding.

Wolverstone, almost a giant in build, might from his dress have been a merchant. Dyke, that sometime petty officer in the King's navy, similarly had been arrayed like a citizen of some consequence. The other four wore the cotton shorts and leather breeches which had been the dress of the buccan hunters before they took to the sea, and their heads were swathed in colored kerchiefs.

They did not stir when the door creaked on its ponderous hinges and a half-dozen corseleted Spaniards with pikes entered to form a guard of honor as well as a protection for the governor. When that august personage made his appearance, attended by his officer and accompanied by his distinguished-looking guest, the other prisoners sprang up and ranged themselves in awe and reverence.

The pirates stolidly sat on. But they were not quite indifferent. As Don Pedro sauntered in, languidly leaning on his beribboned cane, Wolverstone stirred on his foul bed, and his single eye (he had lost the other at Sedgemoor) rolled with portentous ferocity.

Don Jayme indicated the group by a wave of his hand. "There are your cursed pirates, Don Pedro, hanging together like a brood of carrion birds."

"These?" quoth Don Pedro haughtily, and pointed with his cane. "Faith, they look their trade, the villains."

Wolverstone glared more fiercely than ever; but was contemptuously silent. A stubborn rogue, it was plain.

Don Pedro advanced towards them, a superb figure in his black and silver, seeming to symbolize the pride and majesty of Spain. The thickset governor, in pale-green taffetas, kept pace with him and when they had come to a halt before the buccaneers, he addressed them.

"You begin to know, you English dogs, what it means to defy the might of Spain. And you'll know it better before all is done. I deny myself the pleasure of hanging you as I intended, so that you may go to Spain to feed a bonfire."

Wolverstone leered at him. "You are noble with the nobility of Spain," he said, in execrable but comprehensible Spanish. "You insult the helpless."

The governor raged at him, calling him the unprintably foul names that came so readily to an angry Spaniard's lips. This until Don Pedro checked him with a hand upon his arm.

"Is this waste of breath worth while?" He spoke disdainfully. "It but serves to detain us in this noisome place."

The buccaneers stared at him in wonder. Abruptly he turned on his heel. "Come, Don Jayme." His tone was peremptory. "Have them out of this. The San Tomas is waiting and the tide is on the turn."

The governor hesitated, flung a last insult; then gave an order to the officer and stalked after his guest, who was already moving away. The officer transferred the order to his men.

With the butts of their pikes and many foul words, the soldiers stirred the buccaneers. They rose with clank of gyves and manacles, and went stumbling out into the clean air and the sunshine, herded by the pikemen. Hangdog, foul and weary, they dragged themselves across the square, and so they came to the mole, where a wherry of eight oars awaited them.

The governor and his guest stood by while they were being packed into the stern sheets, whither the pikemen followed them. Then Don Pedro and Don Jayme took their places in the prow with Don Pedro's negro, who carried his valise. The wherry pushed off and was rowed across the blue water to the stately ship from whose masthead floated the flag of Spain.

They came bumping along her yellow side at the foot of the entrance ladder, which a sailor caught with a boat hook.

From the prow of the wherry, Don Pedro called peremptorily for a file of musketeers to stand to order in the ship's waist. A morioned head appeared over the bulwarks to answer him that it was already done. Then, with the pikemen urging them, and moving awkwardly in their irons, the buccaneer prisoners climbed the ladder and dropped one by one over the side.

Don Pedro waved his black servant after them, and finally invited Don Jayme to precede him aboard. Himself, Don Pedro followed close, and when at the ladder's head Don Jayme came to a sudden halt, it was Don Pedro's continuing ascent that thrust him forward, and this so sharply that he almost tumbled headlong into the vessel's waist.

There were a dozen ready hands to steady him, and a babble of voices to give him laughing welcome. But the voices were English, and the hands belonged to men whose garments and accouterments proclaimed them buccaneers. They swarmed in the waist, and already some of them were at work to strike the irons from Wolverstone and his mates.

Gasping, livid, bewildered, Don Jayme de Villamarga swung round to Don Pedro who followed. That very Spanish gentleman had paused at the head of the ladder, and stood surveying the scene below him. He was smiling calmly.

"You have nothing to apprehend, Don Jayme. I give you my word for that. And my word is good. I am Captain Blood."

He came down to the deck under the stare of the bulging eyes of the governor, who understood nothing. But explanations followed fast.

A tall, slight gentleman, elegantly arrayed, stepped forward to meet the captain. This, to the governor's increasing amazement, was his wife's cousin, Don Rodrigo. Captain Blood greeted him in a friendly manner.

"I have brought your ransom, as you see, Don Rodrigo," and he waved a hand in the direction of the group of manacled prisoners. "You are now free to depart with Don Jayme. We'll cut short our farewells, for we take up the anchor at once. Hagthorpe, give the order."

Don Jayme thought that he began to understand. Furiously he turned upon this cousin of his wife.

"By heaven, are you in this? Have you plotted with these enemies of Spain to——?"

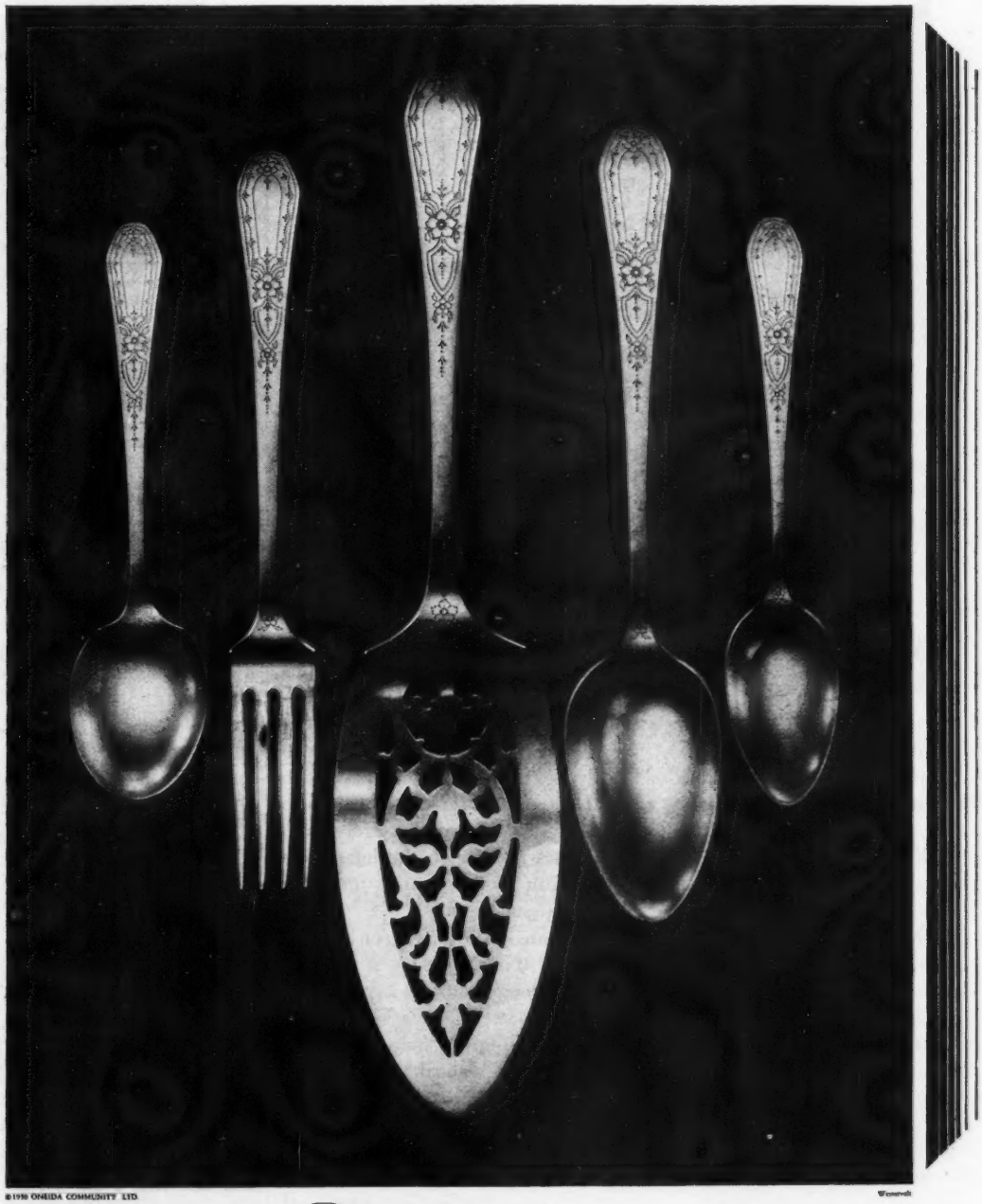
A hand gripped his shoulder, and somewhere forward a boatswain's whistle piped. "We are weighing the anchor," said Captain Blood. "You were best over the side, believe me. It has been an honor to know you. In future be more respectful to your wife. Go with God, Don Jayme."

As in a nightmare, the governor found himself bustled over the side and down the ladder. Don Rodrigo followed him after taking courteous leave of Blood.

Don Jayme collapsed limply in the stern sheets of the wherry as it put off. But soon he roused himself to demand an explanation, at the same time overwhelming his companion with threats.

Don Rodrigo strove to preserve his calm. "You had better listen. I was on that ship, the San Tomas, on my

COMMUNITY PLATE



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way to Santo Domingo when Blood captured her. He put the crew ashore on one of the Virgin Islands. But me he retained for ransom because of my rank."

"And to save your skin and your purse you made this infamous bargain?"

"I have said that you had better listen. It was not so at all. He treated me honorably, and we became in some sort friends. In the course of our talks he gleaned from me a good deal of my private life and of yours, which in a way, through my cousin Hernanda, is linked with it.

"A week ago, after the capture of the men who had gone ashore with Wolverstone, he decided to use the knowledge he had gained; that and my papers, of which he had, of course, possessed himself. He told me what he intended to do, and promised me that if by the use of my name and the rest he succeeded in delivering his followers, he would require no further ransom from me."

"And you? You agreed?"

"Agreed? Sometimes, indeed often, you are fatuous. My agreement was not asked. I was merely informed. Your own foolishness and the order of Saint James of Compostella did the rest. I suppose he conferred it upon you, and so dazzled you that you were prepared to believe anything he told you."

"You were bringing it to me? It was among your papers?" quoth Don Jayme, who thought he began to understand.

There was a grim smile on Don Rodrigo's long sallow face. "I was taking it to the Governor of Hispaniola, Don Jayme de Guzman, to whom the letter was addressed."

Don Jayme's mouth fell open. He turned pale. "Not even that, then? The order was not intended for me? It was a part of his infernal comedy?"

"You should have examined the letter more attentively."

"It was damaged by sea water!" roared the governor.

"You should have examined your conscience, then. It would have told you that you had done nothing to deserve the cross of Saint James."

Don Jayme was too stunned to resent the gibe. Not until he was home again and in the presence of his wife did he recover himself sufficiently to hector her with the tale of how he had been bubbled. Thus he brought upon himself his worst humiliation.

"How does it come, madam," he demanded, "that you recognized him for your cousin?"

"I did not," she answered, and dared at last to laugh at him, taking payment in that moment for all the browbeating she had suffered at his hands.

"You did not! You mean that you knew he was not your cousin?"

"That is what I mean."

"And you did not tell me?" The world was rocking about him.

"You would not allow me. When I told him that I did not remember that my cousin Pedro had blue eyes, you told me that I never remembered anything, and you called me ninny. Because I did not wish to be called ninny again before a stranger, I said nothing further."

Don Jayme appealed in livid fury to her cousin Rodrigo. "And what do you say to that?" he demanded.

"For myself, nothing. But I might remind you of Captain Blood's advice to you. I think it was that in future you be more respectful to your wife."

The love story of Jeremy Pitt, friend and shipmaster of the glamorous Captain Blood, is chronicled in Next Month's Exploit of the Prince of Pirates

Waif of Karma

(Continued from page 61)

before. After that came other evenings. Then the young uncle went his way.

It was two months later, perhaps, that the old grandmother called the child, to question her. At the end of the questioning they turned her out of the house.

"Go," wailed her father. "Afflicted man that I am! I care not where you go."

"Go!" shrieked the grandmother. "Go where you like, O truly and triply Accursed—only, go so far that we hear no word of you again. Never before was our name so defiled. Go, before the brethren mock us with laughter, seeing our open shame!"

And so, cowering under their tongues, she fled out into the unknown world.

But when that day's sun had sunk half down the western sky, it chanced that a poor woman of the village, homecoming across the fields, found the child sobbing in the path. Quick to scent a morsel of scandal, the newcomer stopped to accost the little stray, who, grateful for a word, readily turned aside into the shelter of the bush, where, unseen, they might more freely talk.

As they squatted there, the woman casting about for an approach, the child's eyes wandered dully over a landscape that to her was new and strange. The ground, from their level, sloped somewhat steeply down into a long and shallow valley, threaded by two dark, closely parallel lines that, here and there, shone silver in the sun.

"What is that?" asked the Accursed.

The woman began to explain—then, with an exclamation, broke off the tale. "See!" she cried. "There comes one now! It is a chariot that breathes fire and smoke—a demon that the Sahibs harness and make to carry folk about the world in cars that speed like wind. Hark, now, how the demon shrieks his wrath!"

"He is like the car of Juggernaut," murmured the child—"the car before which, as I have heard, our people were wont to throw themselves, to be crushed to death and thereby purchase heaven."

Days afterward the woman, being examined, recalled the words.

"But why," she now impatiently broke in—"why are you not in your rich father's zenana where you belong? I know you for the Kulin's wife. What can you be doing here, alone and exposed?"

The little one's head dropped forward. "My father's door is shut," she whispered. "I have no place in this world."

Then words came with a rush.

"The grandmother says that I shall have a baby. Because of that I am cast out to beg or starve. And because of that, hereafter, I shall be thousands of times reborn into vile and horrible lives. Yes. Oh, yes. But a baby *is coming now.* A baby. *My* baby. Maybe a boy. Maybe, at first, he might like me.

"Do you think that could be? How would it feel? I cannot tell. Nobody ever liked me. I am the Accursed. Or, it may be a girl. A girl!" The child's voice broke in sudden horror, as she repeated the words. "Just a poor little wicked girl, like me! To suffer as I have suffered!—and I, however I loved her, I could never help her at all—never at all!"

And so the village woman, having learned all she needed to know, arose and hurried on her way, leaving the child alone on the hillside.

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You may win $10 . . . $20 . . . $150 . . . $250 . . . and if you're the grand prize winner, $750 extra! Judging will not begin until after the contest closes, May 31. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield. Mass.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.

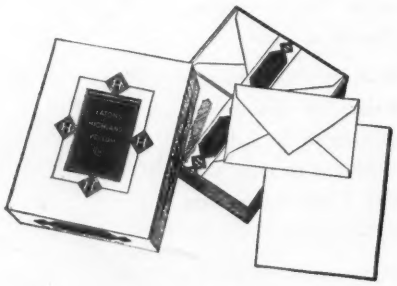
Types of letters: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread and butter" letter (a letter expressing appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter sent to some friend who is going away).

Closing date: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

Identification: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

Winners: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

Final judges: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.



EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM HIGHLAND LINEN

The train was filled with American world-tourists and most of the men walked quickly up the track to discover the cause of the stop. Most of them, on their return, put off the inquiries of their women-folk. But one young man, whose wife had nursed in France in 1918, told her what he knew of the truth.

"She was quite a little girl—only a child, in fact. The engine-driver says she sprang and flung herself directly in front, giving him no chance to miss her. But I surmise that's rather an excuse, and that she had gone to sleep with her head on the rail—as such people sometimes do. Anyway, I'm glad I didn't call you—glad you didn't see. For there was nothing—no, really, nothing, dear—that even your skill could help."

To Be Taken Before Sailing

(*Continued from page 35*)

ever earned with my pen was not by writing. I got a dollar—a whole big dollar—for a pen-and-ink sketch which I sold to an illustrated weekly called Texas Siftings. It died shortly thereafter. I guess the prices paid to outside contributors proved too heavy a drain upon its finances.

I was about fifteen then, or maybe I was sixteen. With old Mr. Kane, our leading house, sign, wagon and portrait painter, I constituted the artistic group or circle on our side of town. There was a gentleman who at intervals invaded the neighborhood taking orders for enlarging photographs—a large crayon enlargement absolutely free if the customer signed up for the handsome gold frame with the red plush insets—but he was a transient and in a measure an interloper, and I doubt whether you could call him a true creator. Old Mr. Kane and I really made up the resident art colony. But long before I met Europe face to face, I had learned that my future medium of expression wasn't going to be the pencil or the brush.

All the same, I suffered myself to be cantered past countless miles of Old Masters and Young Messers. I may have pretended that I was enjoying myself but that was merely a pose. Secretly I was bored stiff, and Lawsy, how my poor hoofs ached! When I took off my shoes at night I used to yelp—partly from anguish and partly from joy—until the people in the adjoining rooms must have thought somebody on that floor had smuggled in a coon-dog.

As I look back on it all, the sole net result of value that I can remember having gleaned from the pictures was my discovery that Saint Lawrence the Martyr by rights should have been the patron saint of Harvard's football team. He was always dying on a gridiron.

So when I got home again and the chiropodist was through with me, I took a solemn resolution. I said to myself:

"Never again will I permit anybody to drag me weary leagues to look at paintings just because somebody thought they were paintings and put frames on 'em and hung 'em on a wall. In future, when I go to alien climes I shall give myself over to study of the most interesting and vital things on earth: to wit, human beings."

I feel the same way about the run of cathedrals and the run of churches. To be sure, there are for me exceptions to the rule—exceptions which only make the general rule more binding. Whenever I am in Rome I revisit St. Peter's.

The sheer glory, the overwhelming grandeur of that vast pile, inside and out, is an everlasting treat to the soul. The beauty of the Baptistery at Florence is a spiritual uplift to anybody except a member of the Low Forehead Club. Westminster Abbey will thrill you, especially if you are of Anglo-Saxon or Celtic descent.

But that at the behest of the hired guide or the official guidebook, and only because these things are marked with asterisks, I should go madly galumphing from moldy crypt to smelly grave—that, brethren, is no longer for little Irvy. It won't be for you, either, if so be you hearken to the voice of reason and the lesson of experience as here laid down by one who long ago took every degree in the whole lodge and who knows that the chief rewards are vexations and water blisters.

Nearly everybody of importance in Europe appears to have been dead for several hundred years; you'll be struck forcibly by that. Then why not let them rest in peace, where they're comfortably planted, while you go out on your own hook, unaccompanied by official guidance if possible, and look up something worth while among the living? Why should any normal-minded Yank feel called upon to work up a bogus sentimentality upon viewing the last resting place of Rollo the Norseman or Uric the Acid or almost any one of those old-timers? Why should he try to summon up memories of the misty past by lingering at some ancient vault which in the matter of janitor service has been neglected for five or six centuries? If only he'd stop to think, he'd realize that it would be just as appropriate for him to get all steamed up and weepy because it's going to be seventeen long years before those dear little seventeen-year locusts come back again.

As for me, though, I've been enlightened and I freely admit it. If I had but a few hours to spend in a foreign city which I never before had seen, I'd ask that first of all I be taken to a public market, a pawnshop and a prison. Then, if I saw nothing else, I should at least have an idea of what the inhabitants of this city were like, for I'd know what their favorite foodstuffs were and what valued possessions they hocked when they were hard up and how they treated their jailed malefactors—in short, I'd have peeped behind the scenes of their private life.

Continuing to make the point direct and personal, take me, say, when I'm sojourning in Paris. It's a pleasant afternoon in the springtime and the horse-chestnuts are in bloom. Some ass—a well-meaning ass, mind you, but nevertheless an ass—comes to me where I sit in one of those pleasant sidewalk cafés, with a stein on the table and a good cash register ringing clear, and suggests that I ought to revisit Notre Dame and prowl its endless furlongs of aisles. Do I do so? I do not. To that misguided person I speak substantially as follows:

"Sucker, listen: For several years I lived on West One Hundred and Tenth Street within easy panting distance of those heights which are crowned with the imposing profile of the Cathedral of St. John the Unfinished. I've seen that great edifice mounting toward the heavens stone by stone—sometimes, on very busy days, two stones—and I've never yet gazed upon its interior, although oftentimes I have heard it highly spoken of by lovers of scaffolding. When I resume my round of cathedral-viewing, if ever I do, I shall begin by giving that majestic structure my trade. I

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SHE DOESN'T SEE

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* * * *

Every woman knows how quickly excessive perspiration can ruin a treasured garment, how suddenly it can defeat the lovely impression she hopes to make.

Ever-increasing thousands have found DEW the happy remedy. They prize it because they can use it as often as needed and at any time of day—even while dressing.

DEW will not irritate a sensitive skin or harm the most fragile dress when the simple directions are followed.

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"Besides, sitting here without distractions except for the occasional necessity of shooing away a swarm of beggars, and about once in so often brushing out of my lap one of those gentlemen who think that merely because I'm an American I yearn to buy a stock of dirty postal cards or go to see twenty beautiful virgins dancing without any clothes on, I can see the streams of boulevard life flow past—can study the manners of these folks and philosophize upon their attributes. And that's entertainment enough for any creature who's constituted along my general lines.

"Hour by hour, I can sit here keeping the throat properly moistened, and ponder upon the intricacies of the Paris traffic laws if any such there be, other than the Law of the Survival of the Flittest, and say to myself that surely it frequently must be necessary to bury one of these taxicab boys along with a lamp-post owing to the difficulty of telling which is which.

"By the way, my dear saphead, if you succeed in locating the Tomb of the Unknown Chauffeur, you'll let me know, won't you? I fain would stand beside it and shoot off some skyrockets.

"But for the present peaceful moment I'm happy and I'm comfortable. You toddle along to Notre Dame, if you feel that you just must, and leave me here, alone but satisfied. *Garsong, garsong, encore le tall beer, see voo play!"*

That's me. Oh, yes, I have my relapses, as who does not? Everybody succumbs to foolish temptation and slips up about once in so often. Once in Lisbon, being beset by a strange morbid craving, I made a laborious pilgrimage to what is vulgarly known as the Church of the Pickled Kings. In former times the Portuguese used to preserve their dead kings, including several who had passed away rather mussily, and they kept them on file in this church for exhibition purposes. Kings do not make very good preserves—I found that out.

And then again—last winter, it was, and down in Panama—I suffered a kindly volunteer to waste hours of his time and my time trying to find for me the ruins of a certain Spanish building boasting a certain freakish architectural feature. What I really craved to do that hot morning was to return to the picturesque water front or to the shopping district of the older quarter of the city with its congress of all nations.

But no, I let him lead me around and around until he stumbled on the building with the famous flat arch over its central doorway. Wasn't that stupid—when at that very moment I was myself the possessor of two of the flattest arches in the known world? And I wasn't bragging about them, either.

How much better two of us managed our itinerary when three months later we reached Spain. Crossing from South America, we disembarked at Cádiz. By now we rather fancied that we knew our minds and we proceeded to prove it. First, we went to see one picture in which both of us had an interest, and then each followed his own peculiar fancy.

My companion, as it happened, was a student of mural ceramics. By keeping his eye peeled, he discovered that a peep into almost any doorway would yield displays of marvelous old painted tiles. He had a wonderful time and came back to the hotel that night burbling deliriously of what he had seen.

Whereas I enjoyed myself to an equal extent through a different sort of quest. After exploring various obscure and odorous byways, I succeeded in tracing my course to the open-fronted studio of the genius whose specialty was embroidering the rumps of the local mules. Through a fascinated afternoon I watched from the narrow sidewalk while with shears and scraper he produced his designs—now a simple bit of scrolling done in hair raised from the shorn pelt, and then again an intricate involved decoration which started at the hind quarters of the favored mule and spread over his withers and up his flanks and along his back to the shoulders.

This quaint custom prevails nowhere apparently except in Cádiz. Once in a while you see a muleteer passing with abashed head held low. He's so poor or so lost to pride that he hasn't even his sweetheart's initials embroidered on a mule's south end. But such sights are rare.

On reaching Seville we gave the exposition grounds but the briefest of surveys. To begin with, the exposition was in an unfinished state and, besides, we had a feeling that when it was finished it would be pretty much like all the other expositions that ever were. We passed up the chance to make the round of the nine cigaret factories, each one of which is the authentic cigaret factory where Carmen worked as a cigaret-maker before she started making Andalusian whoopee; and likewise the twenty-two barber shops, each guaranteed as the shop of the original "Barber of Seville."

Instead of following these ordained and tiresome routes, we put in the better part of a fruitful week soaking up and absorbing the local color of a lovely city wherein the influences of the tourist trade, the radio and the movies had not yet standardized the people. Here were women of all classes in the mantilla, the flowing skirts, the tall shell comb, the unbobbed hair of Old Spain; here were men—not peasants, either, but aristocratic-looking persons frequently—who jauntily wore the flat-topped sombrero which is the father and mother of our cowboy hat, and the short jacket with the big ornamental buttons on it, and sometimes the broad sash and, to top off, a great flapping cape.

Then, having rhapsodized over Granada, and having by painstaking investigation gleaned the information that Valencia appeared to be the only town in the world where the tune called "Valencia" never had been played or sung or whistled or hummed or even heard of, we moved along to Barcelona; and at Barcelona we enriched our education by going to a prize fight. Being Lent, it was the wrong season for bullfights although we did hear that over in Madrid the ladies were talking of getting up one to raise funds for establishing a local branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

So we went to a prize fight and there we learned this interesting truth: They don't fight there according to the Marquis of Queensberry ritual; they use the rules laid down by another distinguished member of the British nobility—namely, the late Lord Chesterfield.

Not even in Madison Square Garden, where so frequently the scrappers in the main bout refrain from antagonizing their opponents, have I seen gladiators so polite to each other in and out of the ring. Never again can anybody come around telling me the Spanish are a bloodthirsty race, because I've been to one of their prize fights.

You see, such independent scouting-about as this carries with it the lure of being an explorer and a pathfinder. I remembered how it was with me—and my wife—on that first visit of ours to

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England. At the outset, being greenhorns, we followed the beaten trails.

We saw St. Paul's, the Embankment, Windsor Castle, Parliament, Buckingham Palace, the Abbey—the orthodox box of tricks. We visited the Tower of London, where one of Mrs. Cobb's high-born ancestors is said to have been executed, and also Tyburn Hill, where some of my forbears doubtless got what was coming to 'em.

But presently, having developed initiative, we branched out as free lances, so to speak. Next only to the day which I spent sitting entranced in Bow Street Police Court studying an unending procession of East End types and admiring the dispassionate fairness and infinite patience of the English system of administering the law to petty offenders—next to that, I say, the biggest thrill, for me at least, came on a day when the two of us hired an automobile—a considerable undertaking back in 1913—and with it a friendly, wide-awake cockney youth as driver, and bade him take us for a spin through rural England, off the beaten tourist routes.

Late in the autumnal afternoon we passed a pleasant, grassy, meadowlike expanse through which a small brook went placidly meandering. The peace and kemptness of the spot stirred my admiration and I poked our driver in the back and asked if he knew whether this particular brook had any particular name.

There was a kindled twinkle in his eye as he glanced over his shoulder.

"Ow, yuss, sir," he said, "it 'as a nyme. Possible you might 'ave 'eard its nyme. The nyme is Runnymede."

Why, we felt like a couple of Christopher Columbuses! Unawares, as it were, without preliminary ballyhooing or press-agenting to take the edge off our expectancy, we had happened upon the cradle of Anglo-Saxon liberty, the birthplace of Magna Charta, the very place where the nobles wrested from a craven tyrant the precious guarantee that Britons never shall be slaves except to catarrh.

According to my best observations, these three be the chief incentives which, on the occasion of his or her first voyage over the seas, inspire the average American:

First, to be able to send back souvenir post cards to envious stay-at-homes.

Second, to be able to brag on return of having visited the Old World.

Third, to be able to say when somebody mentions an art gallery or a cathedral or what not, "Oh, yes, I've been there."

But I, for one, would rather boast of having looked upon some spot which the run of the human shad have never seen and possibly never will see—some scene which gave me an insight into the mystery and the comedy and the tragedy of existence abroad—than have to admit that I'd seen only what millions before me had seen; what millions after me would be content to see.

Wouldn't you?

So I beg you not to let these guidebook sharps sweep you right off your feet. Believe me, you'll be needing those feet before you get through.

Irvin S. Cobb's beloved old meddler, Judge Priest, deals himself a hand in a game of love—in a story that will appear in Cosmopolitan Next Month

You're Fired! *by Royal Brown* *(Continued from page 70)*

dramatic thing than had ever happened to Sanda Lee, surely. Only newspapers do not gauge news values that way.

No New York paper, for instance, would publish such headlines as:

BANKING FIRM
FIRES BILL

Of course Bill's first impulse was to cancel his passage. Second thought had suggested that he sail anyway. "If I needed a rest and change before, I need it doubly now," he had reminded himself.

So he had sailed—and so he had met Sanda. The liner was then some twelve or fourteen hours at sea, east bound.

A book introduced Bill to Sanda. It slipped from her lap as he swung by her steamer chair. An ancient device, that, but Bill did not recognize it as such.

On the other hand he at once recognized Sanda. As anybody but an idiot must, such being the power of the press these days. He had, at the moment, no more than restored the errant volume and been thanked by Sanda. Her voice was crisp, yet delightful. He had also remembered a dimple as he had passed.

The episode might have ended there. Should have, Bill was presently to assure himself. But chance had started something and chance was to develop it. So Bill saw it. He forgot that chance is usually portrayed as feminine.

Sanda indubitably was. They met again, naturally—and more definitely. If Sanda had told him then that she knew his name very well before he proffered it, and also before she dropped the book, he would have been incredulous. Instead, she had merely grimaced engagingly when he assured her that he had already identified her.

"It isn't as if I really were somebody—had ever done anything," she had explained. "I am only grandfather's appendage, you see."

Bill did see it. But it was miraculous that *she* should and that she should add:

"The only really remarkable thing about me is that I'm still myself."

It was offered as a bit of humor, but Bill realized what she meant. From the start there had been a mutual comprehension that filled in gaps.

Living in the limelight must have its effect upon a person, and Sanda had been subjected to it from childhood. Because her grandfather was what he was she had walked with a king. And she had danced with prime ministers and crown princes. Yet she had not lost the common touch.

She was still inextinguishably Sanda Lee. Quick, frank, intensely alive. Sensible and utterly unspoiled.

This was what charmed and at the same time disarmed Bill. He never sought her out, nor did she seek him. It happens that even a big liner is a small place and they met easily and naturally. There was no courtship in his manner, no coquetry in hers.

It was that which misled them.

Too many men in Sanda's experience had been like moths that quicken to a flame. A flame that she always felt was golden. They had been an assorted lot, beginning with that prince in Paris, and they had not all been without charm. But they had had one trait in common. They had made unmistakable love.

Whereas they—Bill and Sanda—just talked for the most part. About anything and everything. They were never at a loss for something to say and they did not talk much about themselves.

Possibly Bill should have told her the truth about himself. But what was it? "I've just been fired—like any forty-dollar-a-week clerk." This was a fact—but was it the truth? It suggested failure. But that he refused to admit, whatever others might say.

Besides, to tell her the truth might suggest a warning that he would have considered silly. A sort of "I'm ineligible—don't get too interested in me!" As if Sanda would!

So they danced and talked and walked the decks and caused gossip through three days at sea. And believed they were not at all in love.

And so they came to their last night but one at sea. The decks were not much peopled, for all that it was a soft starlit night. Bill and Sanda drifted toward the taffrail. There they stood, presumably absorbed in the liner's wake. Yet they were conscious of a curious quickening.

Nature's ancient stratagems. A warm and heady night. The throb of the turbines that were thrusting them toward their destination and toward the moment when they would say good-by.

Perhaps they both thought of that. For once they were silent.

Sanda finally broke the spell with a swift upward glance. Bill felt as if some mystic force were trying to thrust him headlong. Nevertheless, he did not move.

"It's so beautiful," murmured Sanda. "I hate to go."

The words were innocuous enough. And yet at that second Bill felt the oldest of urges. An almost overpowering impulse to gather her swiftly into his arms. And he knew—just knew—that she would not resist.

Nor was that insufferable conceit. It was something impalpable. No more, perhaps, than the faintest tender curving of her determined mouth. "Yours—yours for the asking," it seemed to say to him, without saying a word.

But Bill did not ask. Instead, he reached for a cigaret, lighted it, tossed the match overboard.

It was a warm night. But not so warm that there should be little beads upon his forehead.

Sanda gave him another glance. Then: "But I must go, I suppose. Grandfather never goes to bed until I appear," she added, her voice casual.

They moved forward along the deck to the door that gave nearest access to the suite she and her grandfather occupied. There she paused.

"Good night," she said. She glanced up, smiled.

"Good night," said Bill.

But he did not smile. His eyes avoided hers. His voice was strained. So were the lines around his mouth. Sanda missed none of the details. And she pondered them in her heart as she went the rest of the way alone.

Hezekiah Lee was still up. He was reading a dime novel. The sort that is bound in cloth covers and sells for two dollars and a half. A very human man, basically, old Hezekiah Lee.

"Have you guessed who stuck the mysterious dagger in the victim's heart?" asked Sanda, who knew his fictional weakness.

He started guiltily. Then, characteristically, he launched a counter-attack. "Have you any idea what time it is?" he asked ferociously.

"*I* have—but have *you?*" she shot back at him.

He hadn't, not the slightest. Nevertheless, he was not going to admit it. Not Hezekiah Lee.

"I've been waiting for you," he assured her with dignity. "What have you been doing?"

Sanda started to speak, then checked herself. What *had* she been doing? She let her wrap slip from her shoulders. Then: "I suspect I've been offering my hand—and your fortune—to a man who has turned me down," she announced.

Hezekiah Lee goggled. "Wh-what?"

"Or perhaps," Sanda amended, "it was *your* fortune rather than my hand that he rejected. I hope that's it."

Hezekiah Lee no longer goggled. He glared. "Do you mean to say you proposed to a man?" he exploded.

SANDA shrugged her shoulders. "Not in so many words," she admitted. "But unless he's an idiot he must have got the idea that I was—well, available, if you know what I mean!"

"Who was it?" thundered Hezekiah Lee. But he knew, for he added at once, "You told me only yesterday you had no intention of falling in love with him."

"I didn't—yesterday," she retorted.

He could not understand that. "You sound as if you had gone crazy."

"Well, isn't that as good a definition as any?" she asked.

Her dimple flashed, but it was like a candle combating a gale. Something smote her grandfather's heart, yet his manner only became more ferocious.

"Has he been making love to you?" he raged.

"No—worse luck," confessed Sanda candidly. "He just won't. Whether because of your money or just because——" She did not finish. Remembering the something in Bill's voice and the lines around his mouth, she did not quite believe the alternative.

"Well, he'd better not make love to you," her grandfather raged on. "Not if he knows what is good for him."

"Perhaps," interrupted Sanda, "it wouldn't be good for him. But it *might* be good for—me."

That checked him. He stared at her. Then: "Is it—is it as bad as that, baby?"

Sanda smiled gallantly. "I think it's worse," she said.

"Good Lord!" murmured Hezekiah Lee. Then, "Humph!" he grunted—and rubbed his nose. "It's a funny world," he remarked presently.

And that was precisely the way Bill felt about it at that minute.

Leaving Sanda, he had turned to the taffrail again. "I'm an ass," he was assuring himself for the twentieth time. "I just imagined it."

But he hadn't. In his heart he knew it. And it *was* a funny world. He had taken this passage to get perspective on himself; to decide on his next move. His economic future was problem enough.

A month ago he would have had only to let it be known that he was looking for another connection to have a dozen offered him. His record would have insured that. His record? What was it now? He had been let out. The firms that would have snatched at him would discover that and their attitude would change. Why had he "resigned"?

"Yes—why!" thought Bill. It couldn't have anything to do with his work on the merger. There had not been time enough to reveal the flaws in that, if there had been any. And before that his record was sweet.

"I wish this office was big enough to hold you," the August Presence had remarked suddenly, less than a month ago.

That had taken Bill by surprise. He couldn't understand it. "I'm not conscious of having outgrown it," had been the best he could muster at the moment.

"You will," the other had prophesied regretfully.

Bill remembered that now. A month ago the chief had had faith in him. A week ago he had fired him—by letter.

It was past figuring out. He was merely thinking in circles. And in the center of the circle, the center of the merry-go-round his thoughts resembled, stood Sanda. Slim, supple, indescribably desirable. A girl in a million—and a girl with a prospective hundred million at least.

It was certainly a funny world. It had to be Sanda, of course—utterly unattainable.

Even the fact that Bill was hardly a pauper made it the funnier. He had earned a lot of money these last few years and it had been solidly invested. He was at that moment assured of something better than ten thousand a year. Enough even for two—if the other were not Sanda.

Not that he had any intention of retiring on an income. Of one thing, at least, he was sure as he stood there by the taffrail, and that was that he wasn't through. He'd start somewhere, anywhere, and fight his way back. He'd done it once and he could do it again.

As for Sanda—well, he could at least make Sanda understand that he was hardly eligible at the moment. He could say something indirectly, humorously. Sanda must not be hurt. Further than that he did not go.

But Sanda herself had gone further. Hezekiah Lee, who had "humphed" kings and prime ministers, had been experiencing a bad half-hour. Sanda had demanded that he tell her precisely what he knew about Bill and he had confessed his sins.

Only he didn't see them as sins. He refused to be penitent.

"But it *was* cruel, awfully cruel!" protested Sanda passionately. "I had no idea you'd do such things."

"Great jumping Jehoshaphat!" moaned her grandfather. "What do you think business is—a pink tea?"

"I don't think anything of the kind. But I *do* think——"

"Listen here!" commanded her grandfather, goaded to desperation—and inspiration. "If I were building a bridge for thousands of people to walk on I'd want to know how strong it was, wouldn't I? I'd want to be sure that it wouldn't break the first time a big wind or a high wave hit it. I wouldn't say, 'I'm sure as long as there's no strain on it that bridge will hold together!'"

"I don't agree," said Sanda, with dignity. But, being honest, she added, "I see what you mean, but a human being isn't exactly a bridge."

"I may not be a human being," Hezekiah Lee interrupted dryly. "In fact, a good many people think otherwise."

He paused, but that was because Sanda had impulsively pressed his hand. He rubbed his nose and resumed:

"And I've been called many things but never a bridge. But whatever they call me you can't deny that I've held a great many people on my shoulders in my day—people going to and fro about their affairs never giving a thought to old Hezekiah Lee except perhaps to cuss him. But believe me, baby, there have been moments when if I had let down there would have been a considerable crash. A lot of businesses would have gone under—and homes with them."

Sanda knew that. She was silent for a minute. Then: "What makes life so hard?" she murmured. "I do know what you mean, but why can't people just enjoy themselves—and be happy?"

"When you're as old as I am, baby," he broke in, "you'll know the answer to that. A soft life isn't worth a nickel—not to a man with red blood in him.

"Take football or some game like that," he went on. "It's a good deal easier to sit in the stands and watch it. You don't get your bumps and you don't feel as if you couldn't go on another minute. You don't get run ragged or have to take lickings. But do you suppose those fellows who play the game would rather sit up in the grand stand?"

"I suppose not," murmured Sanda.

He was swift to sense and press his advantage. "Listen, baby," he commanded, "when I was a boy there was just one way of determining whether a cat was a good cat or not. You held it up by its tail and if it yowled it was no good." He grinned. "I was pretty good at testing cats."

"I'll bet you were," said Sanda, with emphasis.

"And there's no better way of testing a man," he put in hastily. And added craftily, "If this young Minot has any idea in his head *I'll* give him a job——"

"He hasn't—not the slightest," said Sanda. She glanced at her watch and added, "My heavens, you march to bed, young man. You'll be a wreck tomorrow."

And he very nearly was. The ship's doctor was observed going into Hezekiah Lee's suite just before ten. By half past ten there were thirty rumors aboard the liner.

"They say he's had a stroke."

"They say he has acute appendicitis and they are going to stop the ship to operate. Notice how they are slowing down?"

"They say nobody knows what the trouble is and they've wirelessed a London specialist to meet the boat. That's the reason the speed has been increased."

Before noon, if one believed all one heard, Hezekiah Lee was victim to all the ills mortal flesh is heir to. Actually, he had an old-fashioned tummyache. No London specialist was needed. Or any operation. Just essence of peppermint.

But his temper was villainous. He barked at everybody, even Sanda. He told her not to hang around and coddle him. But she knew better than to believe him. She stayed. Even her meals were sent in.

"That's right—sit down and eat something worth while having, while that blankety-blank doctor has me fed slops," was all the gratitude she got.

FINALLY Sanda pointed her fork at him. "Listen here, Mr. Hezekiah Lee!" she commanded. "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself. Don't you realize that nature is just holding you up by the tail to see if you'll yowl?"

He started to explode, but thought better of it. "Humph," he grunted—and rubbed his nose. Then he grinned.

When she had finished her dinner he announced that he was all right and that no matter what the blankety-blank doctor said he was going to finish his novel.

"And you go out and get some fresh air, baby," he said. "You look as if you needed it." Sanda bent to kiss him. He caught her hand and held it tight. "I don't ever mean more than half I say, you know," he murmured gruffly.

"I should hope not!" commented Sanda. "Are you sure you can spare me for a few minutes?"

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Of that much he was sure. He was not so sure that he could spare her as long as he might have to one of these days. He considered that while he held his detective novel unread. Then: "Well, sooner or later I'm going to be held up by the tail that way," he decided grimly.

Meanwhile Sanda had emerged onto the deck. A mist rising from the sea hid the stars. Even the deck lights were subtly obscured. Figures were phantoms as they approached, became definite forms for a few seconds and dissolved into phantoms again.

Soon a phantom came toward her and something happened to her heart. "Bill!" said Sanda's heart, though her lips remained mute.

Bill it was. A distracted Bill. But he was not distracted over her grandfather. He had had the wit to go to the ship's doctor for information on that point.

"He's got a digestion like an ostrich," the latter had informed him. "If he'd be no more careless than an ostrich he'd be all right. As it is, he must expect spasms like this now and then."

In other words, Hezekiah Lee was not sick enough to cause concern or to need expert attendance. Sanda would look after him. Bill need not expect or plan or brace himself to meet her.

"And perhaps that is just as well," he had reminded himself after hours of thinking about her and wondering about her and, in spite of his belief that she would not be visible, roaming from this deck to that looking for her.

The second he spotted her he accelerated his pace in the manner of a thirsty man who sees an oasis. Yet all he said was, "How is your grandfather?"

"Much better," Sanda assured him. "In fact, he's well enough to sit up and read, so I've come up for air."

Light words lightly spoken. Yet her heart was hammering.

"Let's—let's go up on the boat deck," suggested Bill.

A wet wind was blowing up above. Neither spoke for a time. It was as if the mist were a net of silver silence cast over them. They had parted with a commonplace, met with another. Yet they were not taking up where they had left off. Things had moved forward.

Sanda spoke first. "Our last night at sea," she murmured.

Bill said nothing for a second. Then: "I'm going to miss you more than I can say," he assured her huskily.

The last thing he should have said, or meant to say. But he was like a man who, skirting rapids and conscious of their danger, suddenly finds himself shooting through them.

The words hung between them while Sanda stood tense. But Bill was still fighting that which threatened to engulf him.

"I never dreamed there might be a girl like you," he went on, trying to make it casual, as if he were paying her a merited tribute. "You are so sane, so utterly unspoiled and——"

"And *such* good company," inserted Sanda, almost sarcastically. She couldn't help it. She had expected something different. "Thanks awfully. I——"

She got no further. There is a limit to any man's endurance and Bill was no superman.

The most inflammable material in the world burst into spontaneous combustion. All because of a certain note in Sanda's voice, the swift defiant lift of her adorable head.

"Oh!" gasped Sanda breathlessly.

And then, for a few seconds, neither said anything. Unless actions speak louder than words—as they probably do.

"Why didn't you do *that* in the first

place?" she whispered, when she was given a chance to speak again.

Bill released her. "Because there is something I should have said in the first place," he said, striving for sanity.

And then he told her. She said nothing until he finished. Then:

"I'm not sure what you are trying to tell me. Are you trying to make believe that you are—a failure?"

Bill's lips set. "No," he said. "I——"

"I'm so glad," she interrupted. "I should feel ashamed if it were that. But if you are telling me that you have been spectacularly—and, it seems to me, unfairly—fired, what does it matter? Surely you'll get something else."

"My dear," Bill said, trying to be sensible, "I have at least to get the something else. And whatever it may be, can't you see that it will probably be something that I couldn't offer you?"

"Offer me—or Hezekiah Lee's granddaughter?" she asked.

"Aren't you both?"

"Not if it means what you seem to think," said she decisively. "Oh, my *very* dear, can't you see that my chances of ever finding happiness are very small if I must wait for some man who can match grandfather's millions before he'll consider himself eligible?"

He could see that, but he did not wholly agree. "Ask your grandfather what he would think of a man in my position who proposed marriage."

"He'd probably refuse to marry you," said Sanda frivolously. "But I doubt if he'd make you a good wife, anyway. He's not utterly unspoiled, by any means, and he *is* sort of set in his ways."

"You know what he'd say—and think," persisted Bill, refusing to be diverted.

"I know exactly what he'd say and think," she retorted. "But how about what *I* may think—and say?"

"Are you unprejudiced?" he asked.

"Very," she said stanchly. "Because I think and say just this: I'd be very proud of you if, instead of all this, you'd go straight to grandfather and say to him——" She checked herself. "But if I say it, it won't mean anything for you to say it," she protested. "But if you could only say it yourself!"

"There never was a girl like you," Bill said huskily. "I don't deserve you and probably never will. But I want you and I'll fight for you the minute your grandfather is well enough to see me."

"He's well enough now to blow your head off," put in Sanda. "His 'man'—he refuses to have a valet, of course—looks like Daniel in the lion's den. It may not be a propitious moment. But if you can't wait——"

"I can't," he assured her.

"What are you going to tell him?"

"The truth. That I love you."

"And that I love you," she added.

"That sounds presumptuous and incredible."

"But it is the truth. Go on."

"And that I've no job but I'm going to get one."

"He may threaten to see that you don't. He has great influence."

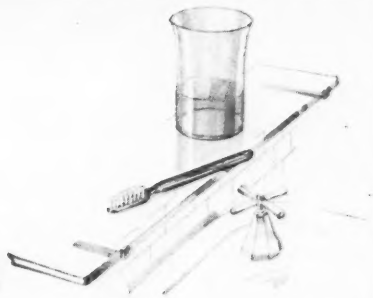
Bill knew that, but he preferred to ignore it now. "And that I'm going to get one," he repeated. "And that then, why, we hope for his blessing but——"

"Have you the courage to say all that—no matter how much he roars?"

"You have given it to me."

"Nobody could give it to you," she told him wisely. "But take this—for luck." And swiftly placing her hands on his shoulders, she kissed him. "His bark is sometimes worse than his bite," she added. "I'll wait here till you come back."

"In pieces—if his bite should happen



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to be worse than his bark *this* time."

"Then I'll put the pieces together," she promised.

And so Bill went to see Hezekiah Lee. But first, of course, he saw the man who was Hezekiah Lee's valet in everything but name. He carried Bill's request for an interview to his master.

"What?" roared Hezekiah Lee—Bill could hear him. Then, "Show him in," he ordered. It sounded, however, more like, "Let me at him!"

If Hezekiah Lee had ever been sick he didn't seem so now. His man withdrew, but not out of earshot. He was thankful not to be in Bill's shoes, but none the less interested and edified.

The master was in fine form. Even his greeting to Bill, "Well, sir?" was enough to send shivers down a sympathetic spine. And that was but the beginning.

"You mean to say you have the infernal nerve to tell me you are going to marry my granddaughter? . . . You'll get a job? Not a banking firm in New York or anywhere else will give you one if I tell them not to."

Why, it was more interesting than the movies. And the way the young chap stood up to him! He had *his* nerve, all right.

"And don't tell me that you'll dig ditches, if necessary," Hezekiah Lee was saying with tremendous sarcasm. "I can fix it so you won't even dig a ditch."

It was probably true. Bill knew the enormous power a man like Hezekiah Lee could wield. He felt sick. Yet:

"Are you quite through?" he asked, with chill courtesy.

"Through!" foamed Hezekiah Lee. "Haven't I said enough?"

"Plenty," Bill assured him, grim-lipped. He turned to go.

"Hey, where are you going?" demanded Hezekiah Lee.

"Back to Sanda," said Bill.

"What are you going to tell her?"

What, indeed? Bill hardly knew. The whole thing was almost unreal. He had thought Hezekiah Lee a bigger man than he had proved himself. At least he need not have been melodramatic.

So he hesitated. Then: "That the two men who might be supposed to be the ones who would do everything to secure her happiness have disagreed as to where it lies," he said deliberately. "Which of us is right she'll have to decide for herself."

"You mean you'll still marry her?"

"If she will marry me—yes," said Bill. He hesitated and then, being human, added, "And you can do your darnedest."

"My word, the master won't like that!" gasped the eavesdropper, goggle-eyed.

"Wait one minute!" thundered Hezekiah Lee.

And if the eavesdropper was goggle-eyed then, he was destined to be fairly taken off his feet, in his own phrase, by what happened next.

"Sit down!" barked the master. To Bill, of course.

Bill hesitated, then complied. Fortunately, because he was destined to be taken off his feet too.

Nevertheless, they served to take him swiftly back to Sanda when he was finally dismissed. She lifted her eyes as he joined her—and her lips as well. He kissed the latter forthwith.

"Did grandfather tell you to do that?" she asked.

"Indirectly," he replied.

"I'm so glad you did it directly," she assured him. "What did he say?"

"To begin with—or at the end?"

"I know what he said to begin with—at least I have an idea. He held you up by your tail, didn't he?"

"He did," admitted Bill with a grin.

"I wanted to warn you not to yowl—but it wouldn't have been fair. And somehow I felt it wouldn't be necessary, although he can be terribly realistic."

"The stage lost a great character actor when he became interested in finance," said Bill feelingly.

"Well, what did he say to end with?"

"I suspect you know that, too," he accused. "You have known all along, haven't you, that——"

"That grandfather was interested in you even before I was?" she put in. "I did know that. But it was only last night that I discovered he had had you fired without an explanation."

"Which solves *that* mystery," remarked Bill. "No wonder the chief ducked the job of doing it in person. He'd been press-agenting me to your grandfather to do me a good turn. And then he was ordered to fire me like that just to see if——"

"If you were a good bridge—one that would weather the storm," supplied Sanda. "That *must* have been a blow to the chief—and to you, too. But of course grandfather wanted to be sure before he took any chances with you."

"He was right. It's not a bad idea to test tensile strength in men, I suppose. I'm only glad I didn't crack."

"You wouldn't," Sanda informed him confidently.

He put a swift period to that. Perfect punctuation. Then:

"And to think I told him I'd get a job," he went on presently, "when all the time he had something bigger for me than I ever dreamed."

"Am I as big as that?" teased Sanda.

"You!" breathed Bill. "Why, you're as big as the world."

"Don't be silly! I'm just Hezekiah Lee's unspoiled granddaughter. While you—why, you're a bridge that even grandfather approves of. A wonderful bridge that"—her dimple danced in the uncertain light—"I can walk over as much as I want to."

"I'll give you a perpetual pass."

"Oh, I'll pay—what I can," she promised. And let him take a sample. Several, in fact. Until, abruptly:

"I'm a brute!" she said. "I'm so happy I forgot all about grandfather. Will you wait a little while for me?"

"Forever, if necessary," he assured her.

Sanda found her grandfather in his chair, a cigar in his mouth, his detective story in his hands. But the cigar was dead. And he had not turned a page since he had picked the book up.

"No, I'm not an angel," he assured her gruffly, as she swept down on him. "And if you think *I* want to see you married to any man you're mistaken. I——"

There he checked himself. As Bill had remarked, the stage lost something when Hezekiah Lee turned to finance. Hezekiah Lee proved that now.

"Don't you mind me, baby," he counseled. "You can't go wrong when you marry a man I picked for myself. I know how to test them—and if he's good enough for me he ought to be nearly good enough for you." He even managed to grin like an impish schoolboy, or perhaps like a good cat who refused to yowl, as he added: "Kiss me. I'm going to bed where I belong. And *you* go back where you belong."

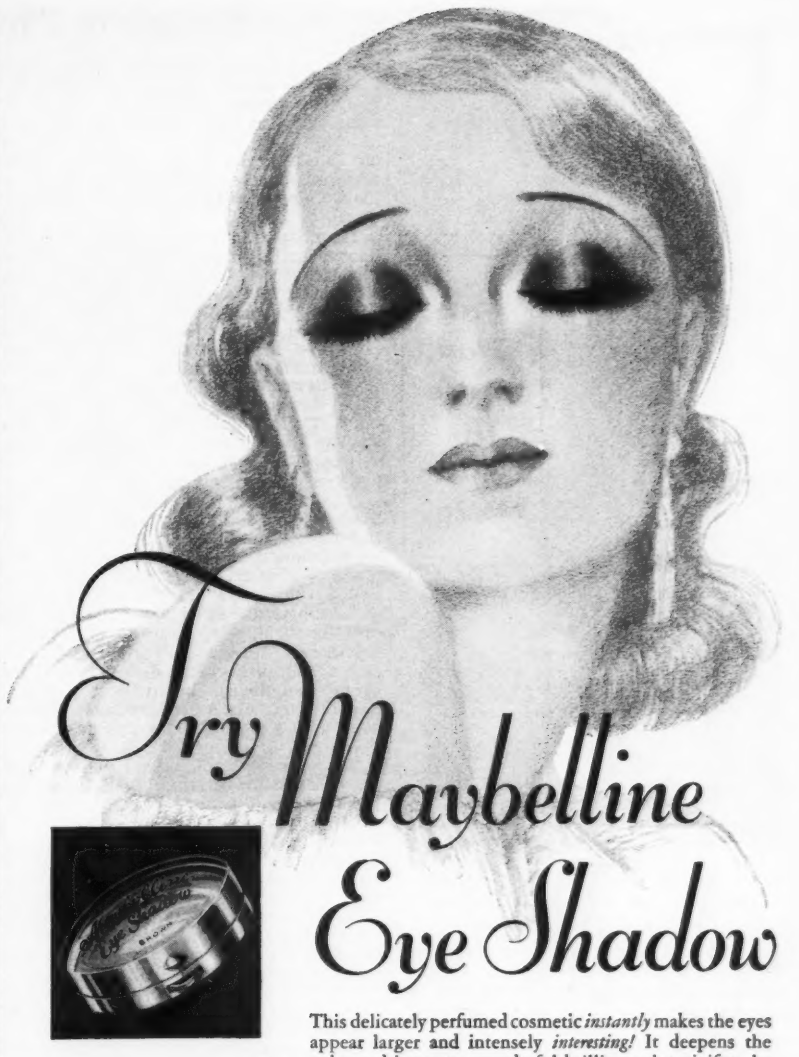
The eavesdropper—still within earshot, naturally—began to feel sentimental himself. "It's fair like a love story," he was assuring himself. "Everybody kissing everybody and——"

"Hey!" bellowed Hezekiah Lee.

It was his master's voice.

"Yes, sir. Coming, sir," he answered.

It was plain to him that he, at least, was not to be kissed.



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Return of Pan

(Continued from page 33)

before his nights achieved tranquillity.

Pancoast needed friendship and company to reassure him that he was not in some dim purgatory for aviators who had not led an upright life since arriving in old La Belle you-know. Pancoast whispered a soft "Hey" as MacPherson turned his wan bearded face to him in the false dawn.

The chaplain was up against his worst hours, for his mind was clearing to the realization that its body had been given an intolerable amount of morphine in the past three months, intolerable to any but a man reduced to babblings of Scripture mixed with occasional terse commands of infantry combat. The Presbyterian found himself now, as the clock struck three in the town, extending his left arm above his head and rolling the sleeve down with his right hand.

It was an unconscious gesture, but the left arm seemed to know what it wanted, and the right hand was obligingly baring the skin for the sharp impingement of the needle and the sickening lassitude that followed the jet of morphine sulphate sent warm and muggy into accustomed veins. MacPherson was learning that spiritual and mental battles are nothing to physical contests with evil.

Pancoast leaned forward to see his new acquaintance. "God, but you've got a real cough-drop beard!" It was astonishing on an American face. "Must have been a casualty long ago. Soissons, eh?"

"Soissons?" MacPherson echoed the word, searching through the files of his newly washed brain. "Never heard of it," he said.

This ignorance astonished Pancoast, whose war experiences dated from Foch's great counter struck on the heights by that city. "Never heard of it? Sweet jumping Jesus, where have you been?"

"I would rather," said MacPherson in better voice, "that you did not take the name of the Savior in vain."

"I'm sorry," said Pancoast instantly. "But sweet jiminy crickets, where have you been?"

"Sick," said MacPherson. "Got mine at Vaux."

Pancoast was mollified. He had shot down eight enemy planes, but was now beginning to understand there had been a war. "Where were you hit?" he asked.

MacPherson knew that. "Both feet," he said, and tried an army jest. "Lost six inches from each foot. That makes a total of one foot." The preacher regarded the jest as a failure when the aviator failed to laugh. "Where were you hit?"

Pancoast was abashed over his own grievous wound. "Got one in the soft part of my neck," he said. "I'm going to have a neck twisted like a God-damned swan." Curiously, he too tried to jest as the room grew light. "My observer was shot right in the seat of the pants. He's being operated down there now. He's out of luck about writing his girl back home. She's too sensitive and refined to hear the details."

MacPherson laughed for the first time since Soissons. "Tell him to cite the passage from Shakespeare: 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Roughhew them how we will.'"

Pancoast could see now that his companion was an elderly fellow. He wished to be polite. "I will," he said. "Ain't that from 'Midsummer Night's Dream'?"

The wan preacher laughed again. "You're thinking of Bottom," he said. "A natural connotation."

"I guess so," said Pancoast, reaching tenderly into his musette pack and retrieving a half-corked bottle of cognac. "Say," he said, "I got a quart of Three-Star here." He was wary. "Just one quart, mind you. What do you say we polish it off right now?"

"Cognac?"

"Sure," said Pancoast. "It's swell beer. Let's hit it." With all the grace left a man with a large wedge shot from his neck he hit the bottle a polite first one and extended it across to the next bed.

"It won't help our wounds," said the preacher.

"To hell with our wounds," said the aviator. "Just throw your whiskers over that, and thank God for the sunshine."

MacPherson raised the bottle. "I've never tasted it," he said. He drank a heavy draft. "It burns," he said. "But it radiates your savoir-faire."

Pancoast downed another drink. He passed the bottle again, despite the chaplain's gesture of refusal. Pancoast lectured him. "You want to keep right after this stuff; I can see your education's been neglected for too much Shakespeare."

"It is unwise," the chaplain murmured, groggy from the spirit.

"Unwise? Your friend Shakespeare used to take his with a bicycle pump."

The bicycle pump set MacPherson's left arm throbbing again. He drank deep, and passed the bottle.

Pancoast drank deep again. "Well, toodle-doo," he said, seeming to sink into sleep instantly. MacPherson joined him, sleeping profoundly . . .

MacPherson would always remember that awakening on the morning after Pancoast's arrival. The night nurse had congratulated him on getting past a long night without morphine. That was the first step to recovery, and the hardest.

He heard the woman whispering to Pancoast. He hoped that Pancoast would not mention the bottle. But the woman had hardly moved on down the ward with her temperature chart before the aviator was sitting up, his cap with flying insignia perched on his head, fondling his musette.

The patient across the aisle discovered the insignia. "I don't believe it's an aviator," he said loudly. "Who ever saw a wounded aviator!"

"He's in here for a burst appendix," someone explained. "He's been sleeping out this war with a rich countess and the food was too delicate."

Pancoast produced his bottle and drank generously. "Will you please be quiet, gentlemen," he said. "I'm going to sleep until ten this morning. Please ask the nurse to pull down the shades."

"Look out," warned a voice by the door. "The ward surgeon'll see you."

"That's too bad," said Pancoast, drinking again. "Because he can't have any."

The ward surgeon was entering the corridor, his surgical nurse pushing the long dressing cart known as an Agony Wagon before her. The cart began its long rounds, and Pancoast watched wondering.

MacPherson, seeing it stop familiarly before him, the man in butcher's dress moving in with gloves and tweezers, nerved himself against outcry in the presence of his new friend. Once he twitched audibly and the aviator cringed, hiding in the covers.

"I hear you made the grade without anything last night," the surgeon said. "That's bully. You'll snap out of it now." The surgeon moved to Pancoast and prodded him.

Pancoast sat up dreaming, surveying

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the glittering array of the wagon. "Twice over," said Pancoast, rubbing his chin reflectively, "and a little off the back of my neck."

"Save the vaudeville," said the surgeon. "Let's have a look at those stitches I hooked into you last night."

"What stitches?" asked Pancoast, as the dressings were broken down with exquisite pain. "Oh, you mean where my collar button rubbed me?"

The surgeon grinned roundly. MacPherson would have sold his soul to have jested under such an ordeal. "Save that bottle until the colonel's made his rounds," the surgeon advised. "He's due here now."

"To get his pay, I suppose," said the aviator. "My last colonel always sent his wife down for his pay." He changed his tone. "How's my pal? The fellow that stopped one with his caboose?"

"He's resting on his stomach for the remainder of the war," said the surgeon, grinning over gold glasses.

"It'll be a big change," Pancoast agreed. "He's spent most of this war on his back in a ditch . . . Say, take your hand out of my tonsil."

"Your neck," the surgeon pronounced as he cut away a strip of flesh with a pair of light shears, "is going to be twisted all your life."

"And yours," Pancoast told him, "will be twisted at the end of yours."

"Shh," whispered the surgeon as the colonel came down the aisle. The colonel stopped at Pancoast's bed and watched the dressing.

"You can see he's a wriggler," advised the colonel. "I'd make him absolutely immobile. A double *velpeau* is the thing to put him in."

"Speak English, colonel," Pancoast exclaimed, "so I can hear you!"

The colonel ignored the remark, but leaned close to the aviator to observe the edges of the sutures. "You've been drinking," he said sternly. "I can smell brandy."

"I asked for some cloves," the aviator said apologetically, "but they said you *hated* the smell of cloves on a fellow's breath."

"If this man was anything but an aviator——" began the colonel. MacPherson laughed aloud. The commanding officer whirled. "That's great, that laugh," he said. "You *are* coming around. No stuff last night, and now, laughter. In a week you'll whip all these bums. Anything you want?"

MacPherson leaned forward and the colonel bent an ear. "Just see that this boy gets a quart of brandy a day," he whispered. "He's infectious."

The colonel grinned. "There are two quarts of brandy in his musette bag now," he said. The colonel twirled a knowing mustache and passed on down the aisle, stiff and formidable as he surveyed the wrecks of many second lieutenants of infantry. The colonel believed in miracles.

Pancoast had transformed the chaplain.

The young man with the twisted neck, pacing the quadrangle with his cigaret, fought away the thoughts of ten years before. His mind clung to the memories of this quadrangle and of the swan pool beyond its gardens. He fought away the images that crowded in upon him.

The chaplain was resting, but Pancoast wished to leave forever. He disciplined his mind to think only of the chaplain. He would like to hate the chaplain, but he was bound to him. Not since the night, his third in the hospital, when the Presbyterian received the package from home, could he ever feel anything but tenderness for the lean old fellow with the canes.

Mail had come that evening, and there were parcels. The chaplain's was by far the handsomest.

"It will be a cake," said MacPherson as an ambulatory crowd clustered about his bed. "My wife can make a pound-cake lighter than feathers." The parcel bore postmarks of many military post offices. "It will be stale now three months, but it will be ambrosia to me."

"It'll be better than anything we have around here," Pancoast gave an opinion. "And soaked in a little brandy for a day, it will get that schoolgirl complexion back again."

The ward agreed. The ward had worked on the chaplain's morale for three days. It watched with enjoyment the chaplain's weak fingers extract the pleasure of untying each string, of uncreasing each fold of paper. The mutilated old fellow was sitting up, groggy but game.

"I'm afraid it's a sweater," he said tremulously, "and not cake at all." The last wrapping contained six pairs of homespun socks, and the chaplain had no feet.

"What a pity," said MacPherson. "She'll be so disappointed when she learns that I'm not wearing socks any more. What a pity. A pity."

Pancoast could not stay by him. He crept out of the ward, dizzy, his neck gaping. He went into the orderly room and stole an overcoat and breeches and shoes. He was gone two hours, returning muddled, drunken, careening, crying. Unheeding the sleepers, he switched on all lights of the ward, and with turtle neck sagging and bandages freshly reddened, he presented mutilated men with gifts they could not use.

For the Tennessee giant who had lost a thigh, he presented a child's skipping rope, a blue cord with ornamental grips. Young Grayson, who wore a veil and hoped some surgeon would make him some sort of patched face to take home to his mother, was given a pot of rouge.

With grave courtesy due to rank, Pancoast presented Major Larsen, one arm gone and the other going, with a set of diabolo. Conacher the hard, nursing a macerated jaw and ferocious from two months' soft diet from a tube, was offered a small bag of hickory nuts. Thompson's lungs were pierced, but Thompson grinned as he contemplated his harmonica.

The colonel was called half an hour later to quell the loud and hilarious ward, which was running the Angers Handicap Sweep. The colonel said nothing, leading Pancoast away to a private room, where he was immured two weeks to prevent further hemorrhages. MacPherson became A. P. O. N. again, and the ward settled to routine of dreary jests and eggshell battles.

There was a day when Pancoast ventured into town sober, his wound healing. He had been accompanied by the colonel, and haled before a tattered battalion of French infantry, where a large Frenchman in gold and blue, his mustachios remarkably like the handlebars on a bicycle, had saluted him with a Château Margaux kiss on both cheeks and pinned a medallion upon his tunic.

Pancoast met the girl that day. Her mother was the wife of a brigadier who, Pancoast learned, had been killed at the beginning of the fighting around Fort Douaumont. The girl wore black, all the pallid delicacy of her face cameo against the somber yoke at her throat.

Pancoast had called upon them next day, meeting the manners of a half-vanished French morality. Madame and

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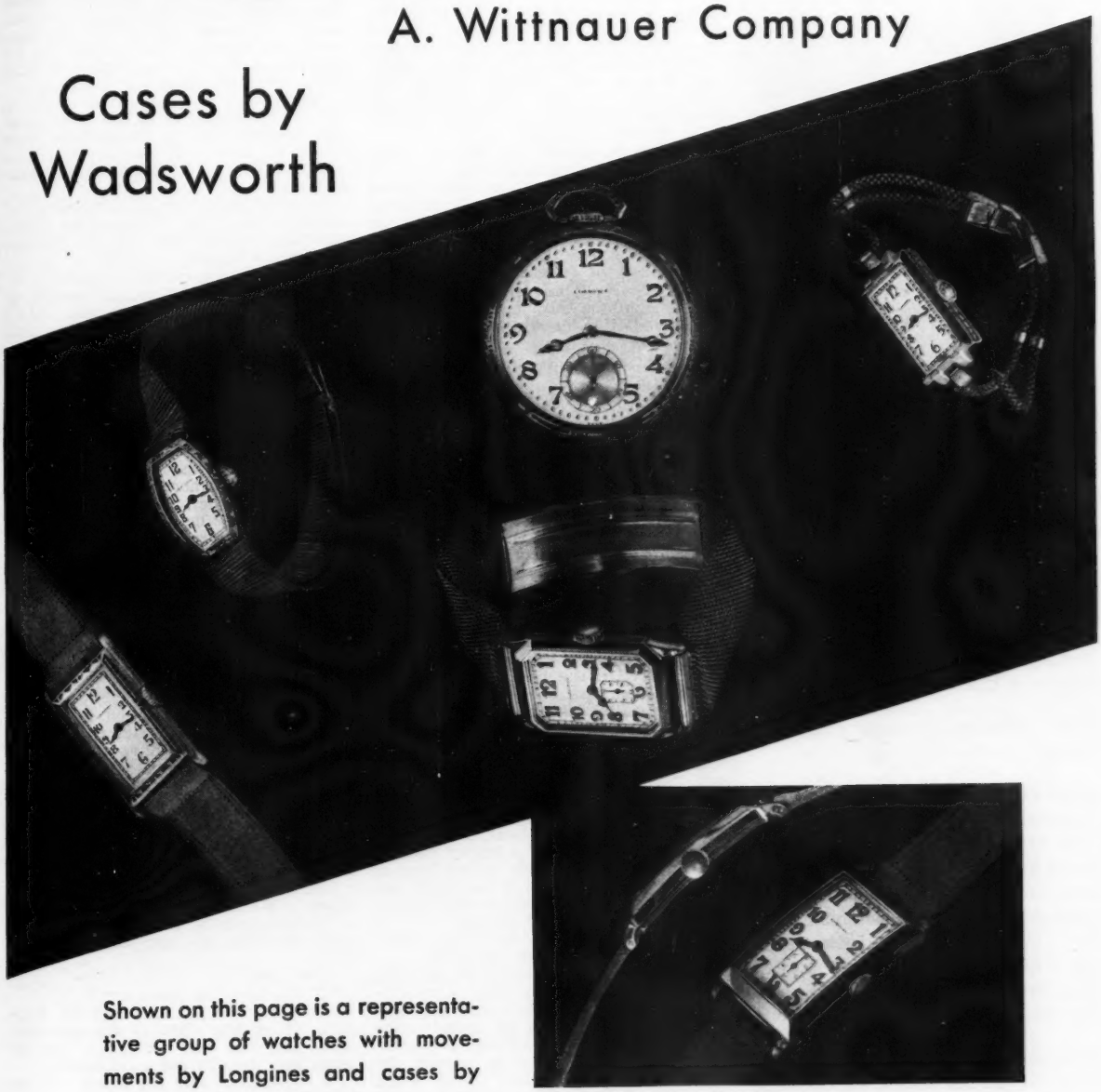

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Then's when you're most grateful for Mum!

In no more time than it takes to powder your nose, your underarm toilet is made with Mum. One dab of snowy cream under each arm and you're safe. Slip into your dress, and step forth—with assurance. For Mum doesn't have to dry. It is soothing—not irritating—to the skin. And just as harmless to the daintiest fabric; Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy.

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Mum does not arrest the action of the pores, or interfere in any way with their normal, necessary work. It just neutralizes the odor completely.

Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table and make its use a daily habit, morning and night. Many women carry it in the purse, to be ready for any emergency. Spreading a little Mum on the sanitary napkin makes one serenely safe from offense. Mum Mfg. Co., N. Y.

the younger children sat through the call. The widow had the polite gratitude of the French for a wounded Yankee, but the girl was filled with the adoration of youth for the wounded and crowned victor.

Pancoast, pacing the gardens of the quadrangle, drove the thing from his mind. He climbed the stairs where the chaplain was resting. He stood in the doorway. The chaplain had removed the extensions, and the pitiable ends of his shanks were thrust beneath the blankets of the bed. He was sleeping. Pancoast tiptoed over to the man's side and covered him gently.

Downstairs again, he walked slowly through the darkening gardens, past the cloisters where men in cassocks moved as in a world of dreams. He followed the familiar clipped hedge down to the swan pool where the same white birds were floating, to the same bench that sat against the fountain's back.

The water slipping from the mouths of the dolphins into the pool, the still voices of the quadrangle that once droned the titanic buzzing of a vast wounded hive, the chant somewhere within of scholars reciting in Alexandrines where once men had cried out wretchedly; these things faded from him. Thoughts fought out of mind for ten years would return now. The girl would be upon the bench again. Pillowed in her young breast, easing the scar that bowed his head forever, Pancoast flooded his mind with the past.

Pancoast had kissed the mother's hand that day, and bowed correctly to the girl at leave-taking. Yet there was a moment in the hall when he stooped to kiss the girl's hand, quickly, fiercely, with lightning folly. He had torn the medal from his tunic and thrust it into her palm. The mother was with them again. Once more, in the bad French he had acquired, he reasoned out an opportunity for calling again.

An army chaplain who held a captain's rank, unlike the French chaplain who remained a simple soldier to the end, was in bed at the American hospital. He was grievously mutilated, was losing morale. He was a very brave man, and might be benefited by the softening influences of a family visit.

If Mademoiselle would suffer him; if Madame would assent; if he might accompany them both next Sunday afternoon at the hour for visiting . . . If Mademoiselle's tender seventeen years would not recoil at such suffering.

Madame would be pleased to go. She and her daughter would even enjoy conversing in English, a language they admired much but spoke so badly. (She had been far too mannered to suggest English before, fearing to affront the young man's bad French.) They would be ready at five. It would be a gentle thing.

Pancoast called Saturday afternoon to make sure of their willingness to accompany him. He saw the imprint of a medal beneath the crêpe of the girl's breast. They held an English grammar between them. They made small sentences about shopping for food, about railroad tickets, mountain scenery, department stores.

Taking leave in the hall, Pancoast kissed her mouth. It had been long since he had kissed a mouth that left no stain of rouge. Returning to his quarters he had thought of this. But things had to be in this man's world.

At his bedside he found a notice that he would join Monday's convoy for a convalescent hospital. Pershing was moving against the Argonne, and surgical beds were to entertain a succession of occupants before the forest was passed.

The old Presbyterian knew when they came on Sunday. Pancoast came to his bedside, presenting the mother and her daughter, the small boy and the smaller girl, each with his little gift of fruit or flowers. There had been some humor over English and French pronunciation, but Pancoast sat smoldering, half fearsome, half nerved. The sun had left the quadrangle to the half lights of dusk when Pancoast made the attempt.

"There is a pool of swans here," he said, "and tomorrow I return to what fortune waits me. I am running away to my squadron. If Madame would let me once walk to this pool with Mademoiselle?"

It would have been simple enough at home for Pancoast. The chaplain's haggard face scanned him darkly. Madame hesitated a second.

The chaplain knew the darkness of her fears. "By the way," he said, picking up two letters from the table that served the two beds, "here are two letters that came this morning. I think they're from your wife."

The girl was quick as her mother. "Wife?" she said instantly, catching that English word with a gesture of horror.

Pancoast flushed. If the chaplain had guessed that he left a war bride at home, he knew at least that Pancoast had read the letters that morning, and that they were not from her. He smiled.

"In America," he said, quite truthfully, "sometimes one who has a friend refers to her affectionately as his 'wife.' It is slang, argot, sometimes, between those who simply jest."

"It is strange," said the widow.

"Eet is fonny," the girl said.

"The swan pool is like a copper bowl when the sky is red after sunset," said Pancoast, gently taking her arm.

The chaplain was roused by a soft-footed master, a black shadow in the door of the cell. "You have slept, Monsieur?" His English was clipped as precisely as the hedge in the gardens below.

The old Presbyterian with difficulty bridged the ten years of yesterdays.

"If Monsieur is tired," said the priest, shrugging youthful shoulders, "he may have my bed for the night."

The old man groped for his ponderous shoes. "Where is my friend?"

"He is asleep by the pool," the priest said, stooping to lace the chaplain's shoes.

"The pool?"

"It was here ten years ago."

"I could not walk then," said the chaplain. "Even the night of the armistice, when everyone else hobbled or was led down into the city for a celebration."

"I remember," said the priest. "I was here."

The chaplain peered at him in the half light. "Here?"

"At this bed."

The chaplain stood erect. "You were a child then?"

"Yes."

The chaplain walked to the window and stood looking down into a garden he had never seen. "Armistice night," he said, "was lonely here, until some visitors called."

"A widow," the priest continued for him, "and her family?"

"Her husband was a general who had been slain in the north." The chaplain spoke evenly, as if unaware of any questioning. "This family remembered an old man lying in a hospital bed, in the midst of the revels of the armistice. They pitied him; so they visited him."

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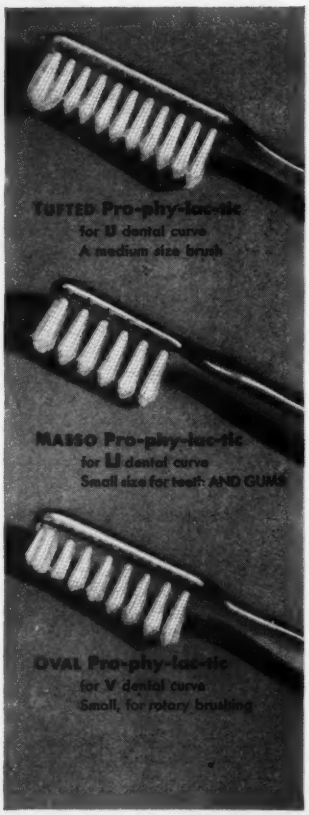

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"It was the young girl who visited him. She insisted."

"We had another visitor," the chaplain said, watching him. "A young officer of our army came here. He had been unkind to this girl, and his unkindness had hurt him. He had left her to return to his squadron, and the armistice was the first opportunity he had found to return here. At eleven o'clock, when the armistice was signed, he had stolen an airplane to fly here, to find her again."

The chaplain, eyes accustomed to the dusk now, was trying to recall the face of the child who had sat with his mother and sisters that night. The young priest was gazing into the garden, waiting, listening.

The chaplain continued softly: "This aviator could not find her at her mother's house. It was dark. He searched through the crowds of the square, a rare figure. A sober aviator on armistice night." The chaplain smiled faintly. "He looked into theaters and variety houses, searched cafés. Even stood upon railings and scanned the faces of families who were holding their fête of peace at home. Finally, he came here."

"I remember," said the priest, "his look when he came into the room."

The old preacher put his arm upon the younger one's shoulder. "It was the look of a man who would take a woman into his arms after a long journey home. But he checked himself and saluted us, clicking his heels. His manner was that of a man about to die. He spoke to the girl in a French he seemed to have memorized, a set speech. I could not follow its words, but there was no mistaking its import."

The priest stirred beneath the chaplain's hand. "I have not forgotten any word of it," he said.

"I would that I knew it," said the chaplain. "It is a thing that has lain heavy on my heart."

"He said," the priest spoke slowly, translating with deliberate appreciation of each phrase, " 'Mademoiselle, I have wronged you, and I have ruined my own life. Since leaving you, I have looked for death in the sky. But the heavens themselves are unkind to me now. I must wear the wrong I have done you in my heart forever. I ask you to pray that God will give you strength to forgive me.' "

The chaplain held the other man's arm tightly. "Ah," he said, "that was when he gave her the crucifix."

"I remember how the diamonds glittered," said the priest.

"I remember best her speech," said the chaplain.

The priest smiled faintly. "It was in English. It is I who cannot know the words. At that time, I was not accomplished."

The chaplain's face was wistful. "She had known he would return. She too had memorized in the other's language." The chaplain quoted the words: " 'Monsieur, once to all of us love must come. Among the accidents of this unhappy war, all of us have known sorrow and bereavement. My mother is bereft of my father. I am bereft of you.' "

"She wears the cross?" the chaplain asked.

"She bears the cross," the priest said.

"War," said the chaplain, "claims more than the dead."

He seized his sticks and groped his way into the corridor. Slowly the two men of God descended the steep pitch of the stairs. The chaplain could not withhold the truth when they had passed through the quadrangle and stood by the

pool, where Pan slept upon a marble bench.

"It is he," said the chaplain.

"But certainly," replied his companion.

Pancoast awakened slowly, he too shaking off the yesterdays with lagging return to the world of facts. He sat dully upon the bench, remembering how ten years before he had turned his back in submission of dismissal in the room above him, whipped and shamed.

"Monsieur is at peace here?" asked the priest.

"All the peace I'll ever know," said Pancoast.

Angers is a cathedral town, and the Anjou worker needs no clock to call him early, for innumerable loud bells lament the passing of mortal hours. The chaplain ten years ago had heard men praise the Cheval-Blanc for food and wine, and he now awoke within that hostel to find himself looking upon a yellowing court surrounded by the shops and *magasins* of a provincial city. He would not disturb Pancoast in the next room. The Presbyterian had bent his knee at prayer in cathedrals of France. He would do so again.

The cathedral stood at the top pitch of a hilly street broken by low wide steps to ease the ascent of the faithful. This the chaplain climbed slowly in the midst of workers for early Mass. At the topmost step he stopped, resting his back against a wall, and surveyed the two towers of the façade, and the great doors beneath them.

All the minutiæ of French life were filtering through the doors. Colored blouses of artisans, the horrible black of shopkeepers and the softer dullness of the bereaved moved slowly up the slope. Some stopped to rest, but others came on to salvation quickly. The chaplain scanned the faithful, half eagerly.

The figure of a man at the top of the street caught his eye. It was Pancoast, hatless, standing by the cathedral doors. He was dusty and hollow-eyed, with the air of a man who had walked the darkness away. The chaplain moved up the slope.

"Shall we go inside?" he asked.

"I'll stand here," said Pancoast.

The chaplain entered the cathedral, sank to his knees and prayed.

Pancoast had not moved when the old man returned. Below them, beginning the ascent, a woman in black dismounted from a bicycle and began pushing it up the steep street. The early sun caught something at her breast and took fire an instant, the gleam vanishing again as the figure leaned to seize the handlebars of the wheel.

Pancoast, his head cocked to one side, was trembling as he threw away a cigaret. The woman came up the steep slope. She paused halfway upon a broad step, resting.

Pancoast, as the pallor of her face seemed to shine in the morning sun, again caught the gleam; moved downward.

The chaplain held his breath. There were no words. Of that he was sure. Pancoast had seized the handlebars, was moving up the steep street again. She had relinquished the wheel as if it were an accustomed relief, to be met each morning there by Pancoast. They came on, the man slightly to the rear.

She had the sad face of the Frenchwoman in black, white ruching at throat and wrists setting off the delicacy of her features. The wheel, the chaplain saw, was of a piece with the little worn gloves. Its tires were patched; its metal a clean dullness.

At the cathedral door, Pancoast put the wheel in a rack, the girl walking in

She can do anything a boy can

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Bettina Belmont almost lives in her riding tweeds. She swims, too, and is a breath taking performer on a complicated trapeze affair that hangs in the peaceful old southern garden. In her odd moments she collects turtles—there are now eleven of various sizes—and drops them casually around to be picked up and played with when the mood seizes.

An outdoor life that is ideal for a growing child, of course. And Bettina's mother sees to it that Bettina's playtime is quietly regulated, with a little rest every afternoon.

Her diet is a matter that receives great care. Especially the matter of a *hot, cooked* cereal. The cereal this outdoor girl eats is the children's favorite, and the one that child specialists recommend—Cream of Wheat.

"When Bettina was a baby we were advised to give her Cream of Wheat," says Bettina's mother. "It's a habit we've been very regular about."

"I just love it," says Bettina herself. "I eat it every night for supper."

Mothers are quite used to this recommendation. The specialists themselves give it almost as a matter of course. Recently when we made an investigation among 221 leading pediatricians in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, they were *unanimous* in approving Cream of Wheat. And just a little surprised that anyone would even ask!

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without waiting for him. Inside, she bent knee and made her devotion. She walked forward unfaltering and moved into a pew, where she knelt in prayer.

Pancoast stood hesitant. He tried to straighten his head erect. It seemed to the chaplain that it was straight. He moved forward. It was patent that he did not know what to do, except that he must pray. Slowly, with infinite deliberation, he moved down the broad aisle. He came to the bench where the girl knelt. He moved in by her, close by her, and bowed his head.

The old Presbyterian stood in the open air, head uncovered, and prayed to all the Gods.

Gala Night

(Continued from page 43)

throw colored celluloid balls at one another and in other ways behave in a manner more suitable to the Cities of the Plain than to our dear England.

"No, Mr. Mulliner, if this young man Ronald Bracy-Gascoigne is in the habit of frequenting places of the type of the Home from Home, he is not a fit mate for a pure young girl like my niece Hypatia. Am I not correct, Percy?"

"Perfectly correct, my dear."

"Oh, right-ho, then," said Augustine philosophically, and turned the conversation to the forthcoming Pan-Anglican synod.

Living in the country had given Augustine Mulliner the excellent habit of going early to bed. He had a sermon to compose on the morrow, and in order to be fresh and at his best in the morning he retired shortly before eleven. And as he had anticipated an unbroken eight hours of refreshing sleep, it was with no little annoyance that he became aware, towards midnight, of a hand on his shoulder, shaking him. Opening his eyes, he found that the light had been switched on and that the Bishop of Stortford was standing at his bedside.

"Hullo!" said Augustine. "Anything wrong?"

The bishop smiled and hummed a bar or two of the hymn for those of riper years at sea. He was plainly in excellent spirits. "Nothing, my dear fellow," he replied. "In fact, very much the reverse. How are you, Mulliner?"

"I feel fine, bish."

"I'll bet you two chasubles to a hassock you don't feel as fine as I do," said the bishop. 'I haven't felt like this since boat-race night of the year 1893. Wow!" he continued. "Whoopee! How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! Numbers 24.5." And gripping the rail of the bed, he endeavored to balance himself on his hands with his feet in the air.

Augustine looked at him with growing concern. He could not rid himself of a curious feeling that there was something sinister behind this ebullience. Often before, he had seen his guest in a mood of dignified animation, for the robust cheerfulness of the other's outlook was famous in ecclesiastical circles. But here, surely, was something more than dignified animation.

"Yes," proceeded the bishop, completing his gymnastics and sitting down on the bed, "I feel like a fighting-cock, Mulliner. I am full of beans. And the idea of wasting the golden hours of the night in bed seemed so silly that I had to get up and look in on you for a chat. Now, this is what I want to speak to you about, my dear fellow. I wonder if

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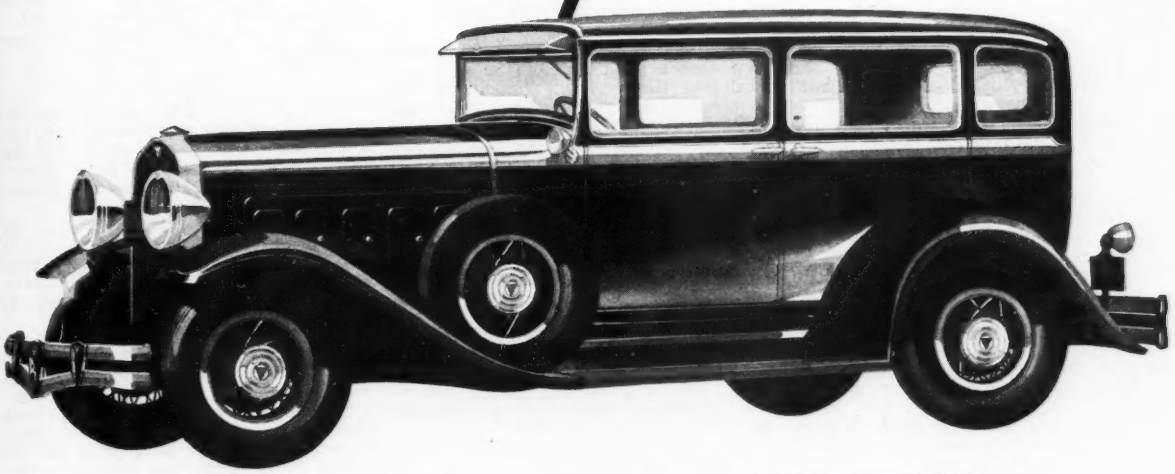

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you recollect writing to me of the hit you made in the Boy Scouts' pantomime here? You played Sindbad the Sailor, if I am not mistaken?"

"That's right."

"Well, what I came here to ask, my dear Mulliner, was this. Can you, by any chance, lay your hand on that Sindbad costume? I want to borrow it, if I may."

"What for?"

"Never mind what for, Mulliner. Sufficient for you to know that motives of the soundest churchmanship render it essential for me to have that suit."

"Very well, bish. I'll find it for you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow will not do. This dilatory spirit of putting things off, this sluggish attitude of *laissez faire* and procrastination," said the bishop, frowning, "are scarcely what I expected to find in you, Mulliner. But there," he added, more kindly, "let us say no more. Just dig up that Sindbad costume and look slippy about it, and we will forget the whole matter. What does it look like?"

"Just an ordinary sailor suit, bish."

"Excellent. Some species of headgear goes with it, no doubt?"

"A cap with 'H.M.S. Blotto' on the band."

"Admirable. Then, my dear fellow," said the bishop, beaming, "if you will just let me have it, I will trouble you no further tonight. Your day's toil in the vineyard has earned repose. The sleep of a labouring man is sweet. Ecclesiastes 5.12."

As the door closed behind his guest, Augustine was conscious of a definite uneasiness. Only once before had he seen his spiritual superior in quite this exalted condition. That had been two years ago, when they had gone down to Harchester College to unveil the statue of Lord Hemel of Hempstead.

On that occasion, he recollected, the bishop, under the influence of an overdose of Buck-U-Uppo, had not been content with unveiling the statue. He had gone out in the small hours of the night and painted it pink.

Augustine could still recall the surge of emotion which had come upon him when he had observed the prelate climbing up the waterspout on his way back to his room. And he still remembered the sorrowful pity with which he had listened to the other's lame explanation that he was a cat belonging to the cook.

Sleep, in the present circumstances, was out of the question. With a pensive sigh, Augustine slipped on a dressing gown and went downstairs to his study. It would ease his mind, he thought, to do a little work on that sermon of his.

Augustine's study was on the ground floor, looking on to the garden. It was a lovely night, and he opened the French windows, the better to enjoy the scents of the flowers beyond. Then, seating himself at his desk, he began to work.

The task of composing a sermon which should practically make sense and yet not be above the heads of his rustic flock was always one that caused Augustine Mulliner to concentrate tensely. Soon he was lost in his labor and oblivious of everything. A glaze of preoccupation had come over his eyes and the tip of his tongue, protruding from the left corner of his mouth, revolved in slow circles.

From this waking trance he emerged slowly to the realization that somebody was speaking his name and that he was no longer alone in the room.

Seated in his armchair, her lithe young body wrapped in a green dressing gown, was Hypatia Wace.

"Hullo!" said Augustine, staring. "You here?"

"Hullo," said Hypatia. "Yes, I'm here."

"I thought you had gone to the Home from Home to meet Ronald."

Hypatia shook her head. "We never made it," she said. "Ronnie rang up to say that he had had a tip that the place was to be raided tonight. So we thought it wasn't safe to start anything."

"Quite right," said Augustine approvingly. "Prudence first."

Hypatia dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief. "I couldn't sleep, and I saw the light, so I came down. I'm so miserable, Augustine."

"There, there!" said Augustine. "Everything's going to be hotsy-totsy."

"You don't think so, really, do you?"

"Of course I do," said Augustine heartily. "Shall I tell you a little secret?"

"What?"

"It's just this. I have been giving your case a good deal of thought and, analyzing the position, I came to the conclusion that what the lady bish thinks today, the bish will think tomorrow. In other words, if we can win her over, he will give his consent in a minute. Am I wrong or am I right?"

Hypatia nodded. "Yes," she said. "That's right, as far as it goes. Uncle Percy always does do what Aunt Priscilla tells him to. But——"

"But where does that get us, you were about to say? I'll tell you," said Augustine. "I have made an ingenious and strategic move. Just before she went to bed, I slipped a few drops of the Buck-U-Uppo into your Aunt Priscilla's hot milk. You will see the results tomorrow. Mulliner's Buck-U-Uppo changes the whole mental outlook."

"You did?" cried Hypatia.

"I did," said Augustine.

"How very odd!" said Hypatia. "Odd that you should have thought of that, too, I mean."

An icy hand seemed to clutch at Augustine's heart. "Too?" he stammered.

"Yes," said Hypatia. "I must say I never thought much of it as a scheme, but Ronnie seemed keen on it, so I felt I might as well give it a whirl. *I* slipped some Buck-U-Uppo into Aunt Priscilla's hot milk, and some into Uncle Percy's toddy, too."

Augustine could scarcely speak, but he contrived to put one question. "How much?"

"Oh, not much," said Hypatia. "I didn't want to poison the dear old things. About a tablespoonful apiece."

A shuddering groan came from Augustine's lips. "Are you aware," he said, "that the medium dose for an adult elephant is one teaspoonful?"

"No!"

"Yes." He clutched his hair. "No wonder the bishop seemed a little strange in his manner just now."

"Did he seem strange in his manner?"

Augustine nodded dully. "He came into my room and did handsprings on the end of the bed and went away with my Sindbad the Sailor suit," he said.

"What did he want that for?"

Augustine shuddered. "I scarcely dare to face the thought," he said, "but can he have been contemplating a visit to the Home from Home? It is Gala Night, remember."

"Why, of course," said Hypatia. "And that must have been why Aunt Priscilla came to me about an hour ago and asked me if I could lend her my Columbine costume. I couldn't think what she wanted it for. But now, of course, I see."

Augustine uttered a moan that seemed to come from the depths of his soul. "Run up to her room and see if she is still there," he said. "If I'm not very much mistaken, we have sown the wind and we shall reap the whirlwind. Hosea 8.7."

The girl hurried away, and Augustine began to pace the floor feverishly. He had completed five laps and was beginning a sixth, when there was a noise outside the French windows and a sailorly form shot through and fell panting into the armchair.

"Bish!" cried Augustine.

The bishop waved a hand, to indicate that he would be with him as soon as he had attended to this matter of taking in a fresh supply of breath, and continued to pant. Augustine watched him, deeply concerned. There was a shop-soiled look about his guest. Part of the Sindbad costume had been torn away, and the hat was missing. His worst fears appeared to have been realized.

"Bish!" he cried. "What has been happening?"

The bishop sat up. He was breathing more easily now, and a complacent look had come into his face. "Woof!" he said. "Some binge!"

"Tell me what happened," pleaded Augustine, agitated.

The bishop reflected, arranging his facts in chronological order. "Well," he said, "when I got to the Home from Home, everybody was dancing. Nice orchestra. Nice tune. Nice floor. So I danced, too."

"You danced?"

"Certainly I danced, Mulliner," replied the bishop with a dignity that sat well upon him. "A hornpipe. I consider it the duty of the higher clergy on these occasions to set an example. You didn't suppose I would go to a place like the Home from Home to play solitaire? Harmless relaxation is not forbidden, I believe?"

"But can you dance?"

"*Can* I dance?" said the bishop. "Can I *dance*, Mulliner? Have you ever heard of Pavlowa?"

"Yes."

"My stage name," said the bishop.

Augustine swallowed tensely. "Whom did you dance with?" he asked.

"At first," said the bishop, "I danced alone. But then, most fortunately, my dear wife arrived, looking perfectly charming in some sort of filmy material, and we danced together."

"You danced together?"

"We did."

"But wasn't she surprised to see you there?"

"Not in the least. Why should she be?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Then why did you put the question?"

"I wasn't thinking."

"Always think before you speak, Mulliner," said the bishop reprovingly.

The door opened, and Hypatia hurried in.

"She's not——" She stopped. "Uncle!" she cried.

"Ah, my dear," said the bishop. "But I was telling you, Mulliner. After we had been dancing for some time, a most annoying thing occurred. Just as we were enjoying ourselves—everybody cutting up and having a good time—who should come in but a lot of interfering policemen. A most brusque and unpleasant body of men. Inquisitive, too. One of them kept asking me my name and address. But I soon put a stop to that nonsense. I plugged him in the eye."

"You plugged him in the eye?"

"I plugged him in the eye, Mulliner. That's when I got this suit torn. The

fellow was annoying me intensely. He ignored my repeated statement that I gave my name and address only to my oldest and closest friends, and had the audacity to clutch me by what I suppose a costumier would describe as the slack of my garment. Well, naturally I plugged him in the eye. I come of a fighting line, Mulliner. My ancestor, Bishop Odo, was famous in William the Conqueror's day for his work with the battle-ax. So I biffed this bird. And did he take a toss? Ask me!" said the bishop, chuckling contentedly.

Augustine and Hypatia exchanged glances.

"But Uncle——" began Hypatia.

"Don't interrupt, my child," said the bishop. "I cannot marshal my thoughts if you persist in interrupting. Where was I? Ah, yes. Well, then the already existing state of confusion grew intensified. The whole tempo of the proceedings became, as it were, quickened. Somebody turned out the lights, and somebody else upset a table and I decided to come away."

A pensive look flitted over his face. "I trust," he said, "that my dear wife also contrived to leave without undue inconvenience. The last I saw of her, she was diving through one of the windows in a manner which, I thought, showed considerable lissomeness and resource. Ah, here she is, and looking none the worse for her adventures. Come in, my dear. I was just telling Hypatia and our good host here of our little evening from home."

The lady bishopess stood breathing heavily. She was not in the best of training. She had the appearance of a Tank which is missing on one cylinder.

"Save me, Percy!" she gasped.

"Certainly, my dear," said the bishop cordially. "From what?"

In silence the lady bishopess pointed at the window. Through it, like some figure of doom, was striding a policeman. He, too, was breathing in a labored manner, like one touched in the wind.

The bishop drew himself up. "And what, pray," he asked coldly, "is the meaning of this intrusion?"

"Ah!" said the policeman.

He closed the windows and stood with his back against them.

It seemed to Augustine that the moment had arrived for a man of tact to take the situation in hand.

"Good evening, constable," he said genially. "You appear to have been taking exercise. I have no doubt that you would enjoy a little refreshment."

The policeman licked his lips, but did not speak.

"I have an excellent tonic here in my cupboard," proceeded Augustine, "and I think you will find it most restorative. I will mix it with a little Seltzer."

The policeman took the glass, but in a preoccupied manner. His attention was still riveted on the bishop and his consort.

"Caught you, have I?" he said.

"I fail to understand you, officer," said the bishop frigidly.

"I've been chasing her," said the policeman, pointing to the lady bishopess; "a good mile it must have been."

"Then you acted," said the bishop severely, "in a most offensive and uncalled-for way. On her physician's recommendation, my dear wife takes a short cross-country run each night before retiring to rest. Things have come to a sorry pass if she cannot follow her doctor's orders without being pursued—I will use a stronger word—chevied by the constabulary."

"And it was by her doctor's orders that she went to the Home from Home, eh?" said the policeman keenly.

"I shall be vastly surprised to learn," said the bishop, "that my dear wife has been anywhere near the resort you mention."

"You were there, too. I saw you."

"Absurd!"

"I saw you punch Constable Booker in the eye."

"Ridiculous!"

"If you weren't there," said the policeman, "what are you doing wearing that sailor suit?"

The bishop raised his eyebrows.

"I cannot permit my choice of costume," he said, "arrived at—I need scarcely say—only after much reflection and meditation, to be criticized by a man who habitually goes about in public in a blue uniform and a helmet. What, may I inquire, is it that you object to in this sailor suit? There is nothing wrong, I venture to believe, nothing degrading in a sailor suit. Many of England's greatest men have worn sailor suits. Nelson, Admiral Beatty——"

"And Arthur Prince," said Hypatia.

"And, as you say, Arthur Prince."

The policeman was scowling darkly. As a dialectician, he seemed to be feeling, he was outmatched. And yet, he appeared to be telling himself there must be some answer even to the apparently unanswerable logic to which he had just been listening. To assist thought he raised the glass of Buck-U-Uppo and Seltzer and drained it at a draft.

And as he did so, suddenly, abruptly, as breath fades from steel, the scowl passed from his face, and in its stead there appeared a smile of infinite kindliness and good will. He wiped his mustache and began to chuckle to himself, as at some diverting memory.

"Made me laugh, that did," he said. "When old Booker went head over heels that time. Don't know when I've seen a nicer punch. Clean, crisp. Don't suppose it traveled more than six inches, did it? I reckon you've done a bit of boxing in your time, sir."

At the sight of the constable's smiling face, the bishop had relaxed the austerity of his demeanor. He no longer looked like Savonarola rebuking the sins of the people. He was his old genial self once more.

"Quite true, officer," he said, beaming. "When I was a somewhat younger man than I am at present, I won the Curates' Open Heavyweight Championship two years in succession. Some of the ancient skill still lingers, it would seem."

The policeman chuckled again.

"I should say it does, sir. But," he continued, a look of annoyance coming into his face, "what all the fuss was about is more than I can say. Our fat-headed inspector says, 'You go and raid that Home from Home, chaps, see?' he says, and so we went and done it. But my heart wasn't in it; no more was any of the other fellers' hearts in it. What's wrong with a little rational enjoyment? That's what I say. What's wrong with it?"

"Precisely, officer."

"That's what I say. What's wrong with it? Let people enjoy themselves how they like is what I say. And if the police come interfering—well, punch them in the eye, I say, same as you did Constable Booker. That's what I say."

"Exactly," said the bishop. He turned to his wife. "A fellow of considerable intelligence, this, my dear."

"I liked his face right from the beginning," said the lady bishopess. "What is your name, officer?"

"Smith, lady. But call me Cyril."

"Certainly," said the lady bishopess. "It will be a pleasure to do so. I used to know some Smiths in Lincolnshire years ago, Cyril. I wonder if they were any relation."

"Maybe, lady. It's a small world."

"Though now I come to think of it, their name was Robinson."

"Well, that's Life, lady, isn't it?" said the policeman.

"That's just about what it is, Cyril," agreed the bishop. "You never spoke a truer word."

Into this love feast, there cut the cold voice of Hypatia Wace.

"Well, I must say," said Hypatia, "that you're a nice lot!"

"Who's a nice lot, lady?" asked the policeman.

"These two. Are you married, officer?"

"No, lady. I'm just a solitary chip drifting on the river of Life."

"Well, anyway, I expect you know what it feels like to be in love."

"Too true, lady."

"Well, I'm in love with Mr. Bracy-Gascoigne. You've met him, probably. Wouldn't you say he was a person of the highest character?"

"The whitest man I know, lady."

"Well, I want to marry him, and my uncle and aunt here won't let me, because they say he's worldly. Just because he goes out dancing. And all the while they are dancing the soles of their shoes through. I don't call it fair."

She buried her face in her hands with a stifled sob. The bishop and his wife looked at each other in astonishment.

"I don't understand," said the bishop.

"Nor I," said the lady bishopess. "My dear child, what is all this about our not consenting to your marriage with Mr. Bracy-Gascoigne? However did you get that idea into your head? Certainly, as far as I am concerned, you may marry Mr. Bracy-Gascoigne. And I think I speak for my dear husband?"

"Quite," said the bishop. "Most decidedly."

Hypatia uttered a cry of joy. "Good egg! May I really?"

"Certainly you may. You have no objection, Cyril?"

"None whatever, lady; I like to see the young folks happy."

Hypatia's face fell. "Oh, dear!"

"What's the matter?"

"It just struck me that I've got to wait hours and hours before I can tell him. Just think of having to wait hours and hours!"

The bishop laughed his jolly laugh. "Why wait hours and hours, my dear? No time like the present."

"But he's gone to bed."

"Well, rout him out," said the bishop heartily. "Here is what I suggest that we should do. You and I and Priscilla—and you, Cyril?—will all go down to his house and stand under the window and shout."

"Or throw gravel at the window," suggested the lady bishopess.

"Certainly, my dear, if you prefer it."

"And when he sticks his head out," said the policeman, "how would it be to have the garden hose handy and squirt him? Cause a lot of fun and laughter, that would."

"My dear Cyril," said the bishop, "you think of everything. I shall certainly use any influence I may possess with the authorities to have you promoted to a rank where your remarkable talents will have greater scope. Come, let us go. You will accompany us, my dear Mulliner?"

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Augustine shook his head. "Sermon to write, bish."

"Just as you say, Mulliner. Then if you will be so good as to leave this window open, my dear fellow, we shall be able to return to our beds, at the conclusion of our little errand of good will, without disturbing the household staff."

"Right-ho, bish."

"Then, for the present, pip-pip, Mulliner."

"Toodle-oo, bish," said Augustine.

He took up his pen. Out in the sweet, scented night he could hear the four voices dying away in the distance. They seemed to be singing an old English part song. He smiled benevolently.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, Proverbs 17.22," murmured Augustine. He dipped pen in the ink, and resumed his composition.

Lovely Liar

(*Continued from page 39*)

Sainte Vivienne! How awful that she should be so unworthy that she could not win or hold the love and trust even of a poor and homely toiler, to say nothing of an honorable and handsome young plutocrat, whose wealth might have appeased somewhat the cravings that kept her lying all the time!

This young man Norry Sheflin whom Vivian had invented began to take on the curious surreality of fictional characters. When vividly described they are always more actual than historical personages. Napoleon never quite lives, but Romeo visits every balcony with the moon.

Mrs. Risbey began to grow fond of Norry Sheflin. He became so actual that she felt sorry for him because the girl who invented him was, like so many authors, unworthy of the hero. She began to carry him forward in her own meditations.

She saw him duped by Vivian's affected simplicities and innocences, her practiced falsehoods. She saw him discovering her duplicity, and reeling under the shock of finding out too late that his wife was a fraud. She saw him abandoning Vivian in horror and rushing away to some frenzied deed—suicide, dissipation, or forlorn exile.

An odd thought struck her. She had seen a play or a movie or a story based on the problem: Should a Woman Tell? It was always a wife or a fiancée who was tempted to disclose her guilty past to her husband or her lover, and it always ended unhappily or happily, she forgot which.

But a quaint parody occurred to her: Should a mother tell? Should a mother tell on her daughter? Was a mother under a certain obligation to a prospective son-in-law, or was it her sole and solemn duty to marry her daughter to the best man available and let heaven handle the consequences?

The enigma nagged her so that she was glad of her certainty that it was purely academic since no such person as Norry Sheflin existed.

Then Vivian came home and the hand she waved to her mother as the train pulled into the station was dazzlingly illuminated by a diamond. She flung herself at her mother's neck with her usual dramatic pretense of adoration in public, and she kept flaunting the ring and repeating:

"How do you like what Norry gave me? How do you like 'Mrs. Norris Sheflin' for my new name?"

Letters began to arrive, fat letters bearing the return address, "N. Sheflin," on

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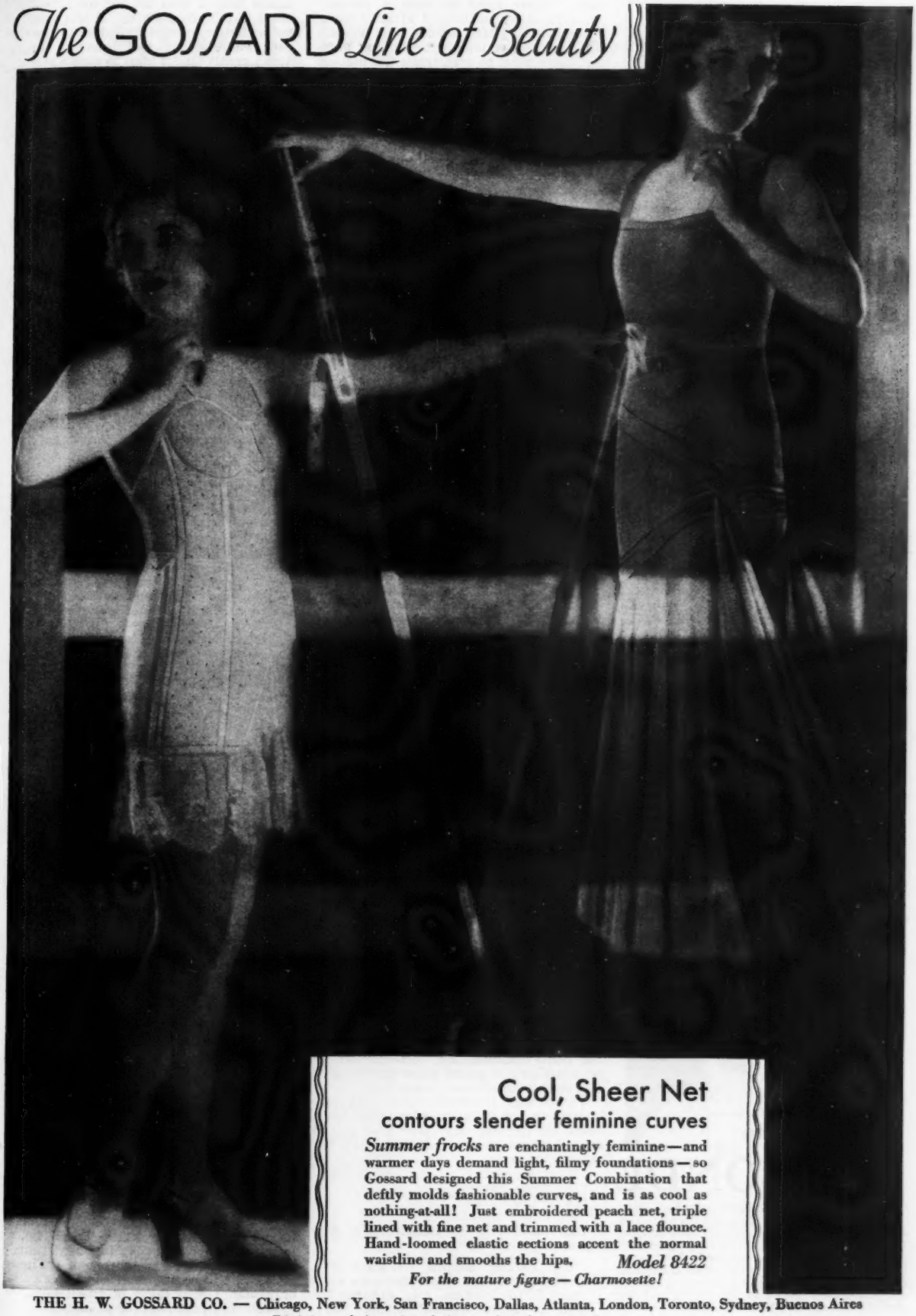

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Do you know how easy it is to fade out homely, rusty-brown freckles so that no one will ever again call you Freckle-Face? Do you know how to protect your sensitive complexion from the damage caused by Spring sun and wind?

Simply get a jar of Othine Double Strength, and a few nights' use of this dainty white cream will show you how easy it is to rid yourself of freckles and regain the fair, lovely, soft, milk-white skin that is your natural birthright.

Spring sun and winds have a strong tendency to bring out freckles, and as a result more Othine is sold during the season. Be sure to ask for Othine Double Strength at any drug or department store. Othine is always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not satisfy.

OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH

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them. There must be such a person.

But the other portions of Vivian's story must be false. Mrs. Risbey paid Vivian the unconscious tribute of feeling sure that there must be something the matter with Mr. Sheflin. Time would tell.

Gradually it dawned upon her perturbed consciousness that Vivian had been addressing her by a new name since her return. Suddenly she rounded on the girl.

"What is that you keep calling me?—it's Mammadear this and Mammadear that. What is it?"

"It's a pet word I made up for you, Mammadear. Don't you just love it?"

"Not the way you say it."

"Why, what's the matter with the way I say it?"

"Oh, I don't know, but it sounds as if you said it for its outside effect. It doesn't seem to express anything inside you. Sounds as if you weren't thinking of me but of the sound of your voice."

Vivian stared at her. "Well, what's wrong with that? Why shouldn't you say things for their effect? What's the objection to a thing's sounding nice?"

"You'll never know," Mrs. Risbey sighed in the despair an honest soul feels of ever making an artist understand. It is a despair as profound as an artist's hopelessness of making the merely honest understand.

Vivian laughed with condescension: "Have it your own way, Mammadear."

"Honestly, Vivian, if you call me Mammadear again, I'll—I'll scream."

"All right, Mammadear."

Mrs. Risbey's insides writhed with the torment of being unable to deal frankly and simply with her own child. All her life she had marveled at Vivian's affectations. They had ordinarily been reserved for outsiders whom she wanted to impress. She rarely wasted one on a member of the family. At home she was generally sullen or cross, noisy or brooding, slatternly in posture and speech.

But when a caller appeared—presto! she became a different being. It was as if she were a Japanese with a separate language for the court.

The smile she wreathed for any guest except a poor relation was so unlike her household smile that it seemed to give her a different mouth. Her exclamations, her laughter, her sighs, her very thoughts were affected when anybody besides the family was about. Even her father noticed it and worried. The younger children gave exaggerated imitations of her. But nothing could bring her back to earth except the departure of her audience.

Of course, everybody brightens up a bit, puts on a little extra cordiality and enthusiasm for a visitor, tries to be at his best for hospitality's sake. But to have another self for strangers—how could she do it?

Since she had been to Cleveland and had come home as the future Mrs. Sheflin she concocted new affectations even for home consumption. She seemed to be practicing a grand manner, trying it out on her small-town audience.

There was frankness and simplicity enough in her agitation when a telegram came for her one day. She read it and looked about in such dismay that her mother gasped:

"What on earth?"

"It's from Norry!"

"Is he sick? dead?"

"No, but—but—read it."

She handed it to her mother, who skimmed it anxiously.

> My darling darling I have to start Monday for South America on that awful business trip but can't bear to leave without seeing you again May I stop off for an afternoon to tell you good-by It will give me a chance to meet your dear father and Mammadear and break it to them gently that I plan to steal their angel when I come back Please say I may come My heart's own perfect saint and wondergirl Your adoring Norry

Mrs. Risbey was touched. She sighed: "Too bad he has to go so far away."

"Oh, I expected that."

"It's nice, though, that you'll get to see him before he goes."

"That's the—that's the trouble."

"You don't want to see him?"

"Of course! I'm dying to—but—well, he's coming here."

"Oh! You don't want us to see him. What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing's the matter with him. He's perfect."

"Oh. I see. It's us you don't want him to see. We're not perfect."

"Of course I want him to see you. We couldn't live all our lives without his seeing you, could we? But—well, you see, I never dreamed he'd come here."

Mrs. Risbey studied her with narrowing eyes and bitter heartache. "What have you told him about us? Anything but the truth, I suppose."

"Well, you see, he—Norry is such a grand person and his people are such swells and so rich and—I—I kind of—well, I—I sort of gave him to believe that—that——"

"We were millionaires in a palace."

"Not a palace, of course, but I did say the house—this horrible old house was a—if it only had a new coat of paint! Do you suppose it could be fixed up before next Tuesday? and couldn't we hire a few servants just for a few days?"

"You told him we had a dozen hired girls, I suppose, and no less than a quartet of butlers."

"Even the Sheflins have only one."

"And you mean to say you didn't give us a couple? While you were at it, why didn't you? They wouldn't cost you anything. Nothing costs you anything. You just make it up. Your poor father foots the bills. What did you turn him into? You never admitted that he kept a hardware store."

"Well, I did say he was a wholesale merchant."

"Wholesale! in this town! He's lucky to sell one of anything. I hope you did right by me—made me a grande dame or something."

"Momma!"

"That's why he called me 'Mammadear'! You called me that to him so as to make him think you loved me."

"But I do love you, Momma."

Vivian's eyes were full of tears and hurt innocence. The knowledge that she could put on this look and turn on those tears at will was bitter to her mother. She groaned in loneliness:

"You never tell me that except you want something. What is it now? Are you scared because your young man is going to see you in your real home?"

Vivian was so helpless that she collapsed in self-pity and wept as sincerely as a baby. Old habits of anguish summoned by that drumming sound brought back an ancient tenderness:

"Well, it's all for the best, baby. He had to find out some time. It's better now than when it's too late. You really oughtn't to deceive the man you've got to live with all your life, honey. That's no way to begin a life! This'll be a lesson to you; you'll play fair next time."

"Next time!" Vivian shrieked. "There isn't going to be any next time. He's the only man I ever loved or could love."

"You told him that, of course."

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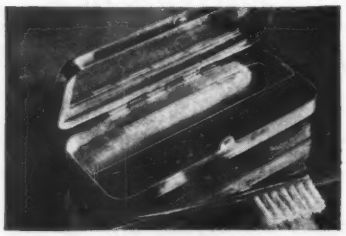

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Tears pattered as she bobbed her head. Her mother tried to laugh her out of her gloom.

"You weren't in love with the Hogan boy, I suppose, when you threw yourself in the lake because he took the other little girl—what's her name?—to the Sunday-school picnic?"

"No!" Vivian howled.

"You weren't in love with that good-for-nothing Thompson cub when you took the overdose of headache powders because he went to the movies with—whoever it was?"

"No! No! No!"

"Maybe some day you'll be saying you weren't in love with this fellow—this—Norris Sheflin."

This was sacrilege and Vivian's grief became instant wrath. "Don't you dare say that. This is for life. This is true love."

"Is anything on earth true with you?"

Mrs. Risbey was sorry she had spoken so severely, but it was such old stuff that Vivian ignored it.

"In heaven's name, will you quit lecturing me? All my life you've been delivering lectures."

"Excuse me for being such a bore. I will leave you to manage your own affairs in your own way."

This brought Vivian down with a crash. She seized her mother's sleeve and implored help with such melting humility that there was no resisting her. Mrs. Risbey could hardly keep from admiring her daughter's inventive powers. First Vivian wondered if it might not be possible to borrow the home of the Conways—the richest people in town.

"They have a scarlet-fever sign on the front door and it's under quarantine," said Mrs. Risbey.

"What about the Kembles'?"

Ridiculous as the idea was, all other objections were answered in one statement: "It burned to the ground while you were away."

Vivian beat her head until a spark flew. "How would it be to say that it was our house that burned down while I was away, like the Kembles' house did, and that we moved into this shabby old shack till we could rebuild? I could point out the Kemble place. It would explain everything."

Her mother winced at that. Her home was the castle that she and her husband had built with pride and maintained with difficulty. She spoke up angrily:

"The old house isn't good enough for you, eh? Well, it's honest and it tells no lies. You'd better do a little explaining on your own hook."

"I won't. I can't. I won't!"

"Well, I refuse to have you slander our home. Heaven knows your father worked hard enough to buy it. You'll have to do your own lying, Vivian. The rest of us haven't had much practice."

"You're a nice mother!" Vivian sneered. "And I told Norry you and I were like sisters."

"I guess we are," her mother moaned. "Just like you and your little sisters."

Vivian dashed from the house and went down to the store where her father was unprotected. She got him alone in the back of the shop and told him her story in her own way. When he came home he was under contract to play the part she had written for him. He had a man's tolerance for women's wiles. He was inclined to laugh at Vivian's game.

"It's just a girl's way of catchin' a customer. All trades have their tricks."

"I never lied to you."

"No; but in the first place, we grew up together, and in the second place, you are you. They don't make women like you more'n once a century."

She could not give that magnificent tribute its full value because of her profound uneasiness, but it made her like men infinitely better than women. She liked almost any man better than almost any woman. She liked the unknown suitor better than she liked her daughter, and felt a thrill of the form of chivalry that women practice—which is to protect helpless men from other women.

"That poor boy has a right to know the truth," she told her husband.

"Poor boy! I thought you said he was rich."

"How could he be when she says he is? And if he is rich, he'll be all the more liable to throw Vivian overboard when he finds out."

"Oh, she'll tire of him as she did of all the rest. Nothing will come of it. We might as well save her from the humiliation. I don't mind pretendin' I'm a burnt-out millionaire. It'll be like playin' charades and we'll never see hide nor hair of him afterwards."

Mrs. Risbey was beaten. She consented to play her part, fuming at it. She even bought herself a new dress to suit Vivian's idealized portrait of her and she had her husband's Sunday suit pressed and some of the effulgence steamed out of it. They hired a closed car with a driver for the day and Vivian bought him a cap. She had to pay him a dollar extra to wear it.

Mrs. Risbey in her creaky new dress went to the station with Vivian in the car and was rehearsed all the way. She was prepared to meet a pompous and gorgeous heir-apparent to an ancient court, and was completely dismayed when a big, ungainly, handsome, timid lad swung from the train, ran to Vivian and caught her in his arms. When she introduced her mother, he was shy and humble, but his looks were roses.

"So this is—Mammadear. Vivian said you were beautiful, but I never dreamed you were so—so—beautiful. It's mighty nice of you to speak to me at all, with me aiming to rob you. I don't see how you're going to live without Vivian. I know I couldn't."

He was so gallant in helping Mrs. Risbey into the car that she felt obliged to help him out of the trap. Vivian had instructed the driver to go past the Kemble ruins and she pointed to the charred embers in the crumbled walls of what had been a showy house.

"That's our ancestral mansion," she said. "It burned down while I was away. Mammadear didn't let me know till I got home. She didn't want to spoil my visit. That's Mammadear."

"How sweet of you!" Norry murmured. "But how terrible! Did you lose everything?"

"Everything," Vivian interposed. "Except their precious lives. Fortunately, they found a furnished house to move into—awful old place, but it's a roof."

Norry was all imaginative sympathy. "And did you lose all your trinkets and all the dear old things a mother prizes?"

Mrs. Risbey's eyes filled with tears—not for the loss of the heirlooms, but for the shame cast on her real possessions, and for the tender pity in the eyes of this exceedingly nice young man. Vivian continued to do the lying:

"Everything was lost. But Mammadear's so brave, she always makes the best of everything. She's so brave!"

"Will she be so brave about losing you, though?" He asked Vivian, but he looked at Mammadear. She lowered her eyes to escape his honest queries.

"Oh, she'll be glad to be rid of me," Vivian laughed, with just the right tone. Mrs. Risbey could not say anything even to that.

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MODESS COMPACT is simply regular Modess, gently compressed. It has exactly the same amount of material and the same remarkable absorbency. There is the same gracious softness and pliancy.

The severely smooth, snug silhouette of recently imported gowns demands the inconspicuousness which is the chief virtue of Modess Compact. An added advantage is that it occupies so little room that one or two can be carried in the pocketbook.

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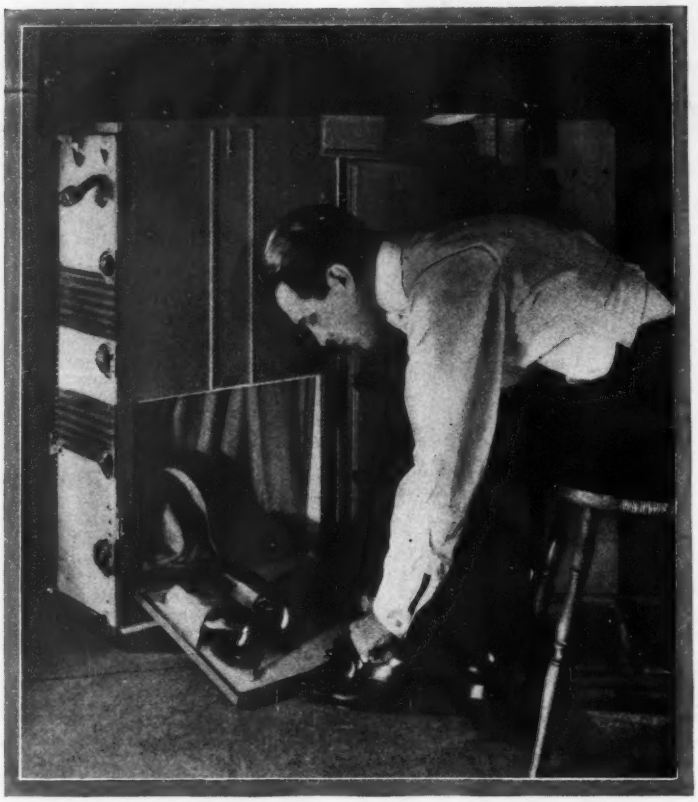

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A TRUNK is made to carry clothes. The better and more easily it does this, the better trunk it is.

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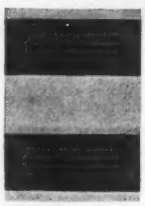

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At the home, Vivian continued her story, ridiculing the house and everything in it. Norry protested:

"Don't make fun of it. It looks mighty homy to me. And that's more than can be said for our house. My mother surrendered to an architect and an interior decorator. So we live in a furniture store."

Naturally, this did not harm the young man in Mrs. Risbey's eyes. Vivian was reassured a little, at least for her further inventions. She apologized for the absence of her younger brothers and sisters. They were "away at school." She had seen to it that they were sent out to a far-off farm for the day. She explained that her father was detained by a board meeting, but he would be home for luncheon.

When he came, Norry mingled timidity, deference and cordiality in just the right proportions but he gazed at Vivian with utter idolatry and she put on a good show for him. Her mother watched her in growing horror as she struck her attitudes, exploited her eyes, her lips, her opinions, gave a flawless impersonation of the character she had created for herself.

The most revolting part of her performance was her fawning on her father and mother. She covered them with endearments, yet gave them no chance to talk at length lest they betray themselves. She was artful in drawing Norry out. Since people are rarely so happy as when they monopolize table talk and are listened to, he had a delightful time.

Artful, too, was the way Vivian bundled her father out of the house to finish his conference with the other bank officials. While protesting that he never had a minute to spend with his cruelly neglected family she managed to see that he had no chance to let any unpleasant truths escape.

As soon as Vivian had kissed her father with sickening effusiveness and pushed him out, Mrs. Risbey said, not daring to trust her self-control further:

"Well, I'll leave you two doves alone together."

But Vivian caught her as with talons. As she closed the door on her father, she had seen a danger she had not provided against. She had seen Louisa Troup drive up in her old car. Once that harpy got into the house she would stay the day, talk everybody to death and expose everything Vivian was toiling to conceal.

With practiced skill, Vivian said: "Oh, Mammadear, poor Louisa Troup is outside. I must run out to see her." To Norry she explained: "The dear girl is lame and it hurts her to walk. Mammadear, you entertain Norry while I find out what poor Louisa wants." Both of them knew that what Louisa wanted was to come in and see the handsome stranger. But Norry was touched. Everything Vivian did was miraculous. He celebrated her virtues to her mother:

"What a saint she is! Always thinking of other people. Always trying to save somebody from distress. I never saw such a girl. A saint—that's what she is. She's so different from the rest of the girls, these awful know-it-alls. She's so innocent. No fool, of course—mighty wise in a way—in the things a girl ought to know, I mean, but—you've protected her wonderfully from the world. She must owe her character to you."

He had his arm about her and walked with her into the living room.

"What I love about Viv—I call her Sainte Vivienne—is her straightforwardness. She's so honest. You can't believe anything the ordinary girl says. But Vivian—she's the soul of truth. And not an affectation! Most girls have so

many. But Vivian—Lord, but I'm a lucky man to win her.

"You don't hate me, do you, for taking her away from you? I'll be good to her. I'll do everything I can to make her happy. It won't be easy. She's had such a beautiful home life here. She's a home-girl, and that's what we need nowadays, isn't it? I—of course, everybody says, 'You're the first person I ever loved,' but when Vivian looked in my eyes with those great eyes of hers and said that I was the first man she ever loved, I just had to believe it.

"And she's the first girl I ever loved. I've not been much of a man to run about—something of a woman-hater, in a way. Besides, I've been too devoted to business; but when Vivian came into my life—so pure, so innocent, so honest—— Oh, I'm not worthy of her, but I'll try to be, if you'll let me. Will you trust me to take care of her and keep her the snow-white angel you've made her? Will you be my mother, too? And tell me what I must do to keep Vivian happy?"

Through the window back of him Mrs. Risbey could see Vivian talking to Louisa Troup. She was freezing but doing her utmost to prevent Louisa from coming in, lying as fast as her tongue could wag to keep Louisa's tongue from wagging away the web of lies she had spun about the deluded young man.

Mrs. Risbey felt his boyish arms about her and saw how he relied on her. What would he think of her when he learned the truth? She could not carry on the conspiracy against this hoodwinked lad who was just the tall splendid youth her own first-born son would have been by now if he had not died in his boyhood.

What would she have thought if he had been deceived into giving his life into the hands of some dishonest woman? She loved Vivian, but it was not for the girl's own good to rely on lies for her happiness. This boy needed a mother's counsel. She flung her arms about him and kissed him as if it were good-by forever. Then she put him away and cleared her conscience with a rush:

"I can't do it, Norry. I'd never forgive a woman who fooled my son. I have no right to help Vivian fool you. She has no right to take such a beautiful thing as an honorable man's reverence under such false pretenses."

"What's that you say, Mrs. Risbey? I didn't quite——"

"Listen, Norry! Vivian is not a saint. She's not even a good girl. I've tried all my life to make her good. Maybe I haven't gone about it the right way. No doubt I'm to blame, but she's wrong, Norry. Vivian is the most unprincipled liar I ever knew. It's terrible to say it of my own child, but it's terrible to have to. She has deceived you in everything she's done and said."

"Everything? Aren't you her mother? Isn't her name——"

"Oh, yes, those things are true. Even she couldn't make up everything. But she's not innocent. You're not the first man she ever loved. She's loved everybody that would flirt with her—for a while—only for a while. She's cried her eyes out over other boys and men."

"Oh, little puppy loves; everybody——"

"No, I don't mean that. I mean desperate love affairs, elopements, suicides, everything. Then you say she hasn't an affectation. Why, she hasn't got anything else. She's just acting every minute of the day—even to you.

"I begged her to tell you the truth, but she wouldn't listen to me. I can't have you marrying her in such ignorance, Norry. Don't you believe anything she's told you, Norry. She's dishonest, mean, lazy, slovenly, selfish, wicked to the core."

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Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

There were so many things to say that she paused for breath, wondering at her own courage, doubtful of its justification now that it had exhausted itself.

She lifted her eyes to see how poor Norry was bearing up and she found him staring at her in horror—shocked dumb at Vivian's hypocrisies, of course. He was speechless for only a moment. Then his eyes blazed with his words:

"Mrs. Risbey, I—I hardly know what to say. You—I didn't know that such mothers existed in real life—outside the slums and the police courts. I've heard of such fiends as you, but I never saw one before.

"You're right, in a way. Vivian did deceive me. I see it now. She wasn't as truthful as I thought. But the poor child was trying to conceal the horrible unhappiness of her home life. She told me you were everything sweet and wonderful; that you were like two sisters; that I would love you when I knew you.

"I see now that she was telling me what ought to have been the truth, but wasn't. She didn't think I'd ever meet you, perhaps, but I'm glad I did, for I realize now that she's twice the saint I thought her. I love her for lying to me about you.

"What your motive is, Mrs. Risbey, for lying about her, I don't know. You may love Vivian. You may not want to lose her. You may be insanely jealous of her, and trying to drive me away so that you can keep her. But you needn't have maligned the poor darling the minute her back was turned.

"You're a fiend, Mrs. Risbey, and I don't mind telling you so, for no woman who could slander her own daughter so deserves any mercy. As for Vivian, I love her more than ever. I'm going to take her out of this hell this minute, if she'll go with me."

At this moment Vivian hurried in, shivering from the accomplishment of the all-but-impossible feat of repelling Louisa Troup. She saw her mother staring up like an idiot at Norry and Norry glaring down at her in a fury.

"What on earth?" she cried. Norry answered magnificently as he clasped her icy hands in his:

"Your mother and I have been having a little heart-to-heart, Vivian, and as a result of it, I've decided that, instead of leaving you here while I am in South America, I'm going to marry you right away and take you with me."

Vivian's knees gave down at this rapture beyond dreams. She stared at her mother in amazement. The wonderful woman had arranged the miracle, somehow.

"Mother," she cried, "what have you been saying?"

Norry intervened: "Your mother and I understand each other perfectly. The only question is, will you marry me at once and go with me?"

"Norry!" That and her embrace said all that was necessary. Her curiosity, however, was afire. "But what have you two been saying?"

Mrs. Risbey saved the day. She explained: "He insisted that he was unworthy of you. But he's proved that he isn't. You two belong together. You were made for each other. You ought to be perfectly happy together. I hope you will be. My blessings on you!"

Vivian kissed her with a sincerity that was startlingly novel and hugged her till it hurt, then forgot her in her new excitement. Mrs. Risbey climbed the stairway like a flogged exile, aching and forlorn. Halfway up, she began to smile, to want to laugh. She had a hard time making her room before she went into hysterics.

The liar had found her fool. The fool had found somebody to feed his folly with lies. Two mothers had provided an ideal couple. She herself was the biggest fool of all for getting in the way of an infatuated lover.

It was some time before Vivian came upstairs. From the sweetness of her manner, it was evident that Norry had been too busy talking over the plans for a hasty wedding to tell her anything of the conversation with her mother. Yet one could never be sure of Vivian.

Her affectionate tone might be evidence that she knew all and found it more convenient to pretend ignorance.

Mrs. Risbey was too deeply bewildered to make any further struggle against fate. She had had enough dealings with the truth for one day. She had told a bit of it in a world that hardly knows what to do with it—and rejects it with nausea as something suspicious and indigestible.

Mrs. Risbey made no further difficulties or protests. She collaborated meekly with Vivian and did as she was told. Conveniently for the impatient lovers, Vivian had elected to be born and to live in a state where no delay was required between the issuance of a license and a certificate. While her mother was packing Vivian's clothes in mad haste, Vivian telephoned to her father that Norry insisted on taking her with him. Would her darling daddy meet them at the courthouse and use his pull with whoever had the granting of licenses to rush one through, and would he ask his friend, Judge Haygood, to perform the ceremony or did he think that Reverend Doctor Dibble would do a better job?

Vivian assumed that her mother would go along to the wedding and she consented. Norry was politer than ever in his triumph, and while they waited for Vivian to finish preening, he said to Mrs. Risbey:

"Vivian doesn't suspect what you told me. I will never tell her. I don't want to break her heart. Let her go on thinking that her mother loves her. We all need a few illusions in this world—even if they're delusions."

Mrs. Risbey wanted to assure him that Vivian would provide him with plenty of both, but she only nodded in silence. When Vivian's feet came cascading down the steps Norry offered his arm to her mother with such cordiality that even Vivian's keen suspicions were never aroused. Mrs. Risbey decided that he was a bit of an actor himself.

Vivian's father was no actor. He was dismally triumphant. He hated to lose his child, but he was glad that he had placed her well, and relieved to shift her problems to younger shoulders.

The wedding in the home of Doctor Dibble was like something on the stage, to Mrs. Risbey. The ceremony was held in a most unbeautiful parlor, but Vivian's manner somehow changed it into a chapel banked with lilies, throbbing with pipe-organ music and radiant with benediction from on high.

When the child knelt for the prayer, Norry had to stare at her in the misplaced awe of one who was marrying somebody right out of a Raphael canvas. He looked for the halo and imagined the wings. Even the preacher was impressed with the honor of presiding at such mystic nuptials.

Vivian was herself again when she told a reporter her version of the sudden marriage. At the train she put on another good show.

When Mr. and Mrs. Risbey turned homeward from the train, they were both pretty tired and solemn, sad yet glad. Mrs. Risbey did not mention her encounter with her son-in-law. But she

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COSMOPOLITAN - - New York

never ceased to think of it, to imagine Norry's gradual discovery of the truth of her words, all too late.

What would he do, the poor, sweet, trusting innocent who thought that Vivian was all the things that he was? She dreaded every day that a letter or a telegram would come for her, telling her that she was about to receive back her daughter, and regretting that he had not taken her advice in better season.

Two or three telegrams came from Vivian, written in terms of such gushing affection that her mother was sure they were composed for Norry's deception. The last one was from the steamer. The union had lasted that long, at least. Mrs. Risbey had one or two nightmares in which Norry threw Vivian overboard, but they were not confirmed by any wireless messages. A cablegram from Rio said:

"Arrived safe well happy love Vivianorry."

Then a long silence. Then a letter or two telling remarkable stories of social adventures and triumphs. Poor Mrs. Risbey did not know what to believe. She could no longer trust Vivian to tell the untruth since she had described Norry with such fidelity.

Last came a letter saying that they were coming North, going to Cleveland and then returning to Rio to live. Unless Mammadear and Papadarling came to New Orleans they would not see her for ever so long.

There was nothing to do but make the trip. It was a second honeymoon to the old couple. They were at the dock when the ship brought in their child. She was radiant as she waved to them from the rail. Her mother was pleasantly surprised to see Norry standing close to her.

He had evidently forgiven his mother-in-law for her attack on his bride, for he waved to her and called her Mammadear. Evidently he had never told Vivian what she had said. The only truly embarrassed one in the quartet was Mrs. Risbey. She had told the truth and was henceforth branded as a dangerous eccentric, doomed to disbelief.

After the usual and inevitable informalities of reunion, Norry had to leave to attend to his business and he took his father-in-law along, leaving the women together.

Vivian was genuinely glad to see her mother—if for nothing else than as a patient and a greedy audience to whom everything Vivian had seen was news. The girl was merciful in her travelogue and had little to say of landscapes, customs or sights. She talked what wives most love to talk about—husbands, and as almost always, with hilarious cynicism and revelation. She answered her mother's first anxious question: "Are you happy, baby?"

"Happy? Whew! Norry is simply adorable. I never tire of him. He can add mystery to the simplest things. His plainest statement intrigues me like a cross-word puzzle. It's just full of blanks, and I've got to fill 'em up."

"I don't understand, honey."

"He's such a love of a liar."

"A liar? Norry!"

"A liar, Norry. He lies in his sleep! He's like a stained-glass window. He colors everything. When I first met him he almost gave me the impression that I was the first girl he had ever seen—not to say loved. Why, he didn't know anything about anybody. He had me fooled till we got on the boat for Rio.

"We were leaning on the rail, watching New Orleans go by, when I felt him give a little jolt, and saw him turn white as a sheet, then red as a—I don't know what. 'Uh-huh!' I said. 'Seasick already?' and he said, 'A little. I think I'll go below.' But I followed his eyes and—wow!—what a hot-looking lady was staring at him. She headed Norry off and crowded him to the rail like she was going to eat him. He just managed to chirp: 'This is Miss Risbey—my wife, I mean.'

"The woman whooped at that, and 'Oh, Norry,' says she, 'you'd better practice up a little, darling, or they'll put you in separate staterooms.' Then she turned to me and said, 'What am I to call you, my dear, Miss Risbey or Mrs. Sheffin?' Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather.

"I tried to get dignified, but that creature only laughed, 'Oh, I know Norry better than you do, my dear. Let me warn you to keep an eye on him. He's a dear, but a devil to keep. You'll have to blindfold him or you'll lose him to the first pretty pair of legs that flits past his steamer chair. I had him once, but I looked the other way just a minute and six other females were fighting for him. Take my advice, my dear, and don't get seasick. Don't stay in your stateroom. And lock him in of nights.'

"Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather. Norry turned all colors and looked like he wanted to murder her; then he began to laugh and he said, 'Honestly, Chloe'—that was the woman's name—'honestly this little darling is my wife—really, this time.'

"And the woman stared at me and said: 'She might be at that. But you've got to show me the certificate.'

"Well, the funniest thing!—Norry actually went right down to get it! Imagine! And he left me with her. She's the funniest thing; she's a scream, really! Fast, I suppose, but funny—you'd die!

"Well, while Norry was down digging up the papers, she told me more things about that boy. I was shocked at first, but I'm glad now, for Norry had me fooled completely. I honestly thought he was as innocent as a lamb and I was the first woman he ever loved and all that. He was always telling me he was a woman-hater and how busy he'd been at his work. He'd been busy, all right, and women were his work.

"One reason he had me so fooled was he took me for a saint, and that made me think he didn't know much about women. His trouble is he knows too much. And that's the easiest kind to fool. Men get like college professors—they know so much they can't use it.

"So Norry had me fooled as bad as I had him. Why, he was a regular Lutherio. I say 'was,' for he's gone out of business now. I keep my eye on him every minute. It makes life more interesting, somehow. I hate plain facts and reliable men.

"Not that Norry hasn't been devoted. He's got to be. He'd better be. I've got him scared and he knows that if he starts anything I'll finish it for him.

"We're really insanely happy, and we met some awfully nice people. Chloe is loads of fun and some of the officers on the boat were handsome and brave, and the South American gentlemen are handsome—too dark but kind of devilish. They keep Norry fiendishly jealous and devoted. We quarrel like cats and dogs, but we have lots of fun making up.

"I've got him dead to rights, for I just don't believe a word he says. He keeps me guessing and life is never dull. He's handsome and keeps me fighting for him and that saves me from collapsing into one of those dowdy dubs most wives turn into—contented cows, that's what they are, and not so contented at that.

"South America is more fun! You should see the way they put on a dance down there. It makes our best look like

"A gauze bandage ...*hurry!*"

It's not how *much* you want, but how much you *want* it. A worried mother may want only a tiny roll of sterile gauze—but she wants it in a hurry. And the Druggist sees that she gets it.

The Druggist renders lots of service like that. It costs him lots of money; but most people take it so for granted that he is seldom repaid even in thanks.

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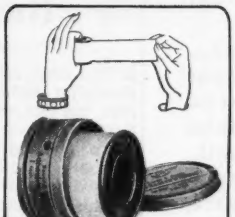

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It's amazing the way Unguentine stops the pain from even an ugly burn. Here's why. Cooling and *antiseptic* Unguentine not only soothes the surface skin—but penetrates to the inflamed, smarting tissues *underneath*. Quick relief follows. Safe, *natural* healing begins immediately. And hardly ever is a scar left.

Powerfully *Antiseptic*

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Whenever you bathe burns or wounds, always use Unguentine Soap. It is wonderfully soft and kind to tender skins.

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Quick-healing and *antiseptic* for

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a corn-husking bee. And those South Americans certainly know how to dance and flirt and make money spin. I'll never cease to thank you for makin Norry marry me in such a hurry. Marriage is so much fun, so far, that I am almost impatient for my next one.

"That's what I keep telling Norry. It isn't true, of course, but a wife doesn't dare let her husband know too many facts about her. I wouldn't let him know for worlds how much I really love him and how afraid I am that some woman will get him away from me. I pretend that I'm not jealous at all, and I flirt around and keep him watching me so I won't have to watch him."

She ran on for hours and hours, and her mother listened in a daze, as to a foreigner telling of incredible lands in a strange dialect not easy to follow. It came over Mrs. Risbey as a detestable yet inescapable truth that in this pitiful world where the best are imperfect, sinners must marry sinners, and liars liars, or the race of legitimate liars would die out.

When Norry came back at last she studied him with strangely different eyes. She had tried to save another mother's deceiver from her own, and had horrified him by her honesty. She realized vaguely that what had shocked him was her departure from the ideal he cherished of motherhood. In his eyes a mother was one who protected her children at all costs, and never told the truth about them under any circumstances.

Most people think that when they have cherished an ideal they have done enough for it. But Norry had lived up to his and rescued Vivian from a mother who was inhumanly honest and truthful. Having done that, he graciously forgave the misguided mother and concealed her shame from her daughter.

Mrs. Risbey thanked heaven and Norry for saving her from the consequences of her folly. If he had believed her, Vivian would have stayed at home, a sour spinster, and this charming marriage would never have been consummated.

Mrs. Risbey had learned one of life's most valuable lessons: that the truth is helpful when applied in small quantities with great care, but a fatal poison when indulged in recklessly.

Coming Soon—Meredith Nicholson's story of a man who was so interested in his job that he forgot his girl

The Edicts and the Addicts

(*Continued from page 91*)

is four sizes too small. It has been in the Camphor Balls for Five years. If I get into the Blame Thing it will bust at the Seams. I took a Vow that I would never wear the Thing again. A Dinner Coat is the only Sensible Garment for Evening wear. And now I've got to go back to the prehistoric Monstrosity known as the Dress Suit!"

"Why?"

"I'll tell you why, you poor Ninny. It says in the Evening Paper that the Prince of Wales has decided that, at any Function attended by Ladies, only Formal Wear may be considered *de Rigueur*."

She did not say a word about the Declaration of Independence. She was a good Woman. She started to hunt up a White Tie for the Poor Worm.

MORAL: *One hundred Percent of the Total Population are White Slaves.*

Doctors Must Live

(Continued from page 83)

generations of O'Malleys. Then she took out a nice clean new card and got set for the real work of the day.

"It is customary, sir," she began afresh, expectantly, "to obtain from each new patient some general idea of his financial resources and income. Starting, let us say, as of the last day of the last fiscal year, what——?"

"Listen, girlie," I broke in. "I'm a writer."

"Oh," she said, and the light died out of her eyes. Which ended that. She added that I was to return a week later at the same hour, but the invitation wasn't enthusiastic.

When I returned the following week she merely pressed a desk button on Napoleon's sarcophagus and told me in flat tones that Doctor Erskine Tooker was ready to see me. Tooker? I hadn't come to see any Doc Erskine Tooker—never had heard of him. That's how green I was in those days about the mass-production methods of a modern internist's medical plant.

Perhaps I should explain that a famous internist of today is merely a combination of a medical clearing house, a country-wide medical directory, and a national classified telephone book. His fame increases in direct proportion to the number of names of specialists he has filed away to whom he can send you.

He gets his by dealing to you rapidly the professional cards of other doctors, at ten bucks a card; and the great New York internists can deal with remarkable speed and skill. In less than five minutes they can deal you a hand that will keep you traveling from specialist to specialist for five weeks.

Every downy medico knows this before he has untied the blue ribbon on his new diploma. His one idea is to get immediately a job as assistant in the plant of one of the big boys. Young Doc Erskine Tooker was one of these.

I was stripped to the waist when the blond cutie that I had met over Napoleon's tomb dropped in informally. She had forgotten to ask me, she said, whether my children were my own. Doc Tooker curtly intimated to the cutie that she was infringing on the questions about my medical history which he intended to ask me while making his preliminary physical examination. Then he told the young lady to remain in the room and take down the answers to his questions, and he stripped me to the buff. He did let me have a fairly wide towel.

Questions! It was the third degree—and all to the accompaniment of short-arm, infighting jabs, kidney punches, thumb gougings in both eyes and the upthrust with the knee.

There were times when I all but jumped up to give him a slam in the slats. Only the presence of the young lady saved him; you unpack a wallop and, ten to one, you lose your towel. I am just as glad I took it on the chin with a smile, because it was this same Doc Tooker who, years later, was to—— But I shall come to that in a moment.

Half an hour later I was staggering into a taxicab, clutching six cards Doc Tooker had given me—I hadn't yet seen my doctor, the noted internist. I must not darken the door again, Doc Tooker warned me, until I could come armed with the X-ray art photos, charts and graphs which the six preliminary specialists listed on the cards would turn out for me. And when I got home I

What do they think as they pass you by?

DIVINE . . . awfully nice looking . . . very attractive . . . well-dressed . . . have you ever wondered as to your classification in the minds of the smart young people who pass you on the street? Our clothing, and the way we wear it, immediately catalogs us in the minds of passers-by. • Actually, appearances count for a lot. Hat, coat, gloves, shoes . . . they groove deep first impressions . . . and seldom is a detail missed. Nothing is more individual than a man's hat. It makes or breaks the entire turnout. But you can play safe with a Stetson hat. Its style is the smartest. Quality is unmatched. And there is a Stetson shade to harmonize with every color combination. You might just as well be right while you're about it.

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Stetson Hats

found that a messenger had beaten me to the door with a bill for sixty bucks. Ten bucks a card.

Finally I finished up with the specialist in right tonsils and the man who specialized exclusively in left tonsils. Each of them charged me twenty-five bucks for a signed statement certifying that I didn't have any tonsils—which I had known since I left old Doc Mueller's office the day after Garfield was shot.

Now I was able to see my great internist face to face, even shaking his hand. He talked to me only briefly; just long enough to break the news to me that cigarets stunt the growth, that it is unwise to sleep with the bedroom windows closed and that the hard stuff will get you. Then he dealt me ten cards at the same old price, each card containing the name of the leading specialist in various cities scattered along the eastern slope of the Appalachian watershed. And I packed up and went forth to see the world.

There is something akin to the chain-letter idea in this highly specialized modern medical treatment; each specialist that you are sent to always deals you the names of at least three or four other specialists you must see. Your field widens. In no time commuting out to Minnesota meant nothing to me, and I was addressing the Mayo boys freely as Charley and Old Pal Bill. Before Christmas had come it was a commonplace with me to barge into the University of Toronto laboratory of Doc F. G. Banting, the discoverer of insulin, give him a slam on the back and yell, "Well, Freddy, you old pig-sticker! Here I am again!"

And then recently one of my Johns Hopkins staff—I think it was one of the boys on my pancreas squad—decided that it was time I had another general overhauling by an internist, and he dealt me one card. I read the name.

I had lived so constantly with doctors for years now that they were somewhat jumbled in my mind. Yet the name looked vaguely familiar. It flashed upon me the minute I saw him—just a suspicion of gray hairs showing, but unmistakably that same old prince of good fellows, Doc Erskine Tooker, now a famous internist in his own right. I was back where I had started.

Doc Tooker summoned a file clerk to bring him the credentials I had just deposited at the Tooker plant.

"Mr. O'Malley," he said, tossing aside the cards, "I fear I must tell you something it will pain you to hear, as it pains me to say it. You must, for a time at least, I'm afraid, give up your present profession. The intensity of the ultra-violet ray in the sunlight of southern California in which you have been living so constantly is——"

"But listen, doc. I never——"

"One moment, please. You must seek, I say, a cloudier climate. Come East for a few months. Then, for a man in your condition, your present profession, what with its bucking bronchos, its fatiguing scramblings in thin mountain air, it's too violent——"

"Holy cat, doc! What in the name of——?"

"Please, Mr. O'Malley! *Please!* So I suggest, *insist* that you change to a more sedentary life. Why not amuse yourself with—well, let us say, something like writing? Surely in your thrilling profession you have had a wealth of wild experiences which, with a bit of practice, you could put into magazine articles, a book perhaps, or——"

Bucking bronchos? California? Mountains? I suddenly got a flash. Picking up the file cards on the desk I saw that my sudden hunch was right.

It seemed that another of Doc Tooker's patients was the famous Hollywood movie star, Pat O'Malley. The file clerk had accidentally dealt to doc from the bottom of the deck. Slip the wrong tooth-and-tonsil data to one of these big boys with the bedside manner and he's gaga, sunk.

Since that day we don't even discuss my four chronic diseases, all fatal, round the house. Once more I am just stringing along with them, just letting them ride.

The last mention of anything pathological in our home, in fact, was more than a month ago. I had been resting for a few weeks, recharging my batteries on the living-room couch after my years of strenuous doctor-chasing. Finally the missus began to hint encouragingly that I seemed well enough now to start in again to work.

I did get my typewriter uncovered on the afternoon of this day a month ago that I have in mind, but some of the boys dropped in, and we happened to start a poker game. It was three o'clock the next morning when my wife flounced downstairs and busted up our pastime.

"There's *one* disease you'll never die of," was her final shot. "As heaven is my witness, you'll never die of writer's cramp!"

Exercise for the Business Woman *by Helen Wills* *(Cont. from page 55)*

one, I do not have the dessert. In my opinion plenty of meat in a diet is important for anyone who leads an energetic existence. I almost always have meat for luncheon as well as for dinner.

After a match I have a cup or two of hot water, perhaps flavored with lemon, in which four or five lumps of sugar are dissolved. Sugar is a wonderful producer of energy.

Just as a tennis player needs something to revive his strength in the middle of the afternoon, so does the young woman in business. Four o'clock is the most trying hour in an office. Energy is usually at a low ebb. Much of the weariness between four and five actually comes from hunger. In England, the tea habit saves the situation, but since tea is not the custom of our country a bar of chocolate may take its place.

I believe that it is sensible to have suggested a tournament player's ideas to the business woman, for her day is as strenuous as that of a player in a tournament. Both must be strong or they are not going to be able to go at their best pace through the afternoon. In order to be strong, they must have substantial food—not just salads and black coffee.

When anyone is doing hard work or vigorous exercise he should have a substantial dinner, simple, yet at the same time more generous than his luncheon. When I am playing tennis, I usually have toast for luncheon but no bread for dinner, preferring to have my starch in some other form. Rich and elaborate desserts and fancy pastries are no addition to the diet. Fresh fruit and stewed fruit are ideal desserts for the person who wishes to keep fit. Candy, in spite of what has been said against it in the past, is a healthful food if eaten at the proper times—unless, of course, the scales are being watched for added pounds.

"What to weigh" is just as much of a question as "what to eat," with those who would make out a schedule for the healthy life! Everyone's weight problem is an individual affair. When I do not play tennis, I *lose* weight. To be logical, it should be the other way round. Some people must exercise in order to lose pounds; others exercise to gain. The very thin girl who has an unlimited range of choice in her diet is envied by the one who must deny herself even one piece of candy—and so goes the question of pounds.

But we all agree on one point—the young woman who has got as thin as a toothpick, so as to appear to the best advantage (she thinks) in her clothes, is certainly not as strong or as healthy as she could be. If she leads a life of leisure and does only the things that she wants very much to do she can usually keep within the bounds of her strength. But the typical modern young woman is not content to "do nothing." It is the fashion to be interested, to be well informed, to be in business. To meet the demands of modern life, the modern young woman must be healthy.

There is one remaining question on our health schedule that has not been brought up. How much sleep should you have? Business women and tennis players both have discovered that waking with bright eyes in the morning is possible only when there has been sufficient sleep.

Eight and a half hours is a satisfactory length of time for rest. For the business woman who rises at seven o'clock, ten-thirty is a sensible bedtime hour. When I am playing tournaments I go to bed at ten-thirty and have breakfast at eight-thirty. But no young business woman can be expected to forgo the pleasures of evening recreation, as if she were taking part in an athletic event.

A certain amount of recreation is indispensable to good spirits and good health. Dancing is good exercise, provided the air is not too smoky and too close. Two late nights a week and one semi-late night should not be destructive to our health schedule, provided that on the other four nights the ten-thirty rule is kept.

It is much harder to follow a schedule than it is to make it. You must decide to be firm with yourself. I have missed more than one party that I should have enjoyed because I had already used up my allotted number of late nights for the week.

The suggestions that I have given above, for the business woman, could be of use to any woman, no matter what her interests. I follow much the same schedule, although I work in a studio instead of an office. The woman who stays at home can follow it also, except that she can take her walk at any time she desires.

The keynotes of the health schedule are: sufficient exercise, simple yet substantial food, adequate recreation and eight-and-a-half hours' sleep five nights a week. And, I forgot to add, no cigarets or alcohol!

Coming Soon—Sir Philip Gibbs' story of an American girl's last adventure before marriage in picturesque Venice

Shattered Glass *by Louis Bromfield*

(*Continued from page 65*)

that she had money of her own she could not believe her success would last. It was something glittering which might vanish overnight. She told herself that if she married Melbourn she could not even by the wildest extravagance spend all the money which would be hers.

It was only when she had reached the door of the little house on the roof that she ceased to think of the money and began to consider Melbourn himself, and she found Melbourn as a fact more difficult to accept than his money. She had known him for only a few months and now when she thought of him as a possible husband she discovered that she did not know him at all.

Certainly, she admitted, she did not love him. She was not, in honesty, even fond of him. Yet she did not dislike him, even for the coarse brutality which had displayed itself once or twice.

The feeling Melbourn aroused in her, she decided, was one of fascination. He was so ruthless and certain of himself and of getting everything he desired. There was nothing romantic about him and nothing that was soft or tender or intimate. Yet when you thought of him in another way, he was everything that was romantic and he had a capacity for great tenderness. And she began to weigh the disadvantages of being married to Melbourn against the advantages of all that his money would bring her.

To do this, she thought inevitably of Charlie Wintringham. She saw him again, gross and fat, too flashily dressed. She was aware once more of how much she had been shamed by his vulgarity.

She tried for the millionth time to excuse herself for having married him. She repeated all the reasons she had used to convince herself at the time—that she could not go on forever being a librarian in San Francisco, wearing away her youth and her beauty; that she had done it for the sake of her son and because she had loved her son's father so much that when he died she knew that she never could love anyone else. But all the time she knew that none of these things was true. She had done it out of a cold and relentless ambition that gave her no peace until it was satisfied.

She had wanted then, and still wanted, not merely wealth and power but the greatest wealth and power it was possible to have. That was why she had taken money from Charlie Wintringham even since she had divorced him. Now, quite suddenly, she saw that what she desired was within her grasp, but she was afraid.

LIVING with Melbourn wouldn't be like living with Charlie Wintringham and she wouldn't feel soiled by his embraces, because Melbourn was an attractive man and plenty of women like Fanny Towner ran after him. It was only that she was afraid of him, and when she tried to discover why she was afraid of him she could find no reason more definite than that her instinct made her afraid.

She would gain one kind of independence but she would lose another. She wouldn't have any longer the knowledge that the money she had was her own, made by her own work; and she wouldn't have the independence of living alone with her son in the tiny house high above the city which she loved. She fancied that whoever married Melbourn would be his slave. But in the same breath she told herself that she was not like Fanny Towner, a fool with whom he could do as he pleased.

Suddenly she was ashamed of her own hardness and felt a curious overpowering desire to slough off, as a snake sloughs off his skin, all that had happened to her in the past twelve years. She wanted again to be what she had been, a pretty girl without sophistication, content and even marvelously happy in the love of Fred Saunders.

She began to pity herself and to tell herself that if he hadn't died she would now be the simple wife of a sea captain, surrounded by a half-dozen children, instead of this hard woman who had had to do the best she could for herself in a hostile world.

But honesty with herself and dishonesty with others was her strength, and as she turned the key in the lock of her house she knew that her self-pity was feminine and hysterical and that in all honesty she had never done anything which she had not chosen to do. She knew, too, that it was too late now to change.

If she turned back now she would end only in failure and confusion. She had to go on. She had to marry Melbourn whom she did not love for what she could get out of it, whether it ended well or badly.

In the sitting room she stopped to look at herself in the gilt mirror that hung above the lacquered chest which was her only souvenir of a childhood that seemed to her to have come to an end a thousand years ago. She saw that the face of Ruby Saunders had almost vanished beneath the face of Ruby Wintringham.

It was not only that the fresh look of her first youth had gone from it; the change was more subtle than that. The eyes seemed deeper set and more brilliant, the skin whiter, the mouth less full and harder; and about the eyes and the mouth itself there were the beginnings of little lines. She was handsome now where before she had been only fresh and pretty.

She was thirty-four, with ten or fifteen good years before her. After that she wouldn't be able to marry a man like Melbourn because she was beautiful. After that she'd have only her cleverness. And what she needed now and forever was money, money, money.

She thought suddenly that there were two women in her soft and beautiful body. One might have been called Ruby Saunders, who was generous and sentimental and nice; and the other Ruby Wintringham, who was hard and brilliant and calculating. But Ruby Saunders had almost disappeared, crushed by Ruby Wintringham and all that Ruby Wintringham had forced herself to do; she was crushed by the disgusting embraces of Charlie Wintringham, and by the money she had taken from him as his divorced wife, and all the pretenses and plottings which had hardened her and brought her success.

She turned from the mirror and walked thoughtfully along the hall. Halfway down, she opened the door of a room a little way so that she might look into it without admitting too much light. She saw her son in bed asleep, and she saw again how exactly he was like his father, with his snub-nosed face and curly blond hair. She stood watching until the boy turned and she closed the door quickly lest she waken him.

As she turned away she felt a sharp pain compounded of sorrow and passion and desire. In that moment she would have given everything in the world, even her son, to have had back again the father of her son and to feel his body against hers and his voice telling her that she was for him the beginning and the end of everything.

But it was no good. Fred Saunders was dead. He had been dead for fourteen years. She could no more summon him to return than she could summon back the love-stricken girl who had been Ruby Saunders.

In the darkness of her own room she let her fur coat slip to the floor and flung herself down on the bed in the gown of black chiffon which was like a cloud about her body. For a long time she lay with her head buried in her arms, frightened because for the first time in all her life she felt tired. She asked herself if she was beginning to be old. If being old felt like this she would go on feeling more and more tired, and she would have to go on fighting no matter how tired she was.

ALL the delight of her success seemed to fade into nothing, and all at once she hated this city and all the world and all the people whom she had used and who had used her for what she and they were able to gain. She realized why it was that people who failed came to hate this terrible city. It was a place only for those who succeeded.

She knew suddenly that she was too hard even to weep out of self-pity. She had chosen this life and she could not change now. It was fastened upon her until she died. And as she lay there she wanted passionately to be Ruby Saunders again, whose life was simple and filled with pleasant, easy things.

As she thought of that earlier life it seemed to her more and more beautiful and glamorous, far more beautiful and more glamorous than it had ever been in reality. And it seemed to her that the only two noble men she had ever known were her father and Fred Saunders, and fate had taken both of them from her. If she could have kept them she would have been a nice girl now.

It hurt her when she thought she never had loved her father enough while he was alive. It was only now, long after he was dead and since she had learned more of the world, that she understood his greatness.

Lying there in the dark she saw him again, tall and bent, looking older than his age, with enormous, black, burning eyes which seemed forever seeking something which no mortal would ever find . . . a missionary who was unlike any other missionary, who never spoke of God alone but always of God and Nature together, as if they were one. She saw him coming down from the Manchurian mountains laden with the strange and beautiful plants which he tried valiantly to make grow in the sunburnt soil of the mission compound.

She saw him again talking passionately with Father Hyppolyte, a Jesuit priest, of the strange yellow azaleas and scarlet lilies that grew in the wild barren mountains north toward the Gobi Desert . . . a parson who had had his daughter taught French by a Jesuit priest because he wanted her to be educated properly. She saw how different he was from the other two missionaries who lived in the same brick compound. Mr. and Mrs. Biggs were *regular* missionaries.

She saw now that her father had been able to endure them only because for him they didn't really exist at all. In his absorption in his daughter and in the wonders of the opalescent mountains,

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....Bookkeeper	....High School Graduate

Name.....Age.....
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he simply was unaware of such people as the Biggses.

She saw him again as a good father, trying awkwardly to take the place of the mother who had died when she was born, in the year the bubonic plague killed half the natives in Shansi.

She wondered what had become of Father Hyppolyte and the old amah and of the Biggses, struggling to convert a stubborn community. It all returned to her with an amazing vividness: all the violence of the climate; the sunburnt courtyard of the compound, with the ducks waddling about outside the wire that protected her father's garden; the distant mountains that were always mauve and blue and green in the shimmering heat of summer; and the long trains of mangy dromedaries driven by wrinkled, copper-faced Mongols bearing tea to the north and bits of jade and bales of felt into the south.

It was like something she had dreamed, which had no relation to all that had happened to her since. It was something, in any case, which had happened to Ruby Saunders, who was dead, but never to Ruby Wintringham.

It struck her suddenly that women had never played any rôle in her life. It was always men who counted. She saw that she really did not like women and felt uneasy with them. For when she married she had only exchanged her father, who had been everything to her, for Fred Saunders, who was everything to her. And after that there was Charlie Wintringham, and now Melbourn.

Fred Saunders, too, returned to her as she lay in the darkness. He came back as she had seen him for the first time when he came up the path toward her Uncle Heber's bungalow on the hill above Hongkong. She had gone to visit Uncle Heber because her father said that the time had come when she must leave Shansi and discover what the world was like.

She had been sitting on the veranda with Aunt Minnie while Uncle Heber, who was a trading merchant, took his after-luncheon nap. Aunt Minnie had her hair in curl papers and was rocking and fanning herself with a palm-leaf fan, and when she saw the strange young man turn into the path, she fled into the house, leaving Ruby to receive him.

He had come up the path, looking slim and tall and powerful in his blue sea-captain's dress, and when he saw her he raised his cap, exposing blond curly hair burned bright yellow by the sun. He had, she thought, the frankest and most charming face she had ever seen. He was tanned and had small bright blue eyes set deep under a high forehead and surrounded by little lines that had come from squinting against the brilliance of the tropical sun.

And almost at once her heart had begun to beat more rapidly and she had thought, without thinking, "This is the nicest man I have ever met. I could love him forever and bear his children and be happy with him." And then in the next second, blushing, she thought that this was what her father had tried to describe to her. It was a kind of chemical reaction. It was the way people fell in love.

She had fallen in love with Fred at first sight. There was such a thing because it had happened to her. She loved him as he stood talking to her, holding his cap in his sunburnt hands. She loved him as much as she could ever love him, which was a million times more than she had ever loved any other man. And afterwards he told her that he had felt the same way about her.

It all happened quickly. In six weeks they were married, because he wanted to take her to San Francisco with him as his wife and he wanted to have a proper honeymoon ashore before they sailed. Her father came down from Shansi for the wedding. He looked tired and old but happy, too, that she had fallen in love and was going to be married and begin to live for herself.

When she thought she ought not to leave him and spoke to him of it, he had said, "No, it's your turn now. It's what God and Nature intended. Whatever happens to you, good or bad, is better than not living at all. I haven't any right to you any longer. I know Fred will make you a good husband because it's written in his face. I'm glad you've found such a nice boy as Fred."

So they went to Peking for their honeymoon, and her happiness had been so great that she did not think of it as happiness. It was only now, years afterward, that she understood it had been the kind of happiness, blended of passion and desire, tenderness and beauty, that came to one woman in a million. It was as if flame had enveloped them both, forging them into a single body and a single soul.

She saw now that her father had played his part in that happiness, for because of him and all he taught her she had gone to her lover in a fashion as natural as the mating of the bees and the birds in the mountains her father had so loved. She knew now that with most women such things were different, all marred and distorted by shame and self-consciousness. She had known something which few women ever knew.

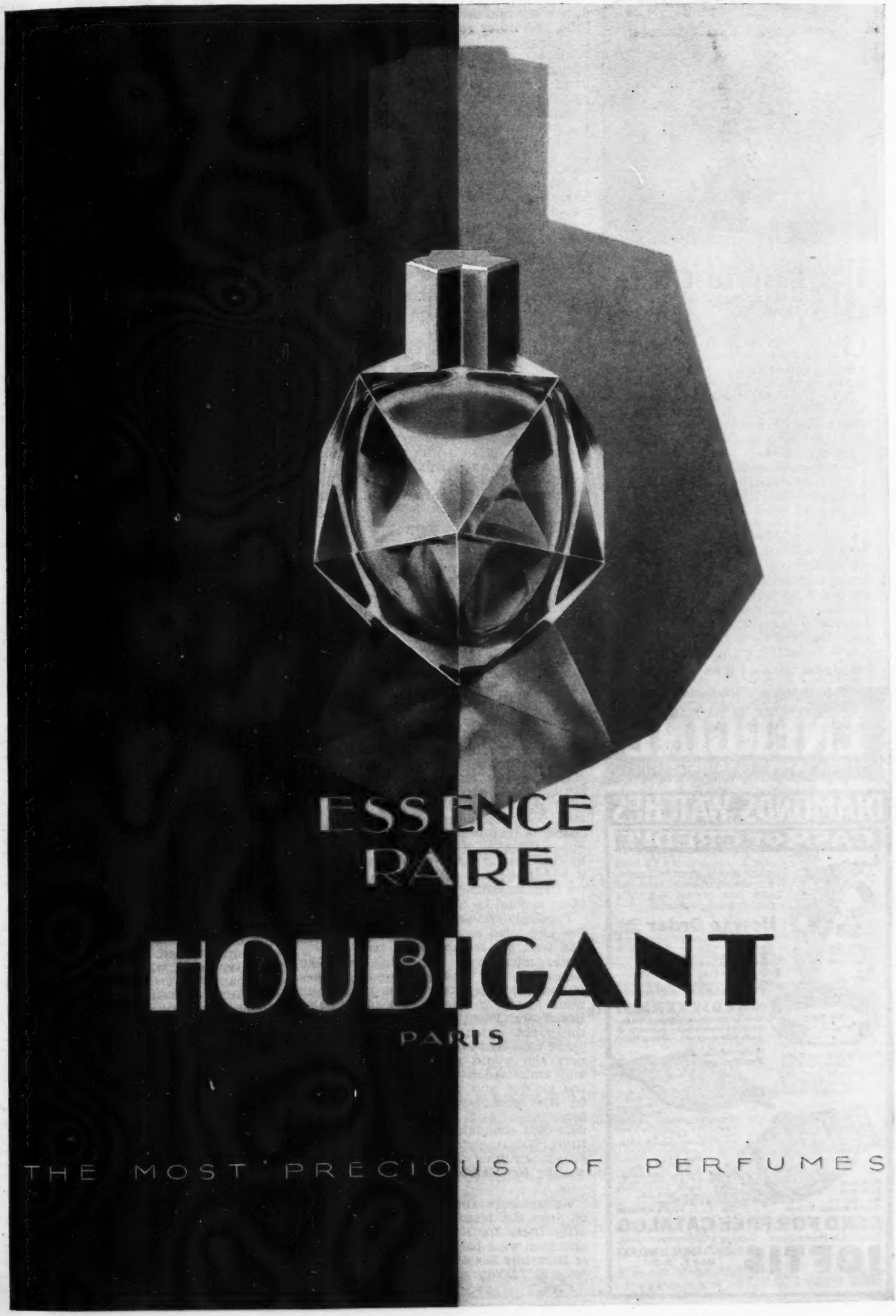
And then within two months Fred was dead and in the evening they had buried him in the midst of the Pacific Ocean and she was left alone to enter a strange civilized world of which she knew nothing, to bear his child, and to hear the news that her father, too, was dead of cholera in Shansi and that there was nothing in China to which she could return.

While she lay there she thought suddenly, "But all that's finished. It's been dead for fourteen years. It never can happen to me again. Perhaps it couldn't have gone on forever. Perhaps we should have grown tired of each other or at least used to each other so that the best part of it would have been dead. Perhaps I'd have grown restless after a time and wanted all the things that I've had since and that I still want. Perhaps it was better that way."

For she saw that even then, before she knew how precious an experience she had had, she was aware that in a way she was different from other women who did not know such a love. And as she grew older the sense of its beauty had increased, so that when she was confronted by a woman like Fanny Towner, she was not disconcerted or angry, but only sorry for Fanny because she understood that she had known what Fanny Towner never had known and never would know now, because such things could happen to you only when you were young.

It was odd to think that if Fred had not died she would have been another woman, quite different—the simple wife of a sea captain, with a family of children. She tried to make herself believe this, but in her heart she could not believe it because she knew that there would have been a time when even her passion for Fred no longer could have held in check that strange ambition to conquer all the world.

When she thought of it she saw that it was an ambition which had begun in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her childhood in the compound of Shansi when she had dreamed of the great cities she had never seen outside the pictures in her geography books—cities filled with palaces and hotels and millionaires and princes. It all went back a long way and it had still a long way to go before it was finished.

Suddenly she was overcome by a sense of shame, for she knew that if Fred Saunders could return to life and if he were to step into this room the next moment, there would be a barrier between them made up of all the things that had happened to her since he died. He would seem to her handsome and physically magnificent but strange, too, because she would be seeing him from a distance across an abyss. And there would be difference of thought. They wouldn't see things in the same way because her vision would be complicated by what she had learned from a complicated world. There would be times when she would be ashamed of his naïveté and his lack of grace and sophistication.

And he . . . He wouldn't know her at all. He'd think her a shallow insincere woman, frivolous and selfish and mean. And he would be right, of course.

But in the end she came round again in the endless circle of her thought. He was dead and with him had died something of herself which she never again could bring to life. Sighing, she rose from the bed and, turning on the light, looked at herself once more in the mirror. Her hair was in disorder now instead of lying close to her head in smooth shining waves, and it gave her a look of recklessness so that she thought for a moment that perhaps Ruby Saunders was not quite dead.

But it was only an illusion. The face was not the face of Ruby Saunders but the face of Ruby Wintringham, who had steeled herself to endure the embraces of Charlie Wintringham, and lied and cheated and been trivial and ambitious in cold blood. It was the face of a clever woman who knew the world.

She turned away from the mirror, and pulling the cloud of black chiffon over her head, she lighted a cigaret and put on a tea gown of crimson velvet. She smoothed her hair and went into the sitting room, where she stood for a long time looking out the window across the city, lost completely in the fantastic beauty of its towers, rising black and gray out of the glow of light turned all silvery by the blowing snow. And she saw that it was more fantastic and more beautiful than anything she had ever dreamed of as a child in Shansi.

Presently she seated herself before the fire and tried to read a novel Melbourn had sent, but she could not read it.

Her mind kept wandering from its pages into the most glamorous avenues of thought: she pictured the houses she would have in New York and Palm Beach and Paris, and perhaps London; the yacht which would be the biggest yacht that had ever been built; the dinners she would give to great bankers and ambassadors and decayed royalty; the clothes and the jewels that would be the most beautiful that had ever been seen. And presently Ruby Saunders died completely and there was only Ruby Wintringham, rich, brilliant, ambitious, cunning and beautiful, who sat waiting for Melbourn to arrive.

As Melbourn and Fanny Towner drove off into the blizzard, Pat Healy looked after them for a moment thoughtfully and then went back into the shining hall of Berkshire House. To the elevator man he said, "D'you see that guy?"

"Yes."

"They say he don't know how rich he is from one day to the next."

"It's him that signed the check for a hundred million?"

"A hundred an' fifty million. Yeah. That's the guy."

"Funny. He's so young-lookin'."

"Yeah. He can't be much older'n you."

"Well, he's got a lot more o' this world's goods."

The elevator man said, "He don't look like an easy guy to get on with. I guess he treats most people as if they wasn't quite bright."

"Well, mebbe if you could sign a check for a hundred an' fifty million, you'd be like that too."

"Well, mebbe I would."

"That's a swell car he's got."

"Yeah, it must have cost a lot of money."

"About like you or me buyin' an egg beater at the ten-cent store."

"Well, as I say to the old woman, 'money ain't everything.'"

"Yeah, I heard that before."

Pat Healy looked at his watch. He began to pace up and down, round and round the marble-and-silver corridor, thinking about Esther and how slow the time was passing and when the baby might be born, and about going to hear Rosie sing and about old Granma Kochitz and her daughter Mrs. Rothstein, who lived in the other side of the two-family house in Primrose Place out in Corona, and assuring himself that Esther would be all right because she could call on them and old Granma Kochitz, who knew about being a midwife, would know what to do.

And in the car Fanny Towner sat thinking dramatically and with a perverse satisfaction that she was like a woman shut in a windowless prison beating her bare hands against the walls in a hopeless effort to escape, because she was afraid of Melbourn and because whatever she did or said was certain to annoy him.

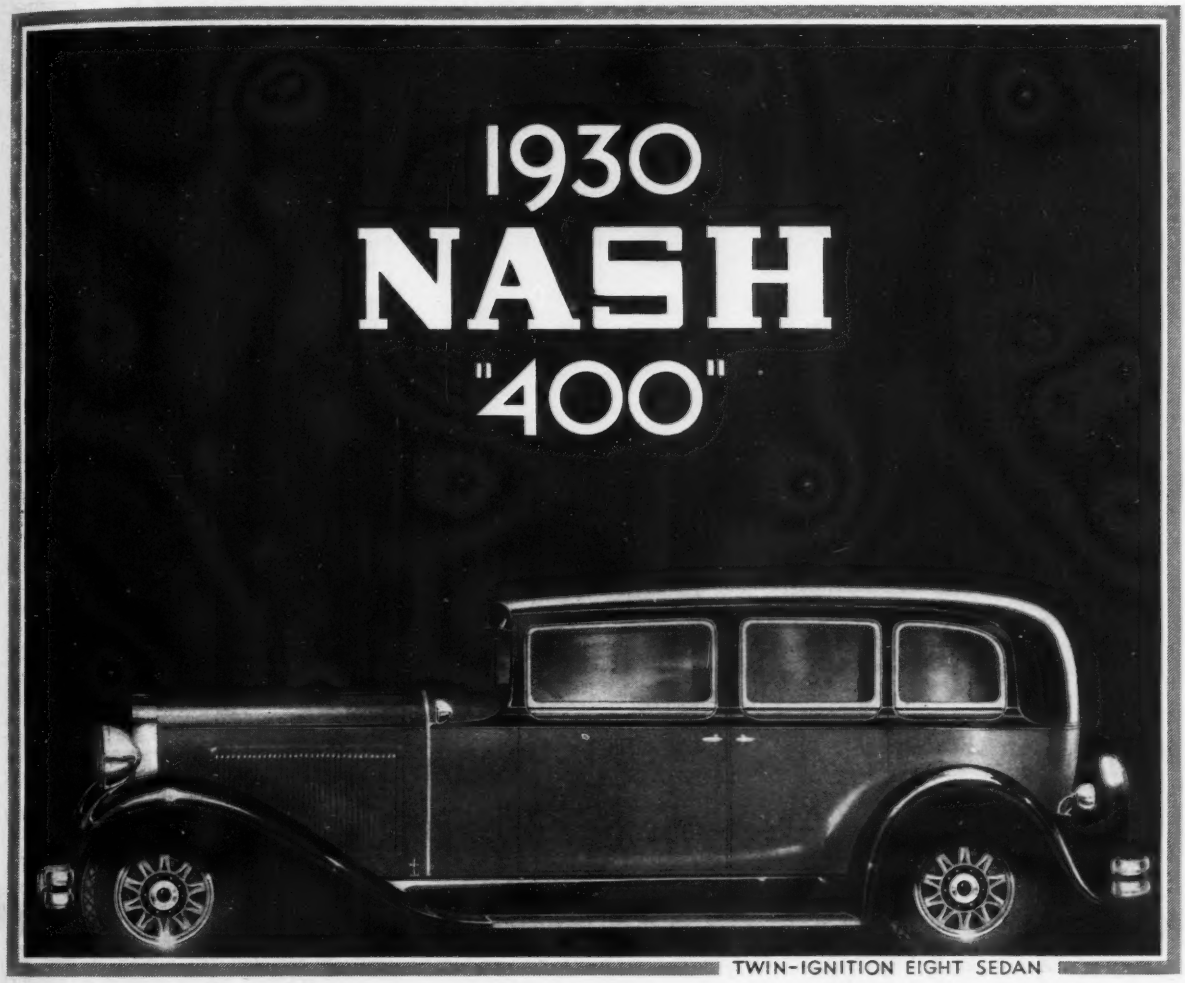
Beside her, Melbourn began to think of her with a cold detachment altogether new in his affair with her. He saw for the first time why it was that when people who knew Fanny spoke of her they always said, "Poor Fanny."

He began to think of her as he might have thought of a mine or a mill which he had purchased and discovered was not all he had believed it to be. He saw that she had plenty of money. She had two handsome and attractive children. She had a good-looking, amiable husband.

She was still young as women went nowadays, although she usually looked tired from the stress of emotions which were unrestrained. She had everything, yet never in her whole existence had she been happy or even contented, and she looked upon herself as the most wretched and unlucky of women.

It was true, he told himself, that her husband was a drunkard and that probably he ran about after other women for want of something better to do, but it was true, too, that he was a stupid fellow and that she did nothing to help him find some direction for his existence; and it was true that there must have been a time when she could have made of him the most devoted of husbands. He saw all at once the very essence of Fanny's existence—that she believed everything should come to her without effort and that when she did not get what she wanted she saw herself as the victim of cruel misfortune.

He saw that for her the entire world revolved about her own shallow soul, and that she wore herself out struggling always to force people and circumstances



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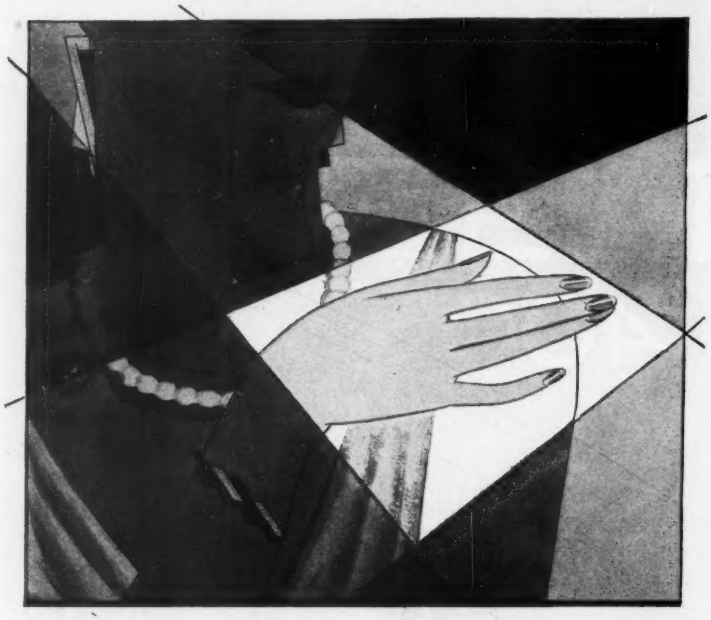

Glazo's lovely color is constant .. never deceiving its users

WITH its delicate sheen and lovely, modish color, Glazo has a gift for flattering slender fingers. And the beauty it brings is constant, under all lights!—with never a change in tone or texture.

With many nail polishes evening light, especially, brings a disappointing difference. A dashing color fades to insignificance and dullness replaces a soft glow. Your fingertips, charming by sunlight, lose every claim to beauty.

Correct Nail Color is Vital to Charm

Varying lighting conditions have an unflattering effect upon most nail polishes. Electric light can cause a soft lustre to appear flat and dull, or change the color of your nails to a yellowish tinge or an unpleasant purple-pink. Glazo alone remains unaffected. Glazo alone guards its modish tone under every changing condition of light.

With Glazo polish on your nails, your fingertips are always lovely—indoors and outdoors, under the dazzle of party lights or the glow of candles, just as in broad daylight.

Would you like to prove for yourself the constancy of Glazo color?

First, do your nails exactly as you want them under daylight. Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine them carefully. Glazo will have exactly the same tone in the closet as it had in the sun!

Try this test—and we believe you will become a devotee of Glazo for life!

* * *

A good polish like Glazo lasts longer than a week. It never peels, it never cracks, and gives a soft, lively sheen that never verges on artificiality. For its covering film is so smooth and thin that you will delight in its effect and you can scarcely detect its presence.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its constant color is a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under varying lights. With Glazo your nails will always be lovely.

The smart twin bottles of Glazo (Glazo Polish and Polish Remover) may be found at all toilet goods counters and the price is 50¢.

If you would like samples of Glazo, send six cents with the coupon below.

Coupon

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GC 50, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely Eloquent Hands."

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GLAZO

to follow the pattern of her own satisfaction. People thought of her as "poor" Fanny because they knew she was a fool and possessed of a selfishness so colossal and so fundamental that it did not even appear to her to be selfishness.

He saw why it was that when her greediness for excitement and satisfaction showed itself in her sharp, narrow, pretty face, strangers took a dislike to her which she resented and never could understand. She wanted to be brilliant and pretty and adored by everyone, and her very greediness destroyed her mind, her looks and even her friendships.

He saw suddenly that she had already destroyed any love which he had once had for her, and in the next breath he told himself honestly that he had never loved her but had taken her because she was pretty and so easy to take it seemed a pity not to amuse himself. He was aware that, sitting there beside him, she was nervous and irritable and longing to indulge in a fit of wild hysterics, which she did not dare attempt because she was afraid of him; and in his sense of power over her and in his sudden contempt for her he felt a desire to grin, because it seemed to him that he was avenging poor Jim Towner and all the others she had made unhappy.

She kept making banal remarks about the blizzard or the new chauffeur or other subjects which were certain not to lead to an intimate conversation, for she was aware that if she opened the thing which was occupying both their minds it would lead to a quarrel which might end in the only way which she feared. She was afraid of Melbourn because she loved him as she had never loved anyone in all her life.

She was even frightened of the way she loved him because she had discovered suddenly, at thirty-eight, that she was possessed of a body and that a body could do terrible things to your pride and your self-respect. It was no physical fear because she knew that he would never touch her; she was terrified of his complete self-possession and that sulky coldness which seemed to put her always in the wrong; and Fanny had always got what she wanted by putting other people in the wrong, either by hysteria or violence.

Between banalities she kept thinking, "If only there were something soft and human in him which would let me talk to him, but if I begin to talk he will only be annoyed and perhaps get out and walk home. What have I done to deserve suffering like this? He doesn't care in the least what becomes of me. I daren't threaten to leave him because I am afraid that he would say coldly, 'All right, go,' and I should have to go."

She told herself she hated him and that she had best get free from him, because there was no use going on in such unhappiness. And all the while she knew that it was impossible and she would give up all the rest of her life for a single rendezvous with him.

She who had been brought up as a nice girl had discovered at thirty-eight that there was something wild and abandoned in her nature. She did not say to herself that her body had got possession of her mind and her spirit. She believed that she was simply warm and passionate by nature, a quality which all her literary friends assured her was a virtue, and that she had never been aroused till she met Melbourn; and because this theory served to increase her dislike for her husband it encouraged her belief that she was an unfortunate woman who had made an unhappy and even a tragic marriage.

She thought, "I behaved badly tonight

toward Mrs. Wintringham but she is trying to steal him from me, and if I did behave badly it was only because I love him so much. It was only on his account. I can't help it if fate made me a passionate creature, all feeling."

She knew that the rudeness toward Mrs. Wintringham was the reason for Melbourn's sudden sulky coldness, but she could not tell whether it was because he was attracted by Mrs. Wintringham or merely because he detested such behavior, and the doubt kept tormenting her. She knew his dislike for indiscretion of any sort and she remembered that he had once told her that if their love affair became public property it would have to come to an end, because he could not afford to go about with open scandal attached to his name.

And she remembered that once in a moment of annoyance he had cried out scornfully, "Do you think that love is all of life? It is only a little part of it and ought to be kept in its place." She knew that he said this not because he was a cold man but because he had managed to arrange his life into compartments, so that his impulses and emotions rarely conflicted.

Therefore, she thought, he could well afford to be discreet. It was easy enough for a person like that. It was different with someone who was all feeling. Yet in the next instant she knew that he was more passionate than herself, and more sensual.

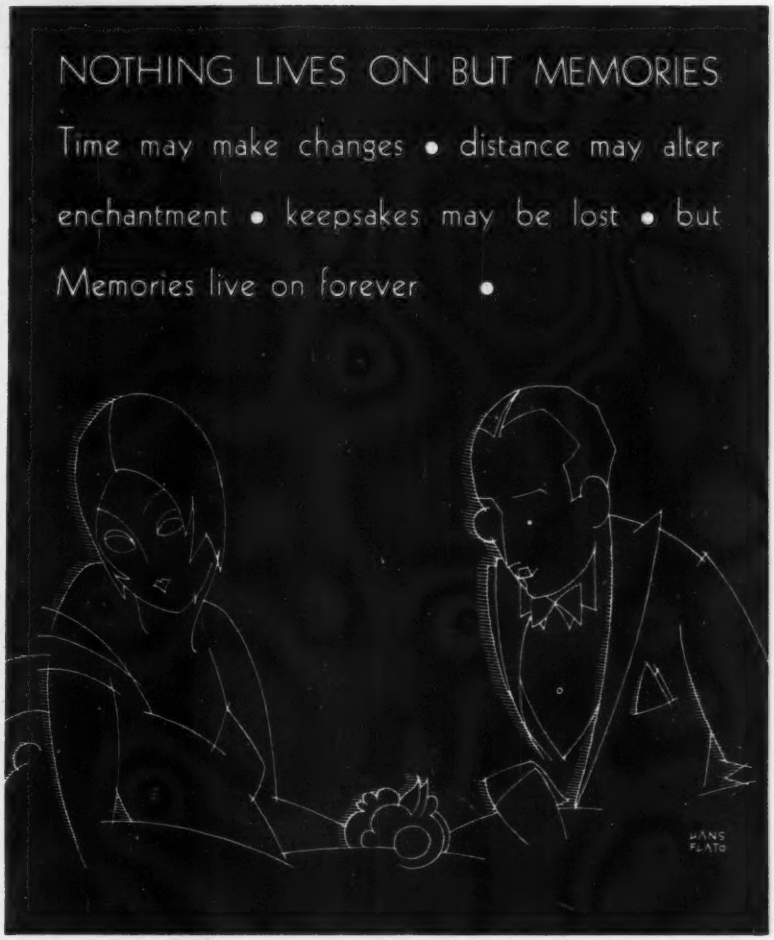
One moment she thought, "I'll get out of this car now and go home alone through the snow. Perhaps I should catch pneumonia and die, and then he'd be sorry." And in the next, she knew that she could not do it for fear he would not even take the trouble to follow her, and if she died of pneumonia he would think it was because she was a fool to have done anything so stupid.

And when she stole a glance at him sidewise so that he might not know that she was watching him, she knew that she could not imagine life without him. She was bound to him by a horrible but an exciting passion, and so she dared not do the least thing which would displease him.

And because she lived thus from day to day with desire and hatred for him constantly battling in her body and her soul, she felt herself growing older and older and more and more tired; for there was no serenity in her nature and things piled up endlessly to torment and rend her. There were times when, alone in her own room, she would think of him and fly into a wild jealousy of all the women he had known before her; yet she never dared to speak of them for fear of driving him into a temper that might end in his leaving her.

She kept saying to herself over and over again, "Why must I suffer thus? What have I done to deserve it? Why should a nice woman like myself be cursed with this terrible desire?" Yet she would not for the sake of her life have been freed from that same desire.

She looked at him again and saw suddenly a thing which she never had noticed before—that there was no tenderness in his face; and she understood that it was tenderness which had always been lacking in their relationship. She had been dazzled by his looks and by his wealth and by the knowledge that other women desired him, and perhaps too by his success, which made him so different from Jim Towner, and she felt a sudden warmth for her husband because she remembered the awkward tenderness and courtesy with which he had treated her for many years after they were married. She pitied herself and even forgot for a moment the awful


NOTHING LIVES ON BUT MEMORIES
Time may make changes • distance may alter
enchantment • keepsakes may be lost • but
Memories live on forever •
HANS FLATO

FROM PARIS, Ciro sends Chevalier de la Nuit, "The Knight of the Night"—a strange, compelling odeur like the sensuous fragrance of the dark. Haunting, langorous, magical—its lovely fragrance will ever evoke memories of *you*, exactly as you would be remembered.

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CIRO

Women who perspire least · · often need Odorono most · ·

When the underarm is kept dry with Odorono you are absolutely safe from offending

By Ruth Miller

The doctors who work with me on perspiration problems have given me information that concerns every one of us very intimately.

Doctors know perspiration odor can *precede* noticeable moisture—that actually the odor may be as great from a small amount of perspiration as from enough to stain a dress.

Yet many women believe because their gowns show no traces they are free from odor! By using Odorono to divert perspiration from the underarm to areas where it will evaporate quickly you are absolutely safe from offending.

A Physician's Formula . . . Odorono was originally made by a physician for his own use. The familiar ruby colored Odorono, Regular Strength, is for use twice a week on normal skins. The new colorless Odorono, Mild, is made especially for sensitive skins and for frequent use—or in an emergency. At toilet-goods counters, 35¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Just 3 simple gestures—and Odorono keeps you safe from worry . . .

1. PAT ON . . . Wash underarm with clear water and dry. Pat on Odorono—don't rub.
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ODO-RO-DO

ends perspiration annoyance and odor

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Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., Inc., Dept. 5-CO
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boredom with which Jim enveloped her.

Against the glass of the motor and the flying snow beyond, Melbourn's profile appeared clear-cut against the illuminated snowflakes, the forehead high, box-like, the nose finely shaped and proud, the lips full and sensual, the chin dropping a little away from the lips to the jaw that was set in a hard line. She thought, "It can't go on. It grows worse and worse every day. It's got to end and what is to become of me then? I can't go back to Jim and I can't live on and on like an old maid."

She began to think of awful stories she had heard of women like Savina's second cousin Mildred who people said made love, at forty-seven, to policemen and taxi drivers. And without understanding what she was doing Fanny began to see the face of Melbourn's chauffeur, thinking how handsome he was and that he must have a beautiful body, and then, realizing that it was odd she should be able to see him so clearly in her imagination, she felt sick and terrified.

"Do we have to go to this party?" asked Melbourn wearily.

She found her voice and answered, "I promised I'd stop in for a moment. We shan't stay long."

He did not answer her but fell again into a sulky silence.

Not once had she said to herself the one thing she could not bear to face and the one thing she knew was true. She kept evading it and putting it from her. Not once did she say to herself, "I love him, and he's fed up with me."

As they drove southward through the blizzard a thousand things floated through the mind of Melbourn. As a man of immense activity and countless interests he long ago had learned the trick of relaxing, mind and body, and allowing thoughts, impressions, impulses and doubts to drift through his mind, disheveled and unrelated. It was a restful habit and one which led to the solution of many things.

At the moment he wondered whether old Lord Elsmore would be difficult to deal with in this business about the Gobi mines and he thought again how odd it was that Lady Elsmore should turn out to be Hector Champion's sister; and he wondered why it was that Fanny thought so many second-rate people creatures of importance and whether it was not perhaps because she was herself shallow and second-rate. He wondered what Jim Towner had been like before he had taken to drink and whether he knew what Fanny was doing and whether he cared, but always his thoughts kept wandering back to Fanny and how he was to end this affair in which he found himself entangled.

He was aware that she had made a fool of herself publicly and that it was not the first time and that if it happened again they would end by being the subject on the tongues of half New York. Try as he would, even admitting that she had given herself to him on a platter, he could not understand how he had ever become so deeply entangled with her, because although she was pretty, she was a dull woman, who had been so spoiled all her life that at times like tonight she was insufferable.

A woman could afford to make such scenes only if they added to her fascination, and that happened not once in a million times. He had never found himself entangled with such a woman before—save one. He saw suddenly that Fanny was exactly like Verna Hostetter, the first mistress he had ever had, and Verna was the daughter of a German groceryman. When he thought of Verna

he flushed with shame and anger, even now nearly thirty years afterward.

He began to see himself as another person in his relation to Fanny, and the more he thought of it the more it seemed to him that he had involved himself in an affair in which the game was not worth the candle. She was not attractive enough to outweigh the trouble and embarrassment which she made, and she was certain, as time went on, to make more and more trouble.

She had in her mind, he knew, the idea that she might divorce Jim Towner and marry him. He told himself that he had not the slightest intention of marrying her, but the thought of the complications she might make to attain such an end filled him with distaste. She would stop at nothing.

He knew that she would not retire quietly, thus putting him in the wrong, but that possibly she would scream and kick, wholly unaware that she was doing the worst thing possible for her own interest by making it easy for him to detest her and break with her without the slightest regret. And he saw that she had always behaved thus, spoiling her own happiness.

He saw then why it was that most people spoke of her as "poor" Fanny. That was what she was—poor, distracted Fanny without any rudder to her life and with no interest save that silly superficial one in celebrities, by which she hoped to create about herself an importance which she did not have.

While he thought of her he kept seeing the figure of Ruby Wintringham, and more than ever she seemed to him the complete opposite of Fanny and so all that was restful and charming and desirable. He saw her in a dozen phases: as she appeared in her shop struggling (he imagined) to make ends meet but always appearing well dressed and spirited, as if there were nothing at all to trouble her; as he had seen her during week-ends on Long Island, playing bridge with boldness and clarity; as she had been tonight, quietly ignoring Fanny's cheap and hysterical rudeness.

And always she appeared to have about her an air of mystery of which poor Fanny had not a trace. It struck him that there was always between Mrs. Wintringham and himself a strange feeling of understanding.

Perhaps, he thought, it was because she, like himself, always felt outside the circle of people like Fanny and Old Hector and young Philip. And he began to wonder again what her past had been and whether she, like himself, was a complete but legitimate adventurer.

He had written Ruby on the scrap of bridge score without thinking that she might be tired and that tomorrow she might have to be at the shop at an early hour, because for many years he had been accustomed to having such requests accepted without question and because it had seemed to him that he must dissolve this tangle in which he found himself and set his life once more upon a definite course before he could sleep or go on with the colossal job he had planned for himself tomorrow. His affair with Fanny had become to him a pointless, drifting thing which made him restless and uneasy, and troubled him because it seemed a sign of some breaking-down in the energy and the discipline which until now had made his life a perfectly directed campaign toward a definite end. He hated messy things, and Fanny was always making messy quarrels and ridiculous demands.

It was not the immorality of the relationship which troubled him, because he had long ago put consideration for this

Do you know Kotex is inconspicuous under close-fitting gowns?

The lasting softness, the fact that it deodorizes, are other reasons you will like Kotex.

YOU can't imagine what a relief it is to know that your sanitary protection is inconspicuous, that it is fashioned to fit correctly, leaving no revealing outlines. This is just one of the many reasons why smart women prefer Kotex. Then, too, it deodorizes, and gives a feeling of perfect daintiness. It is soft—a lasting kind of softness that means comfort through hours of wear. It won't bulge or twist about because it's made scientifically to answer your needs in every respect.

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Kotex is so wonderfully comfortable because it is made of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding . . . the same material that is used today by 85% of America's leading hospitals. This is a cellulose substance that performs the same function as the softest cotton with five times the absorbency.

You'll appreciate this feature of Kotex: it doesn't *have* to be worn a certain way. Either side of the pad gives the same complete, comfortable protection. In fact, every detail has been worked out to assure you utmost security.

And, of course, the reason most women first used Kotex is this: it is disposable, instantly, readily. That, alone, has made a difference in the hygienic habits of women all over the world. There are other advantages which you will discover for yourself, once you use Kotex. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

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2 ***The Kotex filler*** is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

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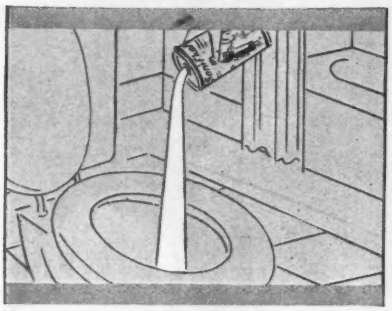

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Such a thing is old-fashioned now. Sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and watch the toilet grow spotless before your eyes—snow-white. And you have the satisfaction of knowing that this simple operation provides perfect sanitation, killing all germs, eliminating all odors, and reaching even to the hidden trap which no brush can touch.

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Sani-Flush

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particular form of immorality out of his mind. But there had never before been an affair in which he seemed to be carried along without any great passion or interest, nor one which filled him with a curious presentiment of an evil ending.

He thought that perhaps this was because he was forty-seven and not in his first youth. There were occasions of late when for the first time in his vigorous life he felt tired and bored by all those tricks of manipulating money which had always fascinated him, and the idea had come to him that he ought to marry and think of growing old.

He even thought for the first time of having children and a household admirably run and dinners for distinguished people, not the second-rate people who satisfied Fanny but really distinguished people; and for these things he needed a wife who understood without being told the position he meant to attain not only in America but in Europe as well, and not only in finance but in politics too, for he understood that the day had come when financiers instead of kings and ambassadors ruled the world and made war and peace. He saw it all, even his wife and his children, as a part of this vast career which had occupied him since the day he had begun to think of what he meant to do with his life, and because he had already achieved far more than he had dreamed, it did not occur to him that his life would not go on with the same success until at length he died.

Death was the one thing he feared with a morbid terror. No matter how long he lived he would die having done only a little part of all that he desired to do. Death and old age he abhorred, and he fancied that they would be easier to meet if he were not alone.

He heard Fanny saying, "Here we are . . . We won't stay but a minute."

The motor had stopped before a house with a brownstone stoop piled high with snow. There was something in the sound of her voice that made him pity her, because he knew that she was doing her best to please him, and the pity made him ashamed of what he had coldly determined to do. They got out and hurried across the wind-swept pavement.

Now that he saw poor Fanny as pitiable the last traces of love vanished. He had finished with her and she was a stranger to him.

He knew that she took him to this literary party to make him see that she had clever friends and was not as stupid as he supposed, and he thought what a fool she was not to be content with using her prettiness as a means to power. She wanted to be thought intellectual, perhaps so that she might feel justified in her contempt for her husband.

The party was being held in two rooms on the third floor of a brownstone house and twenty-two people filled the rooms to overflowing. When the door opened Melbourn and Fanny discovered them sitting on chairs, on sofas and some on the floor. As they passed the doorway of a bedroom they saw the figure of a man lying dressed upon the bed. A tall thin girl wearing a great deal of brass jewelry came out of the door and grinned at them.

"He's passed out," she said, nodding brightly in the direction of the man on the bed. "He'll be all right in an hour or two."

Fanny laughed, because that was the thing to do, Melbourn thought. He saw at once that "passing out" seemed to be considered a joke and even an accomplishment.

The walls were covered with faded brown paper and above the sofa there was a long dark streak where many well-greased heads had rested. On a table in the corner stood a tray filled with glasses and ice and bottles of whisky and gin. Other glasses stood about here and there on the floor.

In a chair at the far end of the room a girl sat on the knees of a thin, pale young man whose face wore an expression of patience rather than of ardor. In the chair next to them a man slept soundly, sitting upright.

A vigorous young woman dressed in red charged at them, saying, "Hello! I thought you were never coming."

Fanny introduced Melbourn to her—she was Miss Hodge, the hostess—and told her that they had come in just for a moment as she was tired and Melbourn had work to do on the following day. And then the vigorous young lady, who Fanny said was a poetess, took them around the room, introducing them to Mr. Schermerhorn and Mr. Hazlitt and Miss Welspach and Mrs. Oliver (she was the young lady sitting on the pale young man's lap and she did not rise but merely shook hands and permitted the pale young man to do likewise when he was introduced as Mr. Hannan).

In a loud aside Fanny said, "You know . . . who writes for the Liberalist." Melbourn saw that Fanny had grown flushed and excited and he felt bored and disgusted.

And presently Fanny was borne off by an ecstatic young man into a far corner and Melbourn found himself deposited in another corner with two women and a man who took no notice of him but went on talking.

Melbourn fell again into that state of mental drifting, dimly aware that opposite him Fanny, surrounded by three young men, was enjoying herself immensely. She had become arch and was exhibiting what seemed to him a cheap coquetry that made a bid for the attentions of three boys years younger than herself. He saw that she was without dignity and so without balance. He knew that she fancied she was having a brilliant conversation.

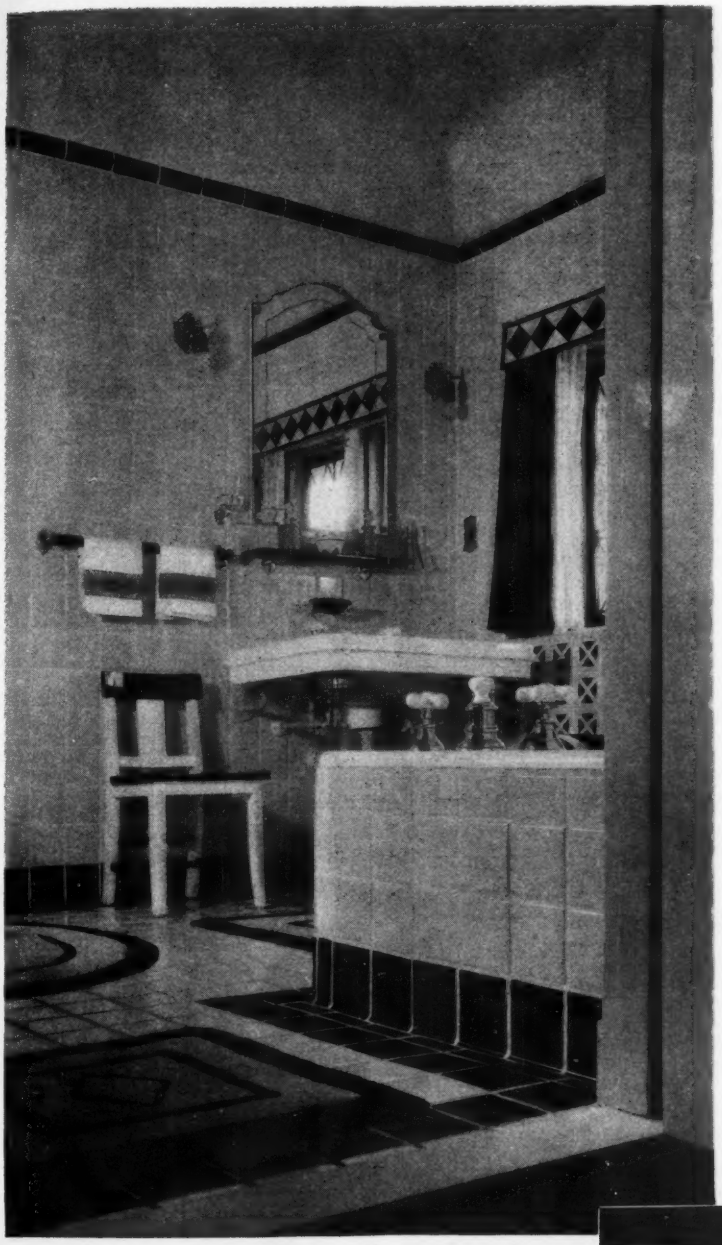
She shook her head and showed her white teeth in a flashing smile, and she seemed to him hopelessly silly and foolish, and his distaste for her became so strong that he could not imagine ever seeing her again, and at the same moment she became a symbol of all the uneasiness and the dull mistrust of himself and of all the world that had attacked him of late. For the first time in all his existence he felt that he was as aimless as Fanny and that his life was moving slowly toward a vast emptiness in which there would be only the machinery of figures and the poor satisfaction of knowing that he was one of the four richest men in the world.

It occurred to him that there was something lacking from his existence and that he who for so long had been above happiness and unhappiness, and concerned only with success or failure, was tired and bored and unhappy. He rose abruptly and crossed over to Fanny.

At his approach the chatter died away as if a foreigner or a spy had broken in upon the circle and Fanny, looking up at him, smiled and said, "I know. We shall go at once."

The vigorous young woman rushed up to them, and shaking their hands violently, followed them down the narrow corridor to open the door. As they passed the bathroom they heard the sounds of someone being sick.

The air of nervous excitement still clung to Fanny as they descended the dark stairs and on her side the sense of



The master's bath in cream and black and crystal is modern and spacious. Adjoining this one is a spirited little dressing room done in French red and grey.

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Bathrooms are like people. Many of them put up with mediocrity in every-day living. When guests are expected, you find them in a flurry of excitement . . . trying to put on "company manners."

Well-kept bathrooms are miserable under such shallying standards. Because their appreciation of fineness is inbred, they want distinction in their every-day existence. These are the bathrooms in which you'll find Zalo and Zee . . . two new and infinitely finer bathroom tissues. They are made for people who can judge quality . . . even when it is divorced from a high price tag.

ZEE "Fluffed" Ivory Tissue *gives you 750 sheets . . . 100 more sheets than you usually get on a similar roll, yet you simply can't find a firmer, softer bathroom tissue at this low price. Each tissue has been gently "fluffed" to give it a suede-like softness . . . to keep it from being glazed or flimsy. You'll appreciate the over-all tucked-in wrappers that keep Zalo and Zee as clean as hospital gauze until they reach your bathroom.* SINGLE ROLL, **10c**

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strain between them was broken. She laughed and said, "A good party, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

She looked at him. "But you don't really think so. You think it was awful."

"Perhaps."

"It's too bad you always have to be priggish about things like that." This time there was in her voice the faintest note of irritation that augured the beginning of a scene.

He had no desire even for an argument and he felt bored and annoyed with her, so he answered, "Perhaps I am priggish. I can't change now."

"You're always expecting people to be as noble as yourself."

"I don't pretend to be noble. I don't pretend morally to be any better than the worst of them. It isn't that."

He pushed open the door into the blowing storm and the chauffeur got down and opened the door of the motor.

"To Mrs. Towner's," said Melbourn.

Inside, Fanny began the argument again, irritated that he had not been impressed by what she had meant to impress upon him.

"You've got to remember," she said, "that everyone can't be as perfect and controlled—and cold-blooded as you."

At this he laughed. "*You* know that isn't true."

"There's something more temperamental in all those people."

"Perhaps."

"Some one of them may one day do something that will be remembered long after you're dead."

"Perhaps." He didn't like that remark, for it struck suddenly at the worrying sense of his own uselessness.

"You needn't have insulted them, at any rate."

"How did I insult them, Fanny? You're being ridiculous."

"You sat there like a lump of putty. You—you *submitted* to the party."

He laughed again. "It seemed to me the only way to take it. I did it for your sake."

"Well, I shan't ask you to again."

"It's only that I don't like messiness," he said quietly.

He began to experience a slow, cold anger because the quarrel she was attempting to make seemed so cheap and shoddy and because he had begun to feel himself completely detached from her, as if their affair were already ended. The detachment permitted him to see what a fool she was making of herself if she was trying, as he knew she was, desperately to keep him. It was a new kind of anger that he felt toward her; no longer an emotion in which he was entangled, but the impatience he had for people who were stupid.

He said sharply, "I've no intention of arguing with you. I don't even want to go on discussing it. I don't think people have to get drunk and be sick in public or to make love in the middle of a room filled with people. It's second-rate and sordid. I don't give a hoot about morals but I care a lot about taste."

"You've suddenly become very grand," she said spitefully.

He knew that she was striking at his origin and the fact that the world looked upon him as an adventurer; and the smallness of the attack filled him with a wonder that he had ever thought her attractive at all. He thought of a dozen crushing answers but he made none of them.

The motor stopped before Fanny's graystone stoop and in silence he got down to go with her up the steps. Neither of them said anything until they were inside the door and then, taking off his hat, he said, "I can't go to Long Island on Sunday. With Elsmore coming, it's impossible."

He saw that she had turned pale and that the spots of rouge on her cheeks stood out hard and garish, and that there were tears in her eyes, but for the first time the sight of her tears made no impression on him. His only emotion was a desire to escape as quickly as possible.

"You knew he was coming all along. It's odd that you've just discovered that you can't leave him."

"Fanny, I'm not going to stand and quarrel in a doorway."

She began again to feel that terrible sensation of being powerless before him. She wanted to cry out and beat her head against the wall. "Come inside where we *can* talk."

"No, I'm too tired tonight."

She thought, "This is the end. What is going to become of me? I can only kill myself." But at the same time she knew that she never could.

"I can't get away for the week-end," he was saying. "I'm sorry, but there's nothing to be done." The mere idea of ever holding her in his arms again had become repulsive to him. He had broken with other women and had other quarrels but they had never been like this, so cheap and shallow and without a regret. "Good night," he said.

She had the tactlessness to say, "Aren't you going to kiss me?"

And he replied politely, "Don't ask me to, Fanny. I don't feel like it. It would only be silly. It wouldn't mean anything." It shocked him that she could be so insensitive and shameless.

"So it's finished, is it?" she asked in a dead voice.

"I suppose so. It's no use going on."

For a moment she stood holding to the handle of the door for support, and then looking up at him, she said, laughing, "Very well. It's finished. You've treated me like the devil since the beginning, as if I was a worm under your feet, and you've finished that way. I ought to have known in the beginning that you were common and brutal.

"I know where you're going. I saw you pass that note to Mrs. Wintringham, and I am not going to forget it. I'll spoil everything for her and for you, too. I'll make it impossible for her to go anywhere. But she's your kind. You're a pair. You'll understand each other."

"Yes," he said quietly. "That's true, I think." But she was too hysterical to see what it was he meant.

Beginning to sob, she turned suddenly and slammed the door in his face. Through the glass he saw her running up the stairs like a madwoman and for a second he thought, "She may kill herself or do something awful." But the fear quickly passed because he knew she would never kill herself because she was too shallow. The worst she would do would be to lie about him and Ruby Wintringham, never understanding that her venom betrayed her to all the world.

Sighing, he went down the steps and told the chauffeur to drive to Mrs. Wintringham's. It seemed to him that the break had been much easier than he had expected. It had been violent but very brief, and on his part there was not the faintest regret.

On the contrary he felt that he had shaken off something which for a long time had given him a sense of being soiled and cheapened, and of living constantly in danger of some shameful public scene. And deep in his soul there was a curious perverse sense of satisfaction that he, David Melbourn, born in poverty, with a drunken and criminal father, had just cast off Fanny Towner,

the duchess of sermoneta

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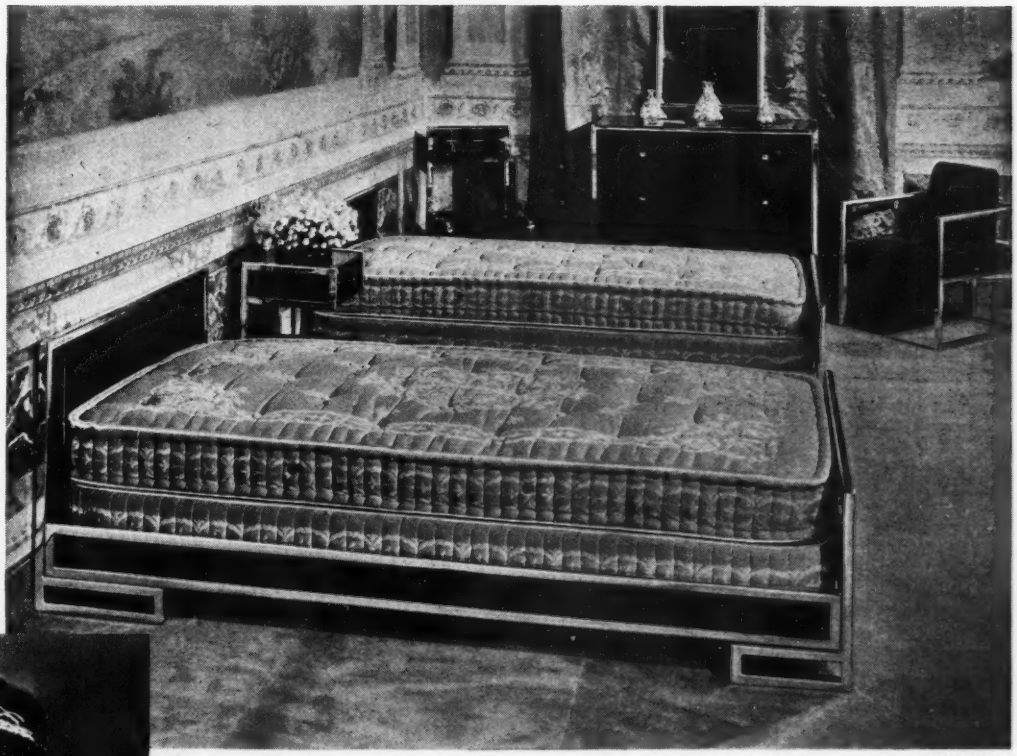

Fot. Vasari Roma

vittoria colonna, duchessa di sermoneta, is a member of the famous italian family whose records go back to the year 900

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whose origins were everything that his were not. It was a feeling that made him ashamed, and so he pressed it back again into the darkness of his soul.

He began to think of Ruby Wintringham and he thought of what Fanny had said, "But she's your kind. You're a pair. You'll understand each other." And he saw that there was a truth in the remark much more profound than Fanny had imagined and a truth which gave him pleasure.

Ruby wasn't spoiled. No one knew exactly what her history was, but in her there was that sense of solidity, almost of steel, which gave you confidence. She was, he thought, an adventurer like himself. They would understand each other.

He had decided long ago that when he chose to marry it would never be a woman of Fanny's class and background, so that she might have the advantage of position and so be able to say as Fanny had said, "You've suddenly become very grand." Once long ago such a speech would have hurt but now he was too certain of his power and his success.

The motor slowed up suddenly and then came to a halt. In front of it the snow had drifted across one side of the street, blocking the way, and on the other side a taxi stood at the curb. While he sat there he saw two figures emerge from the taxicab. One was a tall woman in a fur coat and the other a man rather bulky in figure who was clearly quite drunk.

He watched them, fascinated by the woman's skill in steering the reeling man across the pavement and into the doorway, and then as they disappeared into the shadow it struck him that there was something about the figure of the man which reminded him of Jim Towner. The taxicab rolled away from the curb and his motor moved on.

He thought again of Fanny, wondering what she was doing, and then he told himself that he knew. She had probably thrown herself on the floor and was screaming and biting the carpet. He thought, "She is an *awful* woman." And instead of feeling contempt for Jim Towner he felt sympathy for him, and pity that he had been weak enough to allow Fanny to ruin his whole life.

For a moment there returned to him again that vague sense of something wrong in his own existence. He had a strange sense of having accomplished everything he had set out to achieve and of being at loose ends, marking time in space until he died.

The motor stopped before the door of an apartment house and he glanced at his watch. It was after two o'clock, and for the first time it struck him that he had done a thoughtless and domineering thing in asking Ruby to wait for him. He told the chauffeur to go to bed and, walking in, he asked the doorman to telephone to Mrs. Wintringham's apartment. "I think she's expecting me. If she doesn't answer at once, don't disturb her."

But he felt suddenly that he could not go away without seeing her, believing, without any reason, that she alone could destroy that strange uneasiness and give peace. He was tired, and for the first time he wanted someone to be gentle with him, understanding what he was and all that he had done and why he had done it. He felt that it was impossible any longer to go on alone.

Confronted by her jealous husband, Tony Bruzzi, in Louis Bromfield's June Installment, Rosa Dugan is afraid for herself and Jim Towner who loves her

The Party Dress

(Continued from page 75)

hated it in herself. It expressed completely her idea of a low woman.

Joel Bache was obviously greatly relieved. "Nina," he said to her privately, "when I see you today, and remember everything, I can't understand how I did it. I wasn't drunk either. I must have been crazy. I can't understand what happened," he reiterated.

Again in her car, Wilson told her that on the second round he had had a two at the seventh hole. "A two! At first I thought it would be a one. I was an even forty. The first round was bad. I couldn't approach. I topped every ball I hit with a mashie. Then I ran them up with a number-four iron. That was better."

Nina said: "Yes, Wilson." Alcibiades and Pericles and Plato. The swing and beat of old poetry. Poetry and wars and love thousands of years ago. Chalke had gone. Left her without a word. The more Nina considered it, the more certain it seemed that he would not return to her. She gasped at that dim realization, and Wilson turned toward her. However, he said nothing.

They were home. She walked slowly up the porch steps. Cordelia stood in the doorway. Nina recalled Acton's discontent about his clothes for the evening. A tail coat!

"I will make some cocktails," Wilson told her; "I need them, and, looking at you, I'd say that you did too."

Cordelia said lightly: "Nonsense. Gaze at me if you want to see someone who really does require drink."

After supper in the pantry Nina returned to the porch and found Francis Ambler talking to Wilson and Acton. Wilson and his son left with a pleasant aimlessness; they vanished down Kingsmill Street. Cordelia had already gone to see Annabel Gow, and Nina sat with Francis close beside her. They were silent for a long while.

"I hate to begin," Francis said at last; "words sometimes bring things to an end. They have more power, they are sharper and more final, than people usually understand."

Why, then, Nina asked him, did he begin?

"I must," he replied decidedly. A line appeared between his eyes; he looked immensely unhappy. "I must. Lord knows I don't want to! That is a terrible thing for me to say now. Cowardly. Dishonest. I can't help it. I can't, and that's all there is to it. You will realize how bad it was when I tell you."

Nina Henry knew instinctively what he was going to tell her. He looked away from Nina at the thick dusk. "If you don't hate me for what I've done, you will hate me for the way I did it," he asserted. "The spirit I did it in. Rotten. I said I can't help it. Nina, last night, after we had danced together and I was so upset, I asked Anna Louise to marry me. I asked her on our lawn. I kissed her and we are engaged."

Nina gazed at him with calm eyes; all her being was still; she thought: Isn't that miraculous for the Lishers? The Ambler money.

"I wish you would say something," Francis entreated her. "You look as though you hadn't heard me. You look so far away that you couldn't hear me. I just told you I asked Anna Louise Lisher to marry me. She said she would. I kissed her. We are engaged. What do you think about it?"

Nina said slowly: "Francis, in a great

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many ways it is splendid. Anna Louise is a very pretty girl; she is what you would call a good girl, and I think that is important. She would be much better married than not married, if you see what I mean. She will be a perfect wife."

"I do see," Francis admitted. "You mean she isn't exciting. That no Lisher could be. I am sure you are right. I thought about that a lot. I came to the same conclusion you did—Anna Louise would be a marvelous wife. She is lovely—her disposition, Nina, is as good as her looks—and has no money. I like loveliness, I need a wife like her, and I have a great deal of money. That's a reasonable arrangement. It is reasonable, isn't it, Nina?"

YES, Nina said, it was absolutely reasonable. She was troubled by his voice, by the expression in his eyes.

"This," he went on, "is the dreadful part—do I want that? Do I love Anna Louise? No, I mean, will I ever be able to love her? I don't know. No one can answer that unless you can. Unless you will." He leaned sharply forward. "Tell me, am I right? Can I do it, Nina—you do know—can I?"

"Why, Francis," she replied gently, "of course you can do it. If you love Anna Louise at all. Love is funny, isn't it? You can't always tell about it. The chance is you would love Anna Louise dearly. If she were your wife, Francis. That would mean a great deal to you."

He drew back from her, obviously disappointed. His tone became formal. "Then you think it is right," he proceeded; "you are for it. I had to know. After all, I have been in love with you. I can never have the same feeling for anyone else. Never anyone but you. You used to say you loved me. I like to think you did. I have to think you did! In the only way that was possible for you then. Nina, it began to look hopeless. Instead of being closer to me you seemed to be farther away. More indifferent.

"Then after that ridiculous scene at your house I thought you were interested in Mary Gow's brother. In Chalke Ewing. I could see he was mad about you. When he went away I saw that had come to nothing. If it ever was anything. But I couldn't feel you loved me.

"Nina, it almost ruined me. I had to keep myself from coming here and kissing your feet. I wanted to beg you not to let me go. It wasn't decent. That," Francis firmly asserted, "could not go on. I would have lost you the first thing.

"Well, we have often talked about Anna Louise, how pretty she was, how really nice she was, and I've always liked her. I liked her better than any other girl. Than anyone but you. I made up my mind I wouldn't let you ruin me. You weren't interested in that either.

"I gave the dinner Saturday night because I had decided to ask Anna Louise to marry me. I put you out of my head. Nina, you refused to let yourself stay in it. I arranged everything; I was quite relieved even to consider it, and then I danced with you. I danced with you, dearest Nina, and all my old longing came back.

"I didn't think I could go on with Anna Louise Lisher. After all, I'd have to be a swine. I would have to kiss your feet. I asked Wilson where you were and he said you had disappeared with Joel. Gone over to his house for a drink.

"Nina, I got myself together and took my party away. As soon as I could I lost myself with Anna Louise. I thought, confound it, now you will have to be decent. You may not get all there is in life out of it, but you will save something every man ought to save.

"Last night I couldn't get to sleep and I began to be afraid of myself. It seemed to me I had done something absolutely criminal. What if I did belong to you? I couldn't help it if I did. What could I do about it except be ruined?

"I kept seeing you in that dress. Nina, you are always whiter in it than in any other. I thought: I've lied to Nina. I didn't mind the lie to Anna Louise. I was bad as that."

"You never lied to me, Francis," she assured him. "Love doesn't always stay the same. I know you loved me honestly and beautifully; but you don't have to keep on to prove that what you felt was love. I don't want you to lose what you call your decency. I did love you. I love you now, Francis. In that way you spoke of. The way that could never satisfy either of us.

"I couldn't give you enough in return for what you'd have for me. I would not fill your life. Perhaps Anna Louise can. She'll do this—she will gladly kill herself to be what you need. You see, she is the right age. Your love will have children to absorb it. To make it natural.

"Francis, love can be horribly unnatural. It can burn you up. Destroy you. All of you. Just now you spoke of it. I don't know who thought love was a blessing. It is too dreadful for words. Yes, Anna Louise will be splendid for you. She will save you from love, Francis."

He rose. "That is a strange thing for you to say," he told her. Francis Ambler repeated what she had told him. "'Anna Louise will be splendid for you. She will save you from love.' Then you think I can marry her? You believe it will be safe?" He stood looking down into her face.

"Yes," she said steadily; "yes, Francis. I think you can marry Anna Louise and I believe it will be safe." He walked away from her to the edge of the porch. A little breeze whispered among the maple leaves. She thought of Chalke.

Francis returned. "Thank you, Nina," he said. His voice was easy, almost conversational. "You are always right, of course. I'll have to go now. Anna Louise is waiting for me." Where Chalke was now, she told herself, there were palms and not maple trees. She hoped Francis Ambler would be happy with the little Lisher girl, Cora Lisher's daughter.

The following day, she thought, was longer than all the rest of her life that had led up to it. She was upstairs, dressing for dinner, when Mary Gow informally arrived. She kissed Nina sympathetically. "I've been in town all day, she explained, "or, of course, I would have come before. I've just heard about Francis and Anna Louise. I had to talk to you about it.

"Naturally. Nina, I was annoyed at first. Anything that has to do with Cora Lisher generally annoys me. I can't explain that, but it's so. I thought it was simply absurd for Francis to do it. Now I'm not so sure. Nothing can affect you now, Nina. I thought of that and then I felt better about the whole affair.

"In a way it's ideal—Anna Louise is a sweet little thing; she hasn't a cent, and Francis has a fortune. He really had to get married; he was beginning to be a town institution or something terrible like that. He'll be more human now, if you know what I mean. Simply a husband. The other was making him unbearably conceited.

"I didn't come to say any of this. You must know, Nina, that Eastlake talked a great deal about you both. Some of it was pretty sharp. That will stop, now. I mean it will be different. The women who envy you will still invent stories. I don't care about that. I do love you, and I realize we will have to do something. For the engagement.

"You ought to have a party for them; ordinarily I'd let you; but the way things are, I won't. I am going to have it. That will be just the same. Everyone knows how close we are. It might be better, because no one can say that Justin and I had to give it. You see, it ought to be done at once."

Nina did see. "You mustn't bother," she told Mary. "I can manage it."

Mary was firm. "No, I've talked to Justin and it is all arranged. I want to have it next Tuesday. Home. We'll ask everybody and put tables on the lawn. Paper lanterns. Nina, we can do the list together. Tonight, if you like."

Nina asked: "Have you heard from him?"

"Not a line," Mary Gow replied. "He's been back more than a week. I didn't expect to, after I understood. Chalke will bury himself in Oriente. It was tragic—for Chalke of all men. He'll never get over it. Chalke will love you for the rest of his life.

"He's a strange mixture of experience and innocence. Nina, Chalke has a pure heart. It makes him very difficult, but fine. I would rather lose Chalke, the way you did, than own all the Francis Amblers in the world. I haven't said a word about you because it isn't necessary. You know what I think."

All her life, Nina recognized, Mary Gow must cherish her mistake about Chalke and herself. Mary's mistake, however, was not about Chalke—he had the purest heart in the world—she was wrong about her. She was exactly right, though, Nina saw, where the party for Anna Louise and Francis was concerned.

"We can go over the list any time," she agreed. "It is wonderful you are having everyone. A party like that will put Eastlake into a divine humor. I'll be splendid, Mary; you can't imagine how brightly I'll shine. Just enough affection for Francis; a nice little attention to Anna Louise; and I'll keep beside Cora Lisher. Even Wilson will be pleased by that. I have a white transparent velvet with a soft silver girdle."

"I don't think white," Mary Gow objected; "probably Anna Louise will have on white. Take my word for it—Cora would think of that. It's natural. Black really would be better. Black with enough style to remove the curse of mourning. The Ishtarre dress has that. Not many people have seen it, Nina. You've only worn it twice, at the club. Nina, it will make Anna Louise too white to be borne; I don't have to tell you what it will do to Cora Lisher."

"Mary, I don't want to. I can't explain why." Nina was troubled. "I never looked as well in anything else, naturally; but it seems to be such an undertaking. I have a dreadful time living up to it. I'm appalled by the idea. Perhaps blue."

MARY GOW spoke vigorously. "Not blue at all. You must not get into a state of mind. Nina, you are too splendid for that. Soon it will all seem beautiful. If you don't put on the Ishtarre dress I'll send you home."

Nina was still oppressed by the thought of it. "I can't explain," she said helplessly. "I wore that dress the night I met Chalke. It was too strange for words. Mary, I always feel like someone else in it. I feel as though I had been alive forever. One of the women thousands of years ago Chalke talked about. Don't you remember, Mary?—he even

spoke of the dressmaker's name. Ishtarre. I let Roderick Wade take me down to the automobile shed and kiss me. I kissed him. I had the same feeling the last time. Feelings I didn't know were in me."

"I never before heard so much nonsense in one speech," Mary declared. "You have a miraculous dress; it stands all the men who see you on their heads, and you are worried about it. It bothers you. I won't listen to any more of that. You'll wear the Ishtarre affair if I have to come over and dress you. I'm going to have red on. Red, it's scarlet! My reputation and color make it quite all right. Remember, darling." Mary kissed her. She left and Nina proceeded with her dressing.

"The Gows are having a party for Anna Louise and Francis," she said at dinner.

"I wish you had thought of that first," Wilson replied. "We are the people to have done it."

Cordelia said: "It is better like it is and not so obvious."

Wilson regarded her heavily. "Exactly what does that mean?" he inquired.

Cordelia Henry squarely met his frowning demand. "It means that Mr. Ambler is here so much it would be obvious for Mother and you to give it. The Lisher family will be a lot more flattered it's the Gows."

"The Lisher family," he continued; "who are they?"

"Mrs. Thomas Lisher and the little Lisher model in vanilla ice cream," she explained.

Acton, fortunately, interrupted them. "If you ask me," he asserted, "I don't think it could be improved on. I don't mean the poverty-into-riches part either. They belong together. Think of having all Mr. Ambler has and only doing what he does. Living in Eastlake! Going to the country club. Why, he could be anywhere. He could live in Paris. He could see anyone he wanted whenever he wanted to see her."

It was evident that the accumulated volume of Acton's long-restrained unfavorable opinion of Francis Ambler had at last swept aside all prudence. "If you ask me," he repeated his favorite form, "I think he's a squash. I'd like to smack him in the nose. How Mother had him around I for one can't imagine. He's one of those men with nothing to do at the wrong time."

It amazed Nina to recognize how much —at the same time that he was wholly different—Acton resembled his father.

"We will have no more of that," Wilson said severely. "You'll have to be much older before your opinions have any value."

A PERVERSE spirit settled in both the children. Cordelia repeated: "Vanilla ice cream."

What was that? her father demanded sharply.

Cordelia rose from the table. "I said vanilla and I meant Anna Louise Lisher. If you like licorice better, there is her mother."

Wilson Henry's face was congested with anger. "Leave the room!" he shouted at Cordelia.

"I was getting ready to," she answered inexcusably.

Acton laid aside his napkin. "Please excuse me," he said. Without waiting for an answer, Acton followed Cordelia. Nina thought: We deserve it. Wilson deserves it and so do I. Licorice and vanilla ice cream and a squash. Cora and Anna Louise and Francis Ambler.

"Children," she said aloud, "are simply frightful. You must be smarter with them, Wilson."

The days, like Nina's domestic and individual acts, continued to move in a featureless and mechanical succession. From the bathroom, preparing for the Gows' supper party for Anna Louise Lisher and Francis, she called to Rhoda: "I want the white transparent velvet, Rhoda. It's in the closet in a bag with my dresses and has a silver girdle." She really wasn't capable of supporting the Ishtarre dress; she couldn't live up to it.

Nina slipped the white velvet dress over her head. "It's caught, Rhoda," she said; "you will have to help me. The slip has caught on one of the hooks. Be careful, Rhoda!" There was a clear sound of tearing. Nina Henry and Rhoda gazed appalled at the dress—the velvet was torn from neck to waistband.

"Miss Nina," Rhoda told her, "it went too quick for me to stop. I feel terrible. That wonderful velvet too."

They couldn't, Nina replied, do anything about it. "It's ruined. I do think you were careless, Rhoda. I warned you it was caught on a hook." Fate appeared to be absolutely against her. "Get the black dress," she added; "the dress Mrs. Gow brought from Paris."

After all, Nina decided, gazing at her reflection in the long mirror on the bathroom door, Mary had been right. The white dress, compared with this, was insipid. White, even white velvet, was more appropriate for Anna Louise than for her. Anna Louise Lisher was insipid. Vanilla ice cream.

Cordelia was really a penetrating and amusing girl. As different from Anna Louise as possible. Cordelia had been even sharper about Cora. Licorice. An unpleasant-looking black substance that children liked. Wilson was a child. He had the mind of a child. Wilson, as a matter of fact, was fairly ludicrous. He would be back from the city late; he had arranged to follow her to the Gows'. Yes, he was absurd. Licorice.

Nina thought of Cora and Anna Louise and Francis Ambler and Wilson together. It seemed to her they belonged together. She knew they were all opposed to her. They were all her enemies. They wanted to humiliate her. She laughed at that. Humiliate her! They had a sweet chance of doing it.

Francis Ambler's engagement to Anna Louise was simply a part of their hatred for her. It was an attack on her. Nina discovered that her feeling about Francis had changed again. She did not want him. Not even for an hour. He was a squash. She didn't object if he married the Lisher girl.

However, she did hate to let them think they could dispose of her so easily. So cheaply. Wilson and Cora and Anna Louise and Francis. She wondered what his secretly obscene mother thought about it. Ocha Ambler, Nina was certain, would rather have Francis involved in an affair with her than married to a Lisher. Secretly Ocha was socially ambitious.

Nina didn't object to Ocha. She understood and, to a large extent, sympathized with her obscenity. It was different about Francis—he was a leader in the plot against her.

A great pride swept through Nina Henry—it was like wide rushing wings carrying her up into space. Far above ordinary individuals. She was filled with a sense of limitless power, a vitality that had no end, a life without death.

She had a swift tangled vision of looking down on ice mountains and rivers and plains of ice. A whole ice world. Brown slopes appeared, facing the sun; there were brown huts and men in rough furs. A green crescent of land lay between a high waste of snow and a burning desert that reached south to a dark tropical sea.

She saw a long, narrow plain between two rivers with a high square brick tower in its center. It had great flights of steps and on the top there was a temple with an open court and a wide altar. People thronged about it, and a little company of children were cut open with copper knives. Children converted into bright hot patterns of color. Like brilliant rugs.

She could hear the massed voice of the throng. She saw sacrifices—girls wasted in a moment—in courtyards where stone columns repeated the graceful form of palms with bands of gold and silver. Her name rose to her in slow chants.

There were cities on a sea bluer than the sky; cities with metal domes intolerable in the sunlight; black ships with scarlet oars in the blue harbors; processions and games, and always deaths, in her honor. The infinite variety of existence swept far below her and vanished, leaving the triumphant accents of her name ringing in her brain.

THE bedroom she possessed with Wilson Henry surrounded her by its immediate commonplace pleasantness. Nina fixed her hair at her dressing table. She touched the lobes of her ears with rouge and perfume. She had no intention of allowing Francis Ambler to humiliate her. On the contrary she determined to humiliate Francis.

Nina had not, yet, decided how. It wouldn't be difficult. She would wait for a possible moment, the right opportunity, at the Gows' party. It must, naturally, have something to do with Anna Louise. She would not be obvious; but everyone would know what had happened.

She could, the truth was, make him do exactly what she wished. He didn't know it, but her power over him was absolute. If a man ever gave his spirit to her she owned him forever. It was, then, useless to talk about decency. Impossible to escape.

She did not know yet what she would choose to do, but vague ideas formed in her mind. Humorous conceptions. She thought it was possible that Francis would behave objectionably; forget that he was engaged to marry Anna Louise. Perhaps tonight, in the sense of the past years, he would not be disappointed.

Nina went downstairs, to the dining room, where she filled a wineglass with Italian vermuth. After Francis and Anna Louise had been attended to, she could devote herself to Chalke Ewing. He thought that in Cuba he was free.

Nina sipped the vermuth and smiled. Chalke was no better off than Francis Ambler. He wasn't so free. She had deeper, more comprehensive, plans for him. There wasn't a place on the earth where he could evade her. Get away from her. Yes, she had different plans for Chalke. She finished the glass of vermuth.

Nina went out on the porch. She could see, beyond the Bache lawn, the paper lanterns hung in Justin Gow's garden. People were moving around.

There was a strain of violins, of odd notes and experimental quavers, and an orchestra began to play. She recognized the intense passionate gravity, the deliberate challenge, of a tango. Nina heard the bare rhythm, the naked strings, rather than the passages of softening melancholy. It was engaging; it could have been better. There was no beat of metal on metal, no insistent pounding of drums; she missed the fluctuating wail

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of voices like the crying of desert wolves.

"This is very queer," Nina suddenly and irrationally said aloud; "it's very queer." She walked across the lawn and across Kingsmill Street to Justin and Mary Gow's party.

The spectacle of social Eastlake revolved around Nina with a pleased general conversation in the decorated gloom. She spoke to Mary Gow, who was too old, too faded, to wear red. Anna Louise wore white, white and a pale blue without character. Cora Lisher had on an elaborate maroon affair; it was worse than her simpler mistakes.

Cora deliberately put herself in Nina's way. "Isn't this all too much for words?" Cora proceeded. "The most beautiful party! Nina, nobody will ever know how happy I am. My life is an absolute success. Not many can say that. I can. But no one else has Anna Louise for a daughter. Sometimes I'm afraid—she seems to be too perfect.

"Francis is so simple, so sweet, when you think that he has so much. I can't begin to tell you how generous he is. Nina, Anna Louise and he are going to build a little house for me near here. He bought me an automobile."

At last, Nina thought, Cora had a new automobile; Wilson would have to think of another reason for getting her in the evening. "Wilson will hate that," Nina replied; "I mean about the car. He likes to think he is your chauffeur." Cora, she saw, had grown unresponsive.

"The truth is, Cora, Wilson wanted to give you an automobile. I really suggested it to him. But he was afraid the wrong people would find out and talk. He said it wasn't possible in Eastlake. I wouldn't have minded that." She paused, and Cora Lisher spoke in a hard conventional tone.

"That was very kind of you. Wilson was right, though. Anyhow, I'd never have let him do it. There isn't any reason for such a thing, for so much."

"I don't agree with you," Nina answered cheerfully. "When you are fond of someone, I think you literally can't do too much for them. Wilson is devoted to you, Cora. Everyone knows that. He talks about you all the time. He had a marvelous trip South with you."

Cora interrupted her there. "Wilson Henry did not have a trip South with me," she said sharply. "If anybody says he did they lied. He came to the town where I was born and saw me in my cousin's house. We happened to be on the same train, but in different cars, from Washington."

Nina laughed. "Cora, dear, don't you realize Eastlake would call that a trip? The thing is—like the question about the automobile—to pay no attention to it. Do what you want and let Eastlake talk." Cora did not know that Eastlake had been talking about Wilson and herself.

"It's dreadful!" she exclaimed. "You can't have a friend in this low-minded place and not be misunderstood."

Every place, Nina assured her, was low-minded in precisely the same way. "You must know, Cora, that there was even talk about Francis Ambler and me. Imagine! I am years too old for him. Simply years. Francis likes to ask me things. It's silly, but he has come to depend on my opinion. I told him yesterday he would have to stop that now. Now, I told him, Anna Louise was his source of information.

"I can tell you a great deal about Francis; you don't actually know him very well. Anna Louise doesn't know him. You haven't had much opportunity yet. I understand him as well as I do Wilson and there isn't a thing Wilson does I can't see through." Nina interrupted herself to smile at Francis, who had come up to them. "I am explaining to Cora about you," she told him.

"Nina Henry thinks we don't know you, Francis," Cora added; "she says Anna Louise doesn't know a thing about you."

Francis promptly replied that he hoped not. "It's fortunate I'm in time to keep Nina from giving me away. Nina does know me. She couldn't help it, I've bothered her so much about myself."

Nina told him to be still. "The first thing to realize"—she returned to Cora—"is that Francis has no talent for neglecting himself. He gives you the things, for example, that happen to please him. It's easier to get an emerald bracelet than new laundry tubs."

That, Francis persisted, everyone would agree was a splendid reputation. "After all, don't stop, Nina; I want Cora to hear a great deal of this." It was painfully evident to Nina that Cora did not want to hear any of it. At that moment she was a nervous wreck from fright.

"Wouldn't it be better," Cora suggested, "if Nina told it to Anna Louise? I'm not marrying Francis; she is."

"My dear Cora, you mustn't be so modest," Nina replied to that. "You are such a perfect and devoted mother I can't imagine Anna Louise getting along without you."

Francis Ambler smiled his approval at Nina. "That is absolutely true," he agreed with her. "Cora is the most marvelous parent in the world."

Cora Lisher's hands were caught tightly together. "Thank you, Nina," she said. "You've often heard me say I would do anything in the world for my child. I will. I'd burn in hell forever to give her one moment of comfort. I'd burn anyone in hell, if I could, who made trouble for her."

She didn't, Nina lightly said, doubt it for a moment. "I like trouble, Cora. It's a temptation. Eastlake is dull at present. For me. I haven't any power in hell, as a matter of fact, but I have some with men."

"I can't guess what this is all about," Francis Ambler put in; "but it has a most extraordinary family resemblance to pure nonsense. I'm going to bring it to an end. Cora, you will move to the punch bowl; you are going now with me." He took her arm and with a smile at Nina, with no other excuse, he left her.

She watched their backs disappearing and a slight bitterness possessed her. Francis Ambler thought he was free. Free to walk away from her with Cora; free to marry Cora's paragon of a daughter. She felt the resentment that was the result of impertinence on the part of an inferior. But no one at the Gows', no one in Eastlake, knew her.

Eastlake thought she was Nina Henry. Wilson Henry's wife. Cora Lisher supposed she was a woman in the sense that she was a woman. Merely human like herself.

People, happily, died and their troubles, their responsibilities, died with them; but principles and the old powers never died; the old gods were perpetually worshiped under new names. Chalke Ewing had realized a little of that. His arrogance, however, had blinded him to the divinity of love. Chalke had denied it. He, too, would pay for his mistake. He would pay by returning to her for the sacrifice of the necessity he had put above even her. Above love.

Nina was seated in a small ornamental iron garden chair. She did not want punch. She wasn't hungry for earthly food. The immortal gods and goddesses

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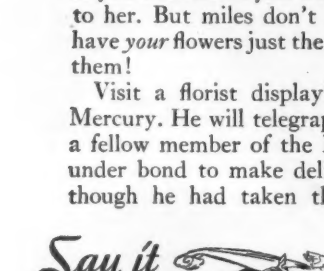

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were always troubled by their dealings with the human world. They regretted their immortality. They reflected human desires. There was a curious veiled beauty in the weakness of humanity.

Justin Gow found her. He took Nina with an affectionate force to the supper table.

The music playing on Justin's lawn brought infinitely remote memories back to her. The most modern, she thought, was at once the oldest. There was permanence, too, in the strains of music. The people around her were more momentary than insects whose lives were held in a single breath. Their faces and words had no meaning for her.

Mr. Swingfellow, the minister, sat next to her. He seemed tired, weary with the impossibility of his occupation. His face was white and intent; he spoke in a repressed voice.

"Mrs. Swingfellow couldn't come," Mr. Swingfellow told her. "She has quinsy. She has been sick a great deal the past year. I suppose this isn't the time to speak of it, Mrs. Henry, but we are greatly indebted to Mr. Henry for his last check. Would it be improper for me to add I miss seeing you in church?

"I used to see Acton and Cordelia there, as well; when they were in the Sunday school; but no more. It is improper to go on with that. The difficulty of being a clergyman is that you are always a clergyman. I am sure a cup of punch wouldn't harm me; it might even do me good; but I am among my congregation; I am their minister.

"Mrs. Henry, I am sure that when the Bible said Our Lord made wine it was wine. I ask you to consider that I couldn't even say that publicly. I have confidence in you." Mr. Swingfellow looked at her intently. "A lovely woman is a pleasure," he went on; "you are better than the punch. I can see, though, what the early fathers meant. They were right to regard women as a menace to the church.

"We hear a great deal about the corruptible flesh. I think it ought to be called the unconquerable flesh. After all, when we do beat it we only retreat. We only leave the field. Even if it is for heaven. For heaven." His tired voice grew speculative. "The flesh remains supreme on earth. If I may say so, the desirable, the lovely flesh. We run away from it and that constitutes the worship of God."

"There are so many ways to worship God," she answered. "No one can remember them all. Perhaps the oldest is best." She was thinking of the long, narrow plain between its two rivers that ended in desert. She was thinking of the high square tower bright with the entrails of children. She heard the voices rising to her—the sharp accents of her name—from courtyards where the columns were palm trees in stone. Mr. Swingfellow seemed as absurd, as impermanent, as all the other people and beliefs around her.

"Certainly we know there was no security of salvation before the birth of Christ," he said. Nina wanted to laugh at him. In the act of lighting a cigaret her firm bare shoulder pressed against Mr. Swingfellow. He held himself rigidly still. "Quinsy," he asserted, "is an unpleasant ailment. My wife has had it before. Quinsy threatens to be a habit with her. Mrs. Henry, do you feel that you know anything about love?"

She turned to him with a shadow on her eyes. "What do you want to find out?" she asked. He asked if it could, by any chance, be worth what men were willing to pay for it. "There will never be an answer to that," she told him,

"because there isn't any choice. No one can escape from love. It started life and destroys it. Always. Perhaps the end of the world will cure love, Mr. Swingfellow. Even that isn't certain. It may spread like a contagion from world to world. You won't find a god strong enough to protect you or a heaven where you'll be safe."

"My dear Mrs. Henry!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea what a pagan I would uncover. I asked, it seemed to me, a most candid question, an entirely permissible question, and your answer was appalling." Mr. Swingfellow addressed himself to his supper.

She was tired of him. His fretful religion annoyed her beyond expression. She left the supper table, and wandered back into the night beyond the lanterns. Francis Ambler found her there.

"I'm glad," he told her; "I needed a rest. If it's only for a minute. Here's one of those cemetery benches Mary likes." Francis sat beside Nina Henry; he lighted a cigaret and then looked at her. "Nina," he said, in an amazed tone, "you know who I am. Francis Ambler. I am sitting beside you on an iron bench in the Gows' lawn." She nodded. "I don't believe it," he went on; "it's insane, but for a moment I could see your body shining through that dress. Your body shining like silver through your dress." He was very much agitated.

"I must be drunk. I don't think I am, but I must be. Do you mind if I touch you? To see if it's you, Nina!" He rose hurriedly and stood facing her. "Confound it, you have no business to be so cold. Tonight. This is a hot night. You ought to be warm at least." He leaned down and took her hands. Her eyes were half closed; she held both his hands tightly. His voice changed; it became thin and harassed.

"Nina," he begged her, "let me go. You don't want me. I don't mean anything to you. Let me go, Nina. We must remember why we are here. I don't want to remember it. I'll forget it."

Justin Gow's voice called through the dark. "Nina, is that you? I have been looking everywhere." He came up to them. "Francis," he said, "I must speak to Nina. Do you mind leaving us? Anna Louise is near the music.

"Nina," he continued, when Francis had gone, "there is something you must decide for me. You are closer to us than anyone else in Eastlake. My mind seems to be useless. I was in the house when the telephone rang; no one else answered it, so I did. I did, thank God. It was long distance. Nina, it was Havana. Mary's brother, Chalke, is dead."

For a second all that he had said was incomprehensible to her. "Dead?" she repeated flatly. "Chalke dead?"

Justin went rapidly on. "You might as well hear the rest of it now. Everyone will know about it tomorrow. Nina, he killed himself."

In the immediate silence that followed that announcement Nina heard the strains of a waltz. She saw the colored paper lanterns swaying slightly in a faint stir of air. Chalke was dead. He had killed himself. After all he had escaped from her. "Yes, Justin," she replied quietly; "how can I help you?"

What, Justin Gow wanted to know, was to be done about the party. "I haven't told Mary yet. I don't like to wait, Nina; but you know these affairs in Eastlake; it may go on for hours. It isn't more than ten now."

Nina was positive. "You must tell her right away," she asserted. "Tell her and then come back. If people ask to see her, say she has a headache. I'll watch

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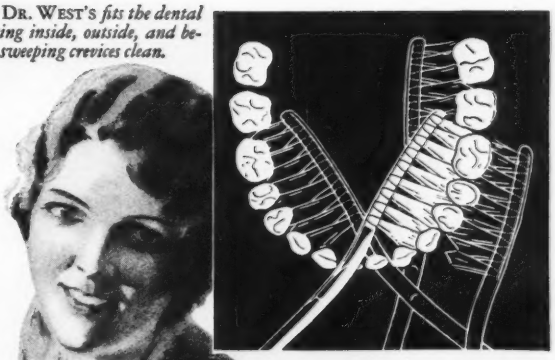

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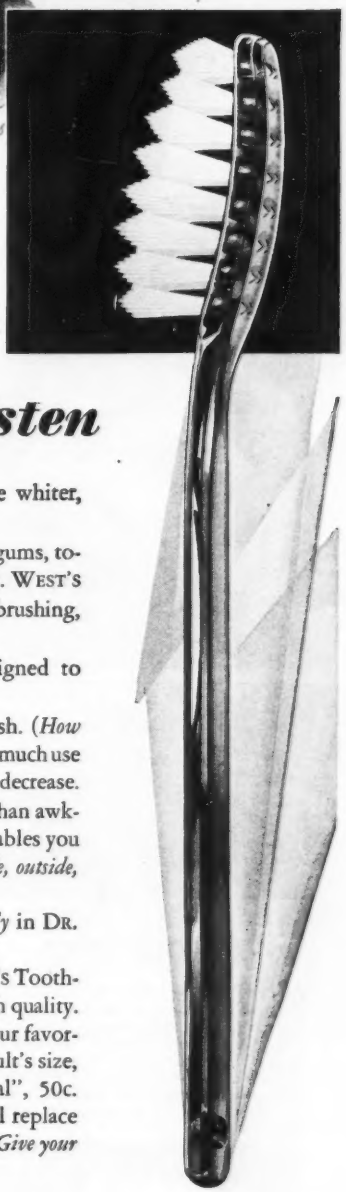

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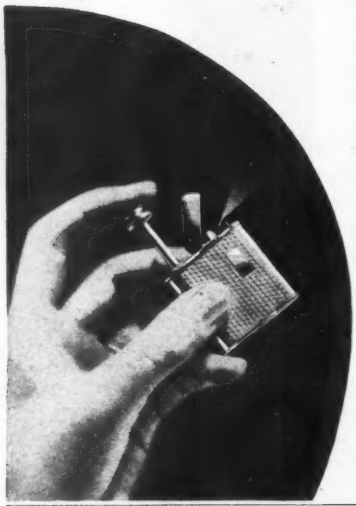

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the party, and as soon as possible you must send the music away."

She was, he said, absolutely right. "I can't stop the music before twelve. It was ordered until two. That doesn't matter. I know where Mary is. It might be a good thing if you went up with her a little later."

No, Nina told him, that would be a very bad thing. "It will simply make us both feel worse. Sympathy is a mistake." Justin left her and Wilson appeared.

"I couldn't guess where you were," he complained. "Are you all right? Because if you are I am going home with Cora. We will be back at once. She has to get something. I think it's a shawl. Haven't the Gows done it marvelously, Nina? Everyone says it's the most elaborate party that's been given in Eastlake for years."

She said: "Yes, Wilson. By all means. But of course. It is elaborate, Wilson."

He came closer to her. "Are you sure you're all right?" he demanded. "You look like marble. Good punch is always stronger than it tastes. Perhaps I'd better not leave."

Nina spoke with a hard determination. "Go," she told him.

An obscure struggle began within her. She felt that a great calamity had happened—Chalke Ewing was dead. He had killed himself. But that recognition had only a faint significance. Nina told herself it was calamitous, but she had no answering sense of sorrow or regret. She had lost Chalke, but after all that wasn't overwhelmingly important. At the same time the struggle continued. She felt that Chalke's death ought to fill her with horror. She ought to understand that she had lost the only thing that made her life comprehensible. In addition, she had been concerned in his death. It might be said she was responsible for it.

Well, if she were responsible for it, what did that matter? All this, she thought, was a great stir about very little. She repeated to herself the fact that Chalke had escaped from her. He had saved himself, together with a great deal of pleasure, a great deal of trouble. She recalled her conversation with Mr. Swingfellow—death was the only possibility of freedom from love. Chalke, Chalke Ewing, was dead. She carelessly deserted him, dropped him out of her thoughts, and returned to Francis.

There was nothing to be done about him now. However, she had no intention of relaxing her hold on Francis. He included too much that she disliked—Cora and Anna Louise and Wilson Henry. She disliked Wilson because he was attached to Cora. Wilson did what Cora wanted rather than what she required.

Strangely enough she had no power over Wilson; once he had been the slave of her body and of her mind, but he had shifted his allegiance to Cora. In a way, for a moment, Cora was her rival. When she destroyed Francis Ambler, she would destroy Cora as well. That would be easy through Cora's daughter. Anna Louise was her fatal weakness.

Justin Gow had appeared again; he met the gayety all around him with a brief but sufficient courtesy.

"Mary wanted to see you," he told Nina; "but I said you had to stay down here to help me. She seemed to feel there was more in Chalke's death than just his death. Nina, I'm going to have some whisky, in the house, and I think it would do you good, too."

She went with Justin into his small library. They sat there with their drinks for a little. He watched her curiously.

"I used to think I knew you," he said;

"I find I don't. I sit here and look at you and realize you are completely strange to me. The truth is you are disturbing. I can't decide how, but I have a good deal of sympathy for Francis Ambler. I think he did very well to dedicate himself to the little Lisher girl. If soda water can satisfy him after brandy. I don't like brandy myself."

She laughed. "Your manners always have been odd, Justin. But that is the strangest compliment I ever had. Oh, absolutely. Perhaps that is why I like it so much. I imagine brandy is an acquired taste. You have to try it first."

With a frowning deliberation, Justin selected a cigar from a large walnut box and lighted it. "I'm too old, Nina," he said at last. "It would be like starting with cigars again. They are too strong and I would be too weak. I'll take a chance with whisky any time, but not with brandy. I'm afraid of it. I am afraid of you. I never was before, but I am tonight."

Justin asked her if she'd be kind enough to tell him what they were talking about. "Because I'll be hanged if I know. Nina, did you do anything to Chalke Ewing?"

She rose and went close to him. "What do you think?" she replied. "Could I do anything to him? To men? To you?"

He kept his seat, gazing up at her. "Chalke is dead," Justin said slowly; "he left here without a word to us and killed himself in Cuba. In a drawing-room on a train of the United Railways of Havana, to be exact. Why did he kill himself, Nina? Can you answer that?"

She could not resist the temptation to display her power to Justin Gow. "Yes," she told him coldly, "I can. Chalke killed himself because he loved me. Love killed him."

Justin got up; he pushed his chair between them, holding onto its back. "By heaven, you did!" he exclaimed. "I can see it in your face. Why did you do it, Nina?" he demanded. "I have to know that to know anything. Why did you kill Chalke?"

She explained patiently: "I said love killed him. I loved him and it was that. It didn't matter if he loved me or not. That was nothing. This is different. I wanted him, but he wanted something else, I think he called it decency, and he thought he could get away from me. But I went with him. I went in him."

Justin Gow's mouth was hard. "It wasn't love," he told her; "it was you."

She cried: "I am love!" A ringing silence followed the sound of her voice, the amazing conceit of her declaration.

Justin stood watching her with glimmering eyes. Finally he spoke. "So that's it. You are love. You wanted Chalke Ewing, but he wanted decency, and so you killed him. I suppose nothing can kill you." Nothing, she replied. "We're just more than a little drunk," Justin declared. "I'm going out in the air. So are you." He glanced at his watch. "It's midnight," he said. "I'll stop the music."

More than half the lanterns were dark, their candles burned out. The stars had vanished. There was a promise of rain in the air. Justin spoke to the musicians; they put aside their instruments; people began to go home. Nina saw Cora Lisher, but Wilson wasn't with her. She looked around for him without success. Very well, she would walk home alone.

She saw the glass that had held vermuth on the porch railing. In her bedroom an evil temper overcame her. She had never had a rottener time. She had never known rottener men. Francis Ambler and the minister and Justin Gow.

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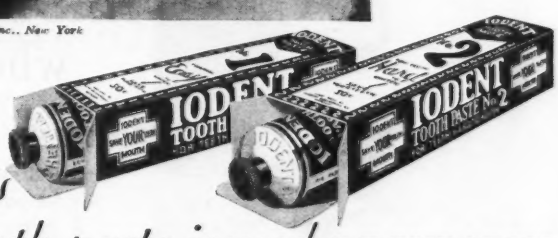

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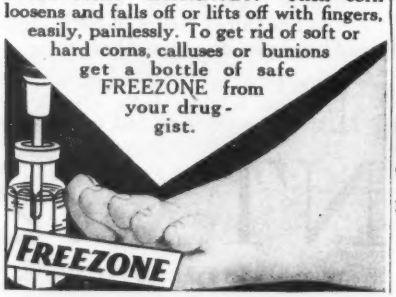

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At any rate she had surprised, yes, and frightened, Justin Gow. She took off her dress.

A strangling flood of sorrow and loneliness enveloped her. Chalke was dead. He had killed himself. He had died alone, lonely, in Cuba. He was dead. Nina had not, she realized, understood that until now. Dead! Chalke. He had committed suicide. Justin had told her and then taken Mary away from their party, but she stayed and talked and laughed and flirted and drank.

Chalke was gone. He had reproved her—what unanswerable reproof!—by his death. His honorable death. A deep hatred for herself drowned all her other emotions.

The Ishtarre dress was lying on her bed; she hated it with a desperate and peculiar bitterness of resentment; she had worn it throughout the time that drove Chalke to death. Nina picked the dress up and, with a sudden unpremeditated violence, she tore it into fragments. A heavy weariness settled over her.

Nina looked instinctively into the mirror of her dressing table. Her wide appalled eyes stared out of a wrecked face; the rouge on her cheeks was like blots of color on a pale and lifeless surface; the throat hung in little pockets of dry, finely wrinkled skin from the sharp and bony structure of her jaw.

At last, she said to herself, that is over. Since Chalke was dead it was proper for her vital charm to leave her. She had small regret because of that. Nina was not dismayed. She had to sit down, however; she was very weak. It had been a tragically difficult night. Justin had behaved marvelously. She would see Mary in the morning.

Poor Mary. She had been proud of Chalke. Mary, and Justin, yes, and Chalke, were all proud people. They were superior strong people. Mary, who would be wretchedly unhappy, at least could remember that Chalke had been superior to a more degrading surrender.

Chalke, the truth was, had not lived in the common, the compromising, world that practically everyone else inhabited. He lived in a world of elevated, of incorruptible, ideas; in the green flame—Chalke had said that—of the tropics. Another man, not so fine, could have managed both her and the situation before them. A man with less imagination would have married her and made her comparatively happy. That, however, was not important now.

It was lost in the immeasurable emptiness of her being, an emptiness that must, now, reach without interruption to the end of her life, that nothing, no one, could fill. Nina looked at her watch; she saw that it was past one and wondered where Wilson was.

She began mechanically to think more especially about what had occurred to her. The thing had happened that women dreaded more than all the other penalties of existence put together—she had become, in effect, old. She had grown old because she had lost the illusion of a persistent and sustaining spirit of youth. Of feminine hope. Nina was too tired for any activity of feeling. She only wanted to rest. To be quiet.

She was principally without ambition. She had none and, for the rest of her life, there would be no incentive for her to change. There was nothing to keep her animated, to wish for. She knew what her future would be from the past. Her future was her past in a different sense. It was Chalke and he was dead.

Later, another time, she'd think about that. About him. She would try to realize she had killed him. Nina couldn't tonight. It was too much for her. She

was amazed that her body, really a small body, could hold such a tremendous loneliness. Such a boundless pain. It had all happened so quickly—one day she was divinely happy, and almost the next, happiness was gone forever.

She remembered her haggard face and shapeless throat. Her eyes, still unchanged, looked as though they had been trapped in a dreadful accident. Everything but her eyes had been destroyed.

Now, without Chalke, she was almost glad it had happened. She did not want to go on living—with what they had known was living—without him. This seemed more fit. It was, of course, right for her to suffer as much as possible. The suffering was comparatively dull. That surprised her a little.

She had no impulse now to look back over her life, to see herself in the past and to regret it. Nina continued to undress. She took out a nightgown without interest. And automatically addressed herself to cleansing cream and lotions. She wiped her face with soft squares of paper. It was a habit, that was all.

Her skin was very soft. It made her think of a flower that had begun to fade. When that started, it went quickly. She wasn't, Nina knew, going to die tomorrow. Tomorrow she wouldn't look entirely different from yesterday. But the change was absolute. Women would notice it. Mary Gow and Delia and Cora Lisher. Cora would be secretly pleased and reassured. She would feel that, at last, Francis was safe.

He was. She had a faint affection without interest for him. A great wind had blown over her and taken nearly everything with it. Certainly it had obliterated Francis Ambler. She couldn't imagine where Wilson was.

Nina realized that she had promised to play bridge tomorrow afternoon. Ocha would be there. In four more days there would be another Saturday-night dance at the country club. She supposed Wilson would want to go. I will go with him, she thought. Joel Bache will dance with me and Roderick Wade will be drunk again. I will sit on the porch and it will be hot. Cordelia and Annabel and Faith would probably go to the quarry.

That, at last, brought Chalke clearly before her. Nina saw herself standing beside him before the black water. That was the night she had broken down his determination. Yes, that night she had lost him.

She remembered little things about Chalke—his soft black sash in the evening; his long, thin fingers holding a cigar. They were already so brown it was impossible to see nicotine stains on them.

She remembered his slightly harsh voice—when you didn't know Chalke you thought he was disagreeable. He wasn't. He had to be like that. It was the way he protected himself. Chalke hid himself from everyone but her. She was his immeasurable misfortune, his death.

Yet she wasn't altogether sorry for him. She was sorrier for herself. You couldn't live forever, Nina told herself. Chalke's determination had left him, but only for a few hours; people, even Mary, would think he had been defeated by life, by love; but actually he had conquered them. You could not live forever. It was better to die at the right moment than to live through a few additional wrong and disappointing years.

Nina was in bed; a moth beat softly about the light beside her, and she switched the light off. That, too, recalled Chalke to her. Something about light. The darkness poured in a dense tide over Nina Henry. She wasn't, yet,

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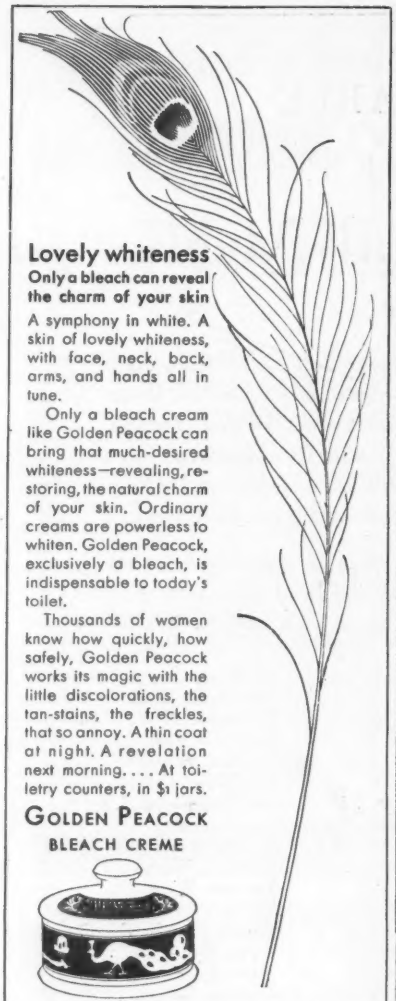

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a particle sleepy. Her body ached too much for the relaxation of sleep.

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There was something definitely wrong with being awake,-with life. You weren't one thing and you couldn't be the other. You were neither good nor bad. When you wanted with all your heart to be good, the badness in you stirred and spoiled your resolution. You could not be bad and enjoy it, for your goodness made you uneasy and remorseful.

Then there was her old uncertainty back again—the difference between her experience and what she had always been told. It was, for example, terrifying to say she had committed adultery with Chalke Ewing and, as a result, he had killed himself. She could only repeat that those words, those facts, didn't terrify her.

So much thought, like the rest of existence, was simply a repetition. The same things went through your mind and through it. A procession without end or satisfaction. You couldn't actually conclude anything. Except by death. That, Nina felt certain, in opposition to all she had been told, was a conclusion. She couldn't face the cruelty of keeping on forever because of the trivialities of a short and ignorant human life.

A certain calmness touched her. Her weariness—like a heavy cloak—was being lifted. The beneficent darkness flowed into her brain.

She woke suddenly, dimly conscious of a disturbance, some other presence, in the room; she rose on an elbow and pulled on a light. It was Wilson. He was seated in the comfortable chair by the window in an attitude of utter dejection. His face, she saw, was as drawn as her own had been.

"Wilson," she said, but not sharply, "you startled me."

He replied that he was sorry. That was all. Nina gathered her faculties out of the receding vagueness of sleep.

"What is it, Wilson?" she went on. "You must go to bed. It's almost morning. Wilson, where have you been?"

He wasn't certain. "Lancaster, I think." He left her again for a silence isolated from all that was around him.

Nina grew more determined. "You must tell me what is the matter. Are you sick? What has happened?"

No, he replied; he wasn't sick. "I can't tell you, Nina," he proceeded. "I can't tell you, because if I do it will sound all wrong. I can't possibly. I guess it's just life."

Nina sat up, resting against her pillows. "You don't have to tell me anything," she reminded him. "But you really ought to get undressed. It is twenty-five minutes past three."

"The trouble is I don't want you to misjudge it," he answered. "I don't want you to misjudge Cora. You are bound to. It will sound so much more than it is. Than it was," Wilson declared miserably.

Nina realized that the two main forces in Wilson Henry's being were in hopeless conflict—his caution, his sense of propriety, and his inappropriate passion for Cora Lisher. It was evident an overwhelming misfortune had happened to that. "Perhaps if you explained a little you might feel better," she suggested. "Wilson, I know more about things generally than you realize. Women do."

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There was a faint stirring of his familiar decisiveness. "You know nothing at all about this," he asserted. Then his resolution vanished. "No one knows," he reiterated. "It's about Cora. Cora and me. It was just a friendship—I liked to be with her, I admired her, and I advised them. Nina, there wasn't anything wrong with it. Cora isn't like that."

She listened patiently to his commendable lying. It was contradicted by his voice, his face, his manner.

"In a way I suppose you could call it love, Nina." He rose and stood beside the bed. "It would never have touched what I owe you," he said positively. "You have got to understand that. I owe you too much, Nina. I couldn't possibly tell which of me was me and which was you. It wasn't that." He paused, gazing at her with a desperate need for understanding.

"I realize that, Wilson," she assured him. He sat at the bottom of the bed, facing her.

"At the same time," he admitted, "I guess I love Cora. I can't understand that at all. Here I am married to you—I've been married to you more than twenty years—I'm devoted to my children and I am in love with Cora Lisher.

"I suppose love is the word," he continued. "I admired Cora, and I went to see her once or twice on my way from town. Then I began to want to see her. You didn't need me, you made that pretty clear; you had Francis Ambler to talk to, so I drifted down to Cora's house. I got to depend on her and I thought she depended on me. She did, Nina, in her heart. Cora says that. She's wretched too! But I don't understand about the love. Nina, I love you. I wouldn't do anything in the world to humiliate you. Nothing could make me desert you. All I have that you want is yours. And yet there is Cora.

"After a little I had to see her every day. I sat here and talked to you and Acton and Cordelia, but I wanted to be with Cora. I wanted to talk to her. I didn't think I could tell you. It didn't seem to be right. I must. Cora grew fonder of me. I wasn't unhappy as it was, I mean living as I did, seeing Cora whenever I could. It wasn't perfect, but I didn't mind it specially.

"Then this happened." Nina saw clearly what that was. "Anna Louise got engaged to Francis," he told her; "Cora sacrificed her—her feeling for me; she sacrificed us both for her daughter. She didn't want to get a shawl, Nina; she said that to make a chance to tell me what she had decided. What she had to decide, she said. I suppose so. Nina, she told me it would have to stop. Our seeing each other the way we had.

"You know what Cora is like when she makes up her mind. You know what she's like about Anna Louise. Well, they both happened at once. Cora thought that, now Anna Louise was going to marry Francis Ambler, it would be wrong for us to give people a chance to talk. She said it might hurt Anna Louise. I tried to make Cora think about herself. She couldn't. It was absolutely hopeless. Cora would just repeat that our seeing each other was over."

Wilson Henry rose again and walked up and down. "I told her not to commit herself; I told her of course we needn't see each other now, but after Anna Louise was married it would be different. It didn't do any good. She said we had to end it.

"We were both rather ragged by then. All this wasn't easy for her. I didn't try to help her. Cora had to go back to the Gows', too. I took her back. I left her and drove away. I couldn't see

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people then. Not then, Nina. I suppose you think this is all objectionable and weak-minded."

"No, Wilson, I don't," Nina reassured him. "It's just wretchedly unhappy. It seems so useless. It's so hopeless. As I said before, I understand more than you realize. About Cora and Anna Louise and you. No one can influence or change Cora; you were right. Her feeling about Anna Louise isn't quite normal. Cora's love for Anna Louise is the strongest thing in her life, Wilson. You could never be so important to her.

"Cora is willing to sacrifice herself for it. If that is true you haven't a chance. You'll never be able to realize it, but Cora enjoys sacrificing herself. I know other women like that, Wilson; dark inside. Cora Lisher is a dark woman."

Wilson Henry at once moved to a defensive position. "It's her character," he insisted; "Cora has more character than almost anyone else. That's what makes life so hard for her. It makes her seem severe and dark. But she's not—when you know her. I keep telling you Cora hasn't the money you have."

An expression of desperate and concerned amazement held him motionless. "There isn't anything more that can be said or done. It's all over. I can't go to Cora's house in the afternoon. I can never really talk to her again."

Wilson Henry had relapsed into the youthfulness that waited round the corner for all men. He returned to his seat at the bottom of the bed. His face, Nina saw, was dripping wet. She couldn't do a thing about it. Nobody could help him.

"Take your clothes off, Wilson," she urged him; "you are soaked. It's dreadfully hot again. A cool shower bath will do you a lot of good. It won't help you, to be uncomfortable as well as unhappy."

He silently obeyed her; slow and inattentive, he took off his things. Wilson disappeared into the bathroom in a dressing gown and Nina heard the beating water of the shower. When he came back his hair was in wet points and he looked absurdly boyish. He lighted a cigaret and dropped heavily into a chair. Wilson's misery was so intense that it was almost funny. Life could be like that—deeply tragic and funny. For the moment he had exhausted speech.

Nina's thoughts deserted him. Chalke was dead. He had killed himself. Alcibiades—— She couldn't go on. An irrepressible necessity to laugh swept over her. Wilson was outraged.

"Everything came over me all at once," she said, when she was able to stop. "I am sorry."

Wilson replied: "You assure me you understand it all and then you show you don't." His brief space of honesty was over, she recognized; Wilson had returned to his usual conventional secretiveness. "I didn't expect you to laugh."

Nina explained that again. "I told you that it was hysterical, Wilson. You really are rather stupid about women. After all, I did warn you what Cora was like. I could have told you long ago. From the first. It's a pity you didn't ask me. Or else understand her better. I must say, too, Wilson, there is a great deal on Cora's side. Did you offer to marry her?"

Wilson was immediately indignant. "Certainly not," he told her. "I tried to make that clear. I am your husband. We have children. How could I do what you suggested?"

"Perhaps you couldn't," Nina agreed; "but the reason is all inside you. It wasn't me or the children. I mean your pride and morals, your sense of duty and what you owed to yourself, wouldn't let you. Don't you see you are just as selfish as Cora in your own way?"

Wilson Henry said: "You'd have to go through it all to know about this. I couldn't, as a matter of fact, make it clear. That is why I didn't want to talk about it. It was no use. You would end by misunderstanding everything. You must not do that, Nina. Cora is a beautiful being. Beautiful," he repeated. "I wish you really knew her. Cora's spirit is too elevated for companionship.

"Anyhow, it's too late now. All Cora will have for the rest of her life is her magnificent courage. Perhaps a memory." Wilson made an effort to bring himself under a sharper discipline. "I am sorry I kept you awake, Nina. Especially since it couldn't do us much good."

A sudden necessity to give some expression to her own wretchedness took possession of Nina. "Chalke Ewing is dead, Wilson," she said. "He killed himself in a railroad train in Cuba."

"Chalke Ewing," he repeated inattentively. "Oh, yes. Mary Gow's brother. Well, I'm not surprised. Men like him, who believe in nothing, usually end that way." Wilson Henry got into his bed. Nina put out the light. Soon it seemed to her that she could see the faint grayness of morning. "I can't go to sleep," Wilson complained.

It would do him no good to be rebellious. Nina wasn't rebellious. She could recognize how useless that was. It was difficult, however, to understand that everything absolutely had to end. To accept it. Hope was almost the strongest habit there was. Hope was like being alive. It was the same as being really alive. You could not believe that the accidents which happened to other people could happen to you. When they did, as often as not you didn't recognize them. It couldn't happen to you, you thought; it was too hideously unjust.

That was the mistake everyone made—you expected to find a special justice for yourself. No matter if it missed all the rest of the world, it must protect you.

Wilson said: "I wish I hadn't taken that shower bath. It was a bad idea. It woke me up." He had, Nina thought, enough to keep him awake without blaming the shower bath. Actually he was blaming her. That was familiar. He was close to her, Wilson could put out a hand and touch her, but actually he was farther away than the oldest Greeks Chalke had mentioned. He was isolated in his deep misery, the loss of Cora, and she was secretly lonely without Chalke Ewing. Chalke was dead, but Cora was as determined as death. She would never take Wilson back.

"What shall we give Anna Louise for a wedding present?" Wilson asked.

"Do we have to think of that now?" she replied. "It isn't a very good time."

He didn't agree with her. "I can't go to sleep and you are awake and we might as well talk about that as anything. I'd like to give them a silver service. Flat silver. I suppose they will have three or four of those. Perhaps a clock would be better. A high clock for the hall with cathedral chimes."

He was silent for a little. It was evident that the pain of his loss had again swept over him. "Nina," he said suddenly, "we ought to go to church. It isn't enough just to send a quarterly check. We don't get any good out of that. We ought to be in our pew with the children every Sunday morning."

She remembered that Mr. Swingfellow, at the Gows' party, had asked her about the world. About love. She thought of Mrs. Swingfellow's quinsy. There was no hope of escape for her in church. She couldn't be guided upward to the clouds by Mr. Swingfellow.

"When people neglect their religion," Wilson continued, "they get in trouble. It's the duty of Americans to go to church. Yes, and to stay away from places like Cuba and Paris. Look how Chalke Ewing turned out. I don't like what France is doing to Catherine Pryne. I don't think she can be a good influence for Acton. I won't be satisfied until he is married to a girl like Anna Louise and settled down with the lumberyard.

"Sometimes, Nina, it seems to me you could be a better influence for your children. You drink whisky pretty freely, if you come to think of it. Take that black dress. The one Mary brought from France. It's no dress for you to wear. It won't be long before you're fifty. Aside from that, you have to think about our position in Eastlake. We are fairly conspicuous. People expect things from us."

"I don't believe I've ever disgraced you, Wilson," she replied. "The people you think most of seem to like me. Justin Gow and the Baches and lots of others. If you ask them I'm sure they will tell you I have not been a bad wife. Not entirely. You have been lucky, Wilson. You don't know it, but you have. You are safe now. It doesn't suit you not to be safe. You will miss Cora horribly at first; but soon you will feel better about it. You are already talking about duty and going to church. I am not only thinking of you; I mean myself too. You were lucky there.

"Even the dress you spoke of is ruined. I can never wear it again. It was a strange dress, Wilson. I don't wonder it upset you. That happened to a great many men. Different men, like Roderick Wade and Joel Bache and—and others. But that is all over now, Wilson; you ought to be glad.

"If you look at me carefully in the morning you will see what I mean. You will see almost an old woman. Anyhow a woman who will never give you trouble again. I can't promise not to drink high balls; I won't tell you that I'll go to church; but I can assure you of the rest. You must be glad, Wilson, to have me like that. At last. Where you want me. I can't promise you love either; you understand that, don't you? There isn't any more love in me. Not a drop. You will simply have to put up with me without it and be contented because you will always know where I am. You can always be sure of what I am doing. Talking to Rhoda in the morning and playing golf or contract bridge in the afternoon. I will be going to dinner at the Gows', the Baches' and the Amblers'—Anna Louise Ambler's—and having them here.

"Catherine Pryne won't hurt Acton, Wilson. I wouldn't interfere with that if I were you. Catherine too will be old soon enough. There is plenty of time for Acton to find an Anna Louise Lisher. You will never be able to interfere with Cordelia. She'll go ahead regardless."

Nina stopped speaking. Wilson Henry's breathing was smooth and slow. At last he was asleep. He had escaped from hope, from the sustaining promise of beauty and the responsibility of courage.

The relief that, in the end, made both life and death supportable gathered above her. She turned on her pillow and shut her eyes against the brightening day. Her lips silently formed the name Chalke. The arm under her head relaxed. Her fingers fell open.

The End

The Bracelet

(Continued from page 53)

clearly what was in front of her unless she made an end of things with Brett. She saw salvation only in a break with Brett. But when she saw him to tell him so she was forced to realize that her strength was less than her decision to exert it.

She wrote to Brett and asked him to meet her on a certain day at six in the afternoon at the Albert Gate of Battersea Park. She ended her note with the words: "Please, Brett, you must come. I will keep you only a few minutes. I can't ask you to the studio."

Brett replied that he would be there, but added, "Why Battersea Park? Are we nurse girl and guardsman?"

That afternoon as Olivia drew near the Albert Gate entrance to the park, she saw Brett waiting for her. She noticed that he was looking amused.

"What's amusing you?" she asked.

"Battersea Park."

"Why?"

"D'you know what my age is?"

"Thirty-eight? Thirty-nine?"

"Forty-one! At the mature age of forty-one I have still the power to make a girl so afraid of being seen with me that she gives me a rendezvous in Battersea Park. Where shall we go next?"

"There'll be no need for any more concealment."

"Why not?"

"I've come here to tell you that I'm going to give it up."

They crossed the wide road beyond the gate and began to walk slowly over the expanse of turf beyond it. This late afternoon hour was soft and still, pale with a suggestion of humidity.

"Give up what?" said Brett Arden, still keeping the amused look as he gazed steadfastly at her.

"Our"—she sought for a word—"our friendship." She felt hypocrisy in the word and hated it. "Our connection. I came here to tell you."

"We must sit down to this," he said. And he walked toward two chairs under a tree near a thick belt of shrubs.

They sat down. He turned sideways and stared at her profile.

"Now tell me," he said.

"Very well. I want to."

And that was true. She had a longing to let out all the misery and disgust that had accumulated within her.

She did not attack Brett, did not accuse him. After what had occurred between them she felt that to do that would be to lift herself into the seat of the Pharisee. But she told him that she had come to feel that even for him she couldn't go on pretending, hiding things, acting if not actually telling lies.

She had always hated it. He knew that. She didn't want to assume any nobility or saintliness, but this way of living made her miserable.

At this point Brett interrupted her. "But how can we?" he said.

"I know. We can't. And so we must stop it."

"But from the beginning we knew that we couldn't."

She looked down at the short grass, trying to find some rejoinder to his remark which would not involve Betty. She couldn't give Betty away to Brett.

"Where's the difference now?"

"The difference is that if we go on we shall get deeper and deeper into subterfuge and lies."

"That isn't the difference you were thinking of."

"You have put me wrong with my

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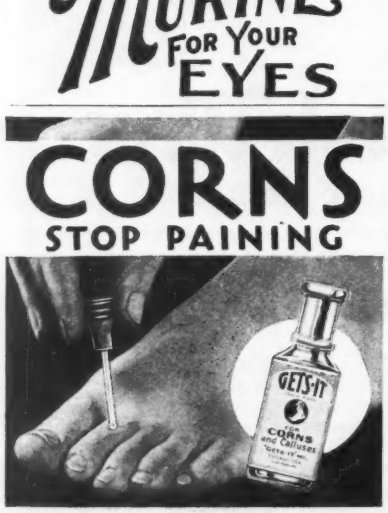

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greatest friend. It was quite unnecessary."

Betty had to come into it, but Olivia knew what she mustn't say.

"Put you wrong with Lady Bettine? I don't see how."

"Why did you come to the studio with Betty?"

"Because she asked me to and it gave me another opportunity for seeing you. I don't get too many."

"You shouldn't have come without telling her you had seen it already."

"Why should I tell her what she knew?"

"She didn't know. She told me that you had never been in an artist's studio in your life, that you had said so to her."

"So I did."

"Well, then, how can you pretend that she knew?"

"Olive, you may be Lady Bettine's greatest friend, but you underrate her subtleties. She hasn't your passion for blurting out naked truths even in the coldest weather."

"Do you mean that you think Betty did know?"

"Of course she knew!"

"How?"

"That rum-looking maid of hers told her."

"I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

Olivia couldn't tell him that she believed a denial of Anne Marie. He would laugh at that! But Anne Marie hadn't told. Olivia was convinced of that.

"Lady Bettine and I were playing a game and we both knew it, though naturally we didn't say so. And you took a hand in the game. That was all. Lady Bettine loves that sort of nonsense. She's as cute as any woman in London. But I would never trust her as I would trust you."

She looked at him. "Trust me! But do you want, need to trust me? Do you need to trust anyone?"

"Rather! Of course I do."

"I think you're self-sufficient, Brett."

"That's where you make a mistake. It rests me to rely on you. Didn't I always say you're a Rolls-Royce among a mob of squeaky little Fords? You don't know your own value, Olive."

"You don't seem to want me in *that* way."

She did not realize the adroitness with which he had turned her to self-contemplation, to contemplation of what she was meaning, or might mean, to him.

"A man doesn't care to shout about his own weaknesses to a woman he's fond of. He prefers to leave her to find them out for herself. I'll bet you've got well on the track of most of mine, Olly."

In a moment Olivia felt guilty, almost treacherous. She had come there full of condemnation of Brett. But didn't he deserve it? She thought of the scene in the studio. Hadn't he been malicious there? Or was it merely that their outlooks were radically different?

"You think I'm pretty low-down, don't you?" he said.

"I don't want to assume anything. But I do think it was wrong of you to come to the studio with Betty."

"Why shouldn't I, when she knew I'd been there before. Where was the harm?"

"But Betty didn't know."

"I'm positive she did."

"If she had she would have spoken of it when you had gone. Betty is frankness itself with me."

"How d'you know that?"

His light eyes were fixed upon her, and now a keen look had come into them, a curious, almost a suspicious look. She felt uncomfortable. She was handicapped by her inability to say one word about what Lady Bettine had told her. That frank confession made her positive that Betty had no suspicion of Brett's relation to herself. If Betty had had any suspicion she never could have unburdened herself as she had. Possibly Brett really believed that Betty had known. If so, he was less blameworthy than she had supposed. But did he believe that?

"I do know!" she said almost sullenly. "I am positive. And your coming obliged me to humbug my best friend. I'm ashamed whenever I think of it. You forced me into a lie."

"D'you mean you denied to Lady Bettine that I had already seen the studio?"

"No; it was never mentioned, of course. But all my behavior—and yours—was a lie. I don't think I shall ever feel comfortable with Betty again."

"Do you really mean that you have brought me here to tell me that you are going to throw me over because of Lady Bettine?" he said. His voice was changed. It had lost its light, easy-going tone and had become hard, metallic. "Does a woman's friendship really mean more to you than a man's love? Do you put Lady Bettine before me as a factor in your life, in your happiness?"

"I didn't say that."

"No; but apparently you mean to prove that it is so by an act. And that's ten times worse than saying it. Let me know where I stand. You came here to break with me, you say, simply on account of Lady Bettine."

There was now a sound of cold astonishment in his voice.

"Upon my word, I can hardly believe that," he continued. "There must surely be something behind this. The motive you're giving me is too slight altogether. Unless you're tired of me."

"I'm not! I'm not!"

"Then what has Lady Bettine to do with it? If you're right and she did not know I'd already been to the studio I'm ready to acknowledge that I did put you in a hole. Of course I thought that woman had told her. She must have."

"She didn't!"

"Eh? How d'you know that?"

"Because I asked her." She had to give it away.

"You asked her if she'd told! When?"

"She came with the chauffeur in the car to fetch Betty. Betty had already gone. Anne Marie came into the studio to look at my drawing. When she was going away I said something about it. Anne Marie seemed surprised. She said that she had not mentioned your being here that day. She said it was none of her business. I am positive she was speaking the truth—then."

"Then?"

"She does tell lies."

"I should say so." He was silent for a moment. It seemed to Olivia that he was seriously disturbed about something. Finally he said: "Seems to me that woman is getting mixed up in our affairs. I don't like it. I'm sorry you spoke to her about the matter. She might easily deny having spoken."

"Brett, I am positive she didn't speak."

"It doesn't follow that she won't."

"No. And if she does, then I am shown up to my best friend as a liar. You see!"

He fixed his eyes upon her in a steady stare. "And so am I shown up to Lady Bettine as a liar. You seem to forget that. We are both in this, Olive. That Anne Marie woman has only to speak and you and I are both in the cart with Lady Bettine."

"Yes—of course. But—but——"

"Well? But what?"

"For six years I've been Betty's best friend. She trusts me. That's what troubles me. I consider when you are trusted by anyone it's dreadful to let that person down." She met his gaze fully. "Would you mind it so very much if Betty did find out how you had tricked her about the studio?"

"It wouldn't be particularly pleasant," he said, in a lighter tone. "I made sure that maid of hers must have told her or I never should have come."

Olivia wondered whether this was a lie or the truth. It might easily be the truth. She realized that. Before she could speak he added:

"But there's something more behind all this. I'm convinced of that. You're keeping something from me. I'll never believe you meant to break with me if there wasn't something more. I know you, Olive. You don't do things lightly. What is it?"

"I have nothing more to tell you, Brett, absolutely nothing." But her eyes turned away from his as she said it.

"You mean that you won't tell it."

"Brett, please don't ask. I have nothing more to tell you. I've been as frank as I can be."

"Well, I consider you're treating me badly." Again his voice had become hard.

"Don't—please!"

"But I will. You ask me to come into this public place to tell me you've done with me. And when I ask for a reason you put me off with a lot of nonsense about not wishing to deceive a woman friend, Lady Bettine. But the deception, such as it was, is over and done with. It can't be helped now.

"Lady Bettine's got a mind like a sieve. If that maid of hers holds her tongue Lady Bettine will never think again of that studio business. No woman on earth would throw over a man she cares about for such an absurdity as that.

"As to what you said about our friendship, our connection — whatever you choose to call it—obliging you to be deceitful and so on, there's nothing in that. Forgive me for saying it, Olive, but all that is trumped-up stuff to put me off the real thing.

"Let's get down to the root of this. Either you have a reason for wanting to break off with me that you haven't disclosed or else you're tired of the whole thing. One of the two. Your friendship with Lady Bettine isn't in question. So don't you ride that horse to death any more. Give it a rest, and as you're so keen no truthtelling, give me a bit of truth now. After all that's happened between us I think you owe me that."

A dull red had come into Olivia's face while he was speaking. It seemed that she, by nature deeply sincere, was being ruthlessly driven into prevarication. First it had been with her friend; now it was with her lover.

"I can't give you my reason entirely," she said.

"Then you acknowledge you've been hiding something?"

"Yes."

"You're tired of me and don't like to say so?"

"No."

"You swear it isn't that?"

"Oh—Brett! You know it isn't that."

He took one of her hands roughly. Two people drew near them, a thick-set man with a walrus mustache and a blond girl with fluffy hair. The man, who was talking volubly, looked masterful in a vulgar way. The girl looked weakly sentimental.

As they passed by Olivia and Brett Arden heard the man say, "I tell yer she won't know. She'll never know. I'll see to that!"

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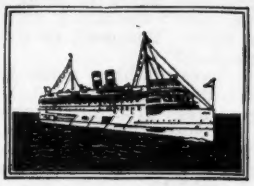

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"So she isn't going to know!" said Brett, with his faintly satirical smile. "And Lady Bettine won't know either. And as you still care for me, Olly, this is a storm in a cocktail glass. Your hidden reason, whatever it is, doesn't interest me really. But I'm not the man who'll stand being kicked out like a dog without raising a bark. You might have known that."

"Do you really care, then, Brett?"

"Of course I care."

"But—it seems to me—I thought the other day in the studio——"

"The studio again! By the way, as we're back there, tell me why you didn't ask me there tonight to settle our difficulties. Why Battersea Park?"

"I thought it best to come here because—in the studio—you make it so difficult to talk reasonably."

He squeezed her hand hard. "You find me more reasonable here?" She said nothing. "I have to be. They police the parks. But what did you think the other day?"

"It seemed to me that Betty and you got on together in a way you and I don't get on."

"Ah!" he said. He sat forward on his chair. "So now at last we've got to it. You're jealous of me with Lady Bettine."

"I'm——"

"With Lady Bettine, whom I place among the Fords."

"Don't!"

"That's right! Stick up for your friend! You're a mass of inconsistency. But so's every woman. Because I chaff and talk rot with Lady Bettine, you think she means anything to me? But I know a dozen Lady Bettines! She'll give me no sleepless nights. Olly, you are actually jealous! You darling! And I never jumped to it. I thought there was a real reason behind all this."

And again Olivia was forced to allow an untruth to be taken as truth. She was restless and got up abruptly. She was full of a dull shame. The fact that she had felt jealous humiliated her. But she was more humiliated by the feeling of forced insincerity which was now perpetually with her.

"Where are you going?"

"Let's walk. It's getting late."

"And I'm engaged to dine out. But I don't care. Let's stick together, dine together in—a Lyons restaurant?"

"My people are expecting me at home."

"Forget them!"

"But——"

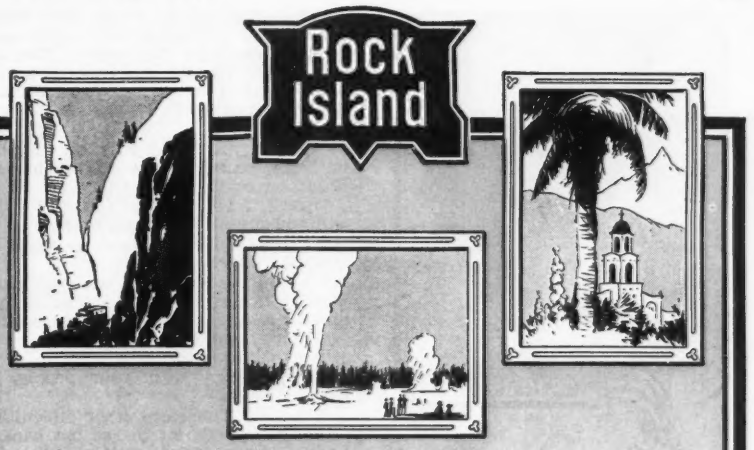
"Olly, till you get rid of that pestilential habit of saying 'but' you'll never know what life can mean. You'll never have the true sense of freedom. Now we're through with our quarrel let's have a little enjoyment."

"But if I gave you up would you mind?"

"I shouldn't let you give me up. The impertinence of your thinking I should! As I've had the luck to get you I mean to keep you." He squeezed her arm.

So all the secrecy must go on! It seemed inevitable. And the complication with Betty would grow. It must, seeing what Betty was, how impulsive, how reckless, and how daring when she was carried away by what she called love. But if Brett were sincere, surely Betty soon would be forced to the conclusion that, as she would phrase it, there was "nothing doing" where Brett was in question. And then? Wouldn't she give up this quest for some other?

In any case, the conclusion of the whole matter depended upon Brett's real character. Betty had defined that character. But wasn't her definition false? Was Brett a man with an ugly mania, one of the ugliest of all manias?



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"Why d'you look at me like that?" Brett asked. "What is it? I don't know where I am with you today. You talk about being sincere, but today you move all the time in mystery. What's the matter with your eyes?"

"My eyes?"

"Yes; if you could only see the look in them, searching me to the marrow. What on earth's up? Out with it!"

"Brett, if I give in to you, if I go on, will you promise to stand by me?"

"Of course I shall stand by you. I'm standing by you now."

"Don't joke! You're always joking. What I mean is this. By going on—now—I may easily get into difficulties."

"Why should you?"

"I can't explain."

"D'you mean with your people, society?"

"No, no! There are other difficulties."

"Is it—— Surely you're not back on Lady Bettine again! Darling Olly, she's becoming an obsession."

"All I want you to promise me is this, that if there should arise in the future any difficulty with Betty you will, if I require it of you, let Betty know that today I came here to give the whole thing up. Will you do this if I ever ask you to?"

"You mean if she finds out?"

"Yes."

"But she won't!"

"She may. I have a feeling that very likely she will."

"You're afraid of Anne Marie's splitting on us."

Olivia winced at the last words. "I've done Betty no wrong."

"Good Lord, what are you talking about? Of course you haven't."

"No. My conscience is clear on that score. But she might think I have betrayed our friendship. If she should and if I ask you, will you back me up in telling the truth? I was Betty's friend years before I ever knew you, Brett. You may laugh at woman's friendship, but I value mine for Betty in a way you can't understand. I have never been false to it and I'm not being false now. But there are circumstances—they are so peculiar, and were so utterly unforeseen by me, that I might be put in a false position with Betty. All I ask of you is this, that if I ever am, and if I ask it of you, you'll bear me out in the truth; you'll back me up if I tell it."

"Of course I'll do whatever a decent man must do for a girl who has—for a girl like you. But" — again there was the hard metallic sound in his voice — "I'll see to it that you don't get into trouble with Lady Bettine."

"How can you?"

A knowing look came into his freckled face. "Never mind! I haven't lived in this wicked world for over forty years without learning the best ways and means of dealing with it. And now—where are we going?"

Suddenly Olivia realized that the evening light was beginning to fail. "I must go home. Take me to the nearest gate."

"Then we must retrace all the steps we've just taken. Come on!"

He still held her arm, and all the time they were walking toward the exit from the park he was gently upbraiding her for having thought even for a moment of giving him up, and telling her what she meant to him, how he depended upon her, how, if she dropped him after all that had happened, he would never believe in a woman again.

"And as it is," he said, "I don't believe that much"—he snapped his strong bony fingers—"in any woman but you. Women are a treacherous lot. But you are incapable of treachery—even to another woman. And that's saying more than a mouthful!"

"That's an expression of Betty's!" she said.

"She got it from me, I suppose. Oh, how you go back to Lady Bettine! If you don't look out you'll make me hate her."

"And now you like her?"

"Rather! She's a good pal. But she'd be the dickens as a lover."

He said it with such conviction that Olivia felt he was saying what he believed to be true. She felt a strong sense of relief, yet she pitied Betty. But Betty would soon get over it. She got over everything soon.

Brett helped Olivia into a bus. She couldn't afford a taxi, nor would she let him drive with her westward.

"It's enough for tonight," she said. "For once in my life I feel tired."

Two days later Olivia received a present from Brett. It was sent to the studio marked "Private," with a note: "A souvenir of our first real quarrel and final reconciliation—Brett."

When Olivia opened the parcel she found a cigaret box of white jade. Inside the lid were her initials in tiny gold letters. Under them were the words, "From Brett," also in letters of gold. She looked at them with amazement. It was so unlike Brett to have put those words. Now she never could show the lovely box to anyone.

But perhaps—had Brett perhaps intended that and contrived that it must be so? She gazed at the box for a long time before she locked it away. And while she gazed she thought of the lottery item in the Morning Post.

About the same time another woman also received a present from Brett Arden. It was a sum of money and was delivered personally to Anne Marie. Brett Arden put it into her hand with a smile and the following words:

"Keep your mouth shut, there's a good woman! You seem to have a silent tongue. Cherish it. A silent tongue earns good money."

Anne Marie must have been astonished. But she pocketed the envelope without saying a word. Perhaps she felt that silence is golden.

The London season was over. August had come and the Mansfelds had returned to Credon, the country place which they couldn't afford and wouldn't dream of renting. Olivia had done eight more portraits for Mr. Blades Bircham and had learned more of the vanity of women. Of all her sitters Lady Bettine so far had been the only one who had not protested against some feature as "really not like mine." Again, this time in her art, Olivia's innate love of sincerity had been outraged. It seemed that the last thing appreciated by the world was the thing which she valued most.

Sir Leith and Lady Mansfeld had become partially reconciled to having a worker for a daughter. Olivia was making a little money, which was all to the good, though her father still asked plaintively what was the use of a five-pound note.

Although it was August and London, in Sir Leith and Lady Mansfeld's eyes, a desert inhabited only by a few nobodies, Olivia kept the studio. She had three portraits still to do, and she hoped that Mr. Blades Bircham would then give her the hinted-at order for a series of men. There was a caretaker in the house in Great Cumberland Place, so she could spend a night there if she was busy. Meanwhile she was mostly at Credon, a place she loved.

Credon was not a big place, but the gardens, though not properly kept up, were naturally beautiful, and the house was well planned, spacious and well furnished. An appearance of country simplicity was allied with genuine beauty.

The Mansfelds usually considered it incumbent upon them to entertain visitors there. But money matters were very bad indeed with Sir Leith that year. He had bought Rio Tintos at the wrong time, and had sold Brazilian Tractions, also at the wrong time. Taxes were still high, rates preposterous.

It was decided to invite no guests for the present. So this August found Credon empty except for the Mansfelds.

Olivia was glad of this. She was not in a mood to be gay and entertaining. Life had become much too complicated since the interview with Brett Arden in Battersea Park.

After that interview things between her and Brett had gone on as before. Since the break had not occurred there was no reason why it shouldn't be so—in theory. Olivia had made one stern effort to emerge from the difficulties which she had plainly seen gathering round her. Brett had promptly countered her effort. This was a victory for him and he took full advantage of it. From that evening he began to dominate Olivia.

Since she had the studio it was possible for Brett to visit her often without much danger of scandalous gossip. Nevertheless, Brett seemed to Olivia to be even more cautious and secretive about their affair now than he had been before she had taken the studio.

Two or three times when she had expressed some surprise at his elaborate precautions he had begged her to leave matters of that sort entirely in his hands. He knew what he was doing, and for the sake of her reputation they couldn't be too careful. And more than once he had alluded to Anne Marie.

"That servant of Lady Bettine's knows. She might speak at any time."

Once, after an allusion of this kind, Olivia couldn't help saying, "But Anne Marie knows nothing except that once in the afternoon you came to see me, as anyone else might have."

"She knows that you and I didn't wish Lady Bettine to hear of my visit. That is quite enough—with a woman of that type."

It sometimes seemed to Olivia that Brett, whose distinguishing quality she had always thought to be fearlessness, complete fearlessness both physical and mental, was half afraid of Anne Marie.

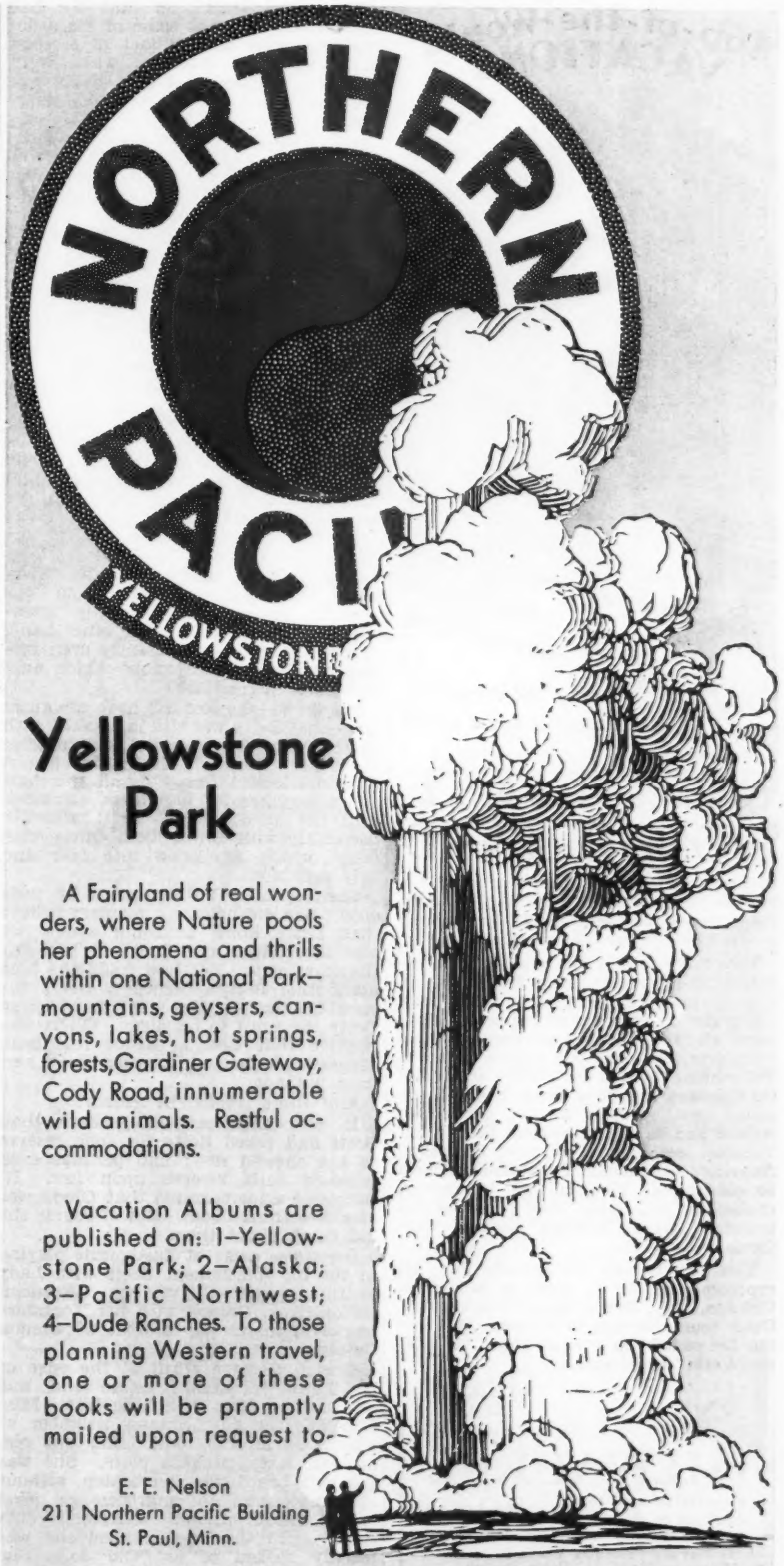
This, Brett's crescendo of cautiousness, was one of the new complications in Olivia's life. Then there was his tacit assumption that he was now the master in their connection. Though she tried to ignore this she was uneasily aware of it, and it worried her, brought her a feeling of creeping humiliation. There was a great deal of indefinable humiliation connected with an unavowable love, she felt. Evidently hers was a nature not meant to walk in secret ways.

Brett didn't seem to be unpleasantly affected by necessitated secrecy. Sometimes she even thought that he enjoyed it. To her it was horribly unnatural. To him it seemed to bring a certain elation, as if he almost welcomed it as something that gave him a chance of showing his ingenuity. One day he even said to Olivia:

"What a lark it is throwing dust in the silly old world's eyes!"

"I don't think so!" she said in her "rigid" voice. "I hate having to do it."

"Believe me, Olly, it's the love that's lived in the open, approved of by everyone, that bores the lovers soonest."



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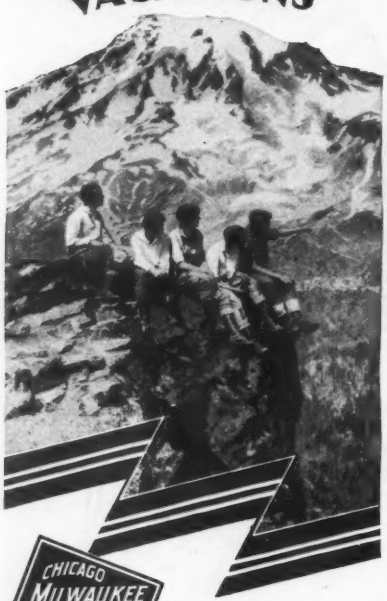

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When Brett had said that she had realized that perhaps some of his ardor was kept alive by the fact of secrecy. She thought of marriage with Brett. Once she had said that even if he were free she wasn't sure she would marry him.

Her instinct had prompted that remark. Brett was the type of man who wouldn't be faithful in marriage. Was he faithful now? Sometimes she was haunted by fears about that.

Her friendship with Lady Bettine had continued as before, apparently. But Betty was different.

It wasn't that she was less friendly, less cordial. She was exactly the same Betty in manner. But she had suddenly ceased to be the same Betty in speech. She had put a bridle on her tongue. And that bridle was something new in their friendship.

Since the conversation in the studio after Brett's departure to the Turf Club, when Lady Bettine had scorched Olivia with the fire of her frankness, she had not spoken again of her infatuation for Brett. And this silence was so unlike Betty that it had made a painful impression on Olivia.

In a way, of course, it saved Olivia from embarrassment and from the dreadful necessity of behaving insincerely, acting a lie. On the other hand, it made her uneasy, presently even tormented her with suspicions which were foreign to her nature.

She knew—she couldn't have explained how—that Betty was still infatuated with Brett Arden. There was a new radiance about her. Formerly she had been gay. Now she looked happy. And this look and atmosphere of happiness, combined with her silence about Brett and her friendship with Brett, filled Olivia with doubt which developed into fear and ugly suspicion.

She began to be tormented by jealousy. She did not for a moment believe that Betty knew anything about her own association with Brett, or had any suspicion of it. But how could she help attributing Betty's silence to the influence of Brett? He must have given Betty the word to be silent. Olivia was positive that Betty's silence had been suggested to her, or imposed upon her, from without.

And Brett reveled in secrecy.

It was unpleasant to believe that Brett had asked Betty for such reserve as she showed now; had perhaps even imposed such reserve upon her. It suggested undercurrents that Olivia was afraid to think about. But of course she did think about them.

Brett was away at Eastbourne playing in the big tournament there with Lady Bettine when Olivia one afternoon walked from Credon with her Yorkshire terrier, Tim, to pay a visit at Credon Cottage.

Credon Cottage stood at the edge of Sir Leith Mansfeld's estate and was rented to a Miss Josephine Lite. Miss Lite was the only country neighbor of whom Olivia was fond. She was old, at least sixty, perhaps more. She was flat as a board, weather-beaten, without any pretension to smartness or good looks, unconventional, extremely outspoken. In the neighborhood she was usually spoken of as "Old Jo." She smoked cigars, drank whisky and soda at tea time, and was entirely impervious to opinion, either public or private.

Perhaps in consequence of this she was generally respected and liked in the neighborhood. She went about bent over the handlebar of a bicycle. She also drove a two-seater car. She possessed a poultry farm and made money out of it.

At one time, rumor said, she had been a successful journalist in London. However, she never spoke about having any literary activities. She was an omnivorous reader. She seemed to be comfortably off.

The cooking at the cottage was first-rate, and Old Jo's cellar was excellent. The garden was beautifully kept—but by a gardener and a boy, not by Miss Lite, who remarked that though she knew she looked like the sort of old bore who gardens and keeps cats she did neither the one nor the other.

Men delighted in Old Jo. Even young men found her attractive and refreshing.

To her, while the Eastbourne tennis tournament was going on gayly, Olivia took her way with Tim, feeling anxious and heavy with ugly suspicions.

Miss Lite was at home. Olivia found her in her library, a room lined from floor to ceiling with books, with a writing table loaded with letters and papers, and several deep armchairs.

"Anything the matter?" said Miss Lite, as she greeted Olivia.

Olivia nodded. Tim lay down in a corner like a thorough gentleman.

"What's that book?" she said, pointing to an open book in Miss Lite's hand.

"'Conflicts,' by Stefan Zweig. Fine stuff. Tremendously tragic. Goes to the roots. Why won't human nature learn to understand and accept and forgive—human nature? I don't know. Don't we forgive ourselves for our sins? We do, every day. But when it comes to others—no! Your sin isn't my sin, so be damned to it! Quite unreasonable. Whisky?"

"No. Might I have a black coffee?"

"You might."

She pressed a bell. A fair boy of sixteen promptly appeared.

"Black coffee, Arthur, for Miss Mansfeld, biscuits, and you can bring the 1904 brandy—in case."

"Yes, ma'am."

"A cigaret, Olivia? Zweig is unafraid. Fine work, which will horrify and disgust most English people. Alas for prudery!—another name for hypocrisy. Sit here."

Olivia sat in an armchair. Looking up at Old Jo, she said: "When one has toothache, if one goes to a dentist whom one trusts, as one walks into his room the toothache seems diminished. Just seeing you seems to have diminished my toothache."

"Don't have it out. Always save a tooth."

"But if it's impossible?"

"Then extraction, of course. You're in a bad way."

"You can see it?"

"Having eyes, I've seen it since you came down. You should look clear-eyed. Open windows; air coming in. Why are the shutters up?"

Olivia took up Zweig's book, read a few words of the last story. "What suffering!" she said, almost startled.

"Yes."

Olivia laid the book down. "I'm in a conflict. I've been in one for some time. It's getting worse. And it isn't an open-air conflict. Sometimes it seems to me to be taking place underground."

Arthur returned with coffee, brandy and biscuits.

"Wonderful coffee!" said Olivia, when Arthur had gone.

"Brandy?"

"No, thanks. I haven't got to that."

"I'm for self-control, not prohibition."

Olivia took a biscuit. "I'm for self-control, too, and I've thrown mine out of the window."

"Whom did it fall on?"

"Apparently on myself. I think it's

terribly weak to tell anyone when one gets into deep waters. But I should like to tell you something. I've been what's called immoral. But that isn't the crux of my conflict. I have certain standards. I've gone against them in my own conduct. That's pretty bad. Yet it isn't absolute catastrophe, somehow. There's a sort of saving grace there. But owing to what I did I've been led into something that's defiant of my whole nature.

"Dear Miss Lite, there's nothing on earth I value so much, I think, as honorable dealing in love and friendship, complete honesty and sincerity. Anything else is mud—to me. Well, through my lack of morality, I've been insidiously led into insincerity to a woman friend. And I can't escape from this insincerity because I'm not alone in it.

"I love a man who enjoys—well, I call it trickery. Owing to my connection with him, I've been insincere. In fact, with my friend I'm really acting a lie all the time. This makes me miserable.

"But there's a complication. Having no suspicion at all of what I have been doing, she told me that she was in love with this same man. She's in love with him still, I'm sure. But now silence has fallen between her and me. And I feel that he has given her the word to be silent. What does that mean?"

"Suggests double-dealing on his part."

"Yes, doesn't it? And now I am—jealous. It's dreadful to be jealous of a friend. But I am. And she isn't at fault because she doesn't know about me—and him."

"And if she did know?"

"D'you mean what would she do then?"

"Yes."

"I'm sure in the beginning she'd have pulled up, or tried to pull up. She may have faults, but she's a good friend."

Olivia paused, but Old Jo didn't speak.

"Are you doubtful about women's friendship?" Olivia said at last.

"When it comes to any contest between a woman's love of a man and a woman's love of a friend I'm afraid I am," said Old Jo seriously, but not with cynicism. "You, for instance, could you, at the present time, tell her that you were first—if you were——"

"I was."

"——and leave it to her to act chivalrously to you in the matter, feeling no doubt about what she would do?"

Olivia hesitated. Her whole mind was on Betty for a moment. Then it detached itself, went to Brett.

"But that would be an appeal *ad misericordiam*, wouldn't it?" she said. "And I could never make it—never!"

"I was trying to get at your friend's character."

"I don't know what she would do. Anyhow, it's much too late for that. She would upbraid me, I should think, for not having told the truth in the beginning."

"And the character of the man?"

"I doubt him. I have to doubt him. Otherwise I shouldn't be so unhappy. He must have asked her not to talk even to me. Otherwise I know she would have talked. She has a careless nature. When she's careful with me about a thing like that I must suspect. He did tell her to keep something secret. When I found out she had fallen in love with him I knew at once things were going to become difficult for me. And I resolved to break with him. I told him so."

"But you didn't break off, I suppose?"

"No."

"No!" Old Joe echoed. She looked up at Olivia. "There's no question of your marrying him?"

"Oh, no. He is married."

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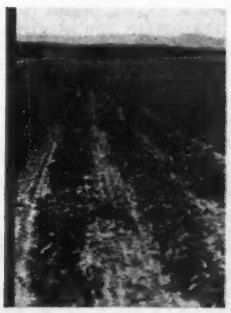

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Old Jo looked neither surprised nor shocked.

"And if he were not I feel sure I shouldn't marry him. He's not the man for me. I know that quite well. And yet, when I tried, I wasn't able to break it off. That's how it is. I'm getting desperate about it."

"Doesn't anyone know about it?"

"No one. Oh, well, there's a servant, a woman who—she doesn't know, but I believe she must suspect. She's clever, I think. I don't like her. She's peculiar. I believe she must have an extraordinary character."

"You might tell me, if you like."

Olivia gave a sketch of Anne Marie and described what happened at the studio when Brett Arden came, her request that Anne Marie should give her a sitting, and all that followed.

"She lied, obviously. I don't know why, unless she read my thought that she had a criminal's head. But she didn't speak about him to my friend, I'm sure of that. Of course she might speak at any time, and then my friend would know that she had been deceived both by me and by him."

"That wouldn't be pleasant. But as she hasn't spoken already perhaps she'll never speak."

"Sometimes I almost wish she would!" exclaimed Olivia.

"The bolt would fall, but the situation would be cleared. Better catastrophe than what you are going through," said Old Jo. "It's a nasty business. You don't ask me to try to help you. That's sensible. For I don't see how I can. The obvious thing to say to you is, 'Give it up.' But women don't give up when they feel as you do."

"There are one or two things—they seem rather ridiculous—that keep worrying me," said Olivia. "There's a golden owl. It keeps coming up in my mind when I'm dwelling on all this. I connect it with that servant and with something else."

She told Old Jo about the owl, and what Anne Marie had said about Lady Bettine's lying awake and looking at the owl.

"Somehow I've come to dislike it in a curious way," she said. "And there's one other thing." She told of Brett's present of the white jade cigaret box. "Inside the lid, under my initials in gold, he had put his Christian name. And it's not an ordinary name."

"That was to prevent your showing it, of course."

"Evidently. But that's not all. There was a Russian lottery at Claridge's——"

"I know," interrupted Old Jo.

Olivia stared, began to redden slowly.

"I'm afraid you've given it all away," said Old Jo. "Lady Bettine Fayne won a jade cigaret box in the Russian lottery at Claridge's last May."

"I didn't mean—I never supposed——"

"Don't be distressed. I learned years ago the value of a silent tongue."

Olivia tried to smile. "Lady Bettine said she won the owl in the lottery."

"She must have made a mistake," said Old Jo dryly.

"But he gave the jade box to me."

"I suppose you realize he had it from Lady Bettine and that he gave her that owl you described as his *quid pro quo*. You can't show it to her because his name is inside."

"You think the owl is from him?"

"Don't you?"

"It may be. I suppose it is." For a moment Olivia's face was drawn into an expression of ugly misery. Then she said, "But he gave her present to me—if we are right in our suppositions."

"Of course we are right," said Old Jo.

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with not disagreeable brusqueness. "The whole thing is obvious."

"Then I have her present to him."

"His method of preventing you from letting her know it, without ever speaking to you about it, was extremely clever in its simplicity. But Mr. Brett Arden is clever."

Olivia started. "You know?"

"I guess. I infer. I follow the lawn-tennis matches as I follow most things that go on in London and elsewhere. Lady Bettine and Brett Arden are partners this season in all the big matches. They're at Eastbourne this week."

"What an interest you take in everything. And yet you live down here."

"Gives me time to think. I'm sorry it's Brett Arden, Olivia."

Olivia frowned slightly. "Why?"

"I'm afraid my why will hurt you."

"Why? Why?"

"Brett Arden's a gentleman. He's a clever man in his way. He's got pluck, both physical and mental. Probably he's first-rate with men. I believe men like him. But unfortunately he's a man with a mania."

"You say that, too!"

"Did someone else say it?"

"Yes."

"Many men have his mania. But he's got it worse than most. It's the mania to be number one with women."

"Women!"

"You dislike the generalization? But only that will cover what I mean—what is. Brett Arden can't let women alone, Olivia; neither women nor girls. He must make an impression on them. It may have begun as mere vanity. It's more and worse than that now."

"What is it now?"

"It's a consuming obsession."

"But how do you know?"

"I know a great deal about many people. Before I came here I lived in the midst of things. I was"—Old Jo paused, then rapped out in a firm, dry way—"a competent journalist. I covered a great deal of London life. I know men and women thoroughly. I know the Brett Arden type. It's not uncommon—not at all. But he is, I might almost say, an exaggerated type of his type. Wherever he goes unless he is making an impression on some girl or woman he is at a loose end, unhappy, lost, like a man deprived of his profession. Women are Brett Arden's profession. You're very angry with me, Olivia."

"I don't think I can believe it."

"I'm sure you can't—yet. I hope you come to know it in good time. Women are Brett Arden's profession, and have been for years, and that's why he means so much to women. His life, his whole life is a compliment to our sex."

"Oh!"

"It is. His whole life is the assertion, 'Women are my life.' And they are. Women like that. The man whose assertion it is will always make an enormous impression on women. And then there is the effect of practice."

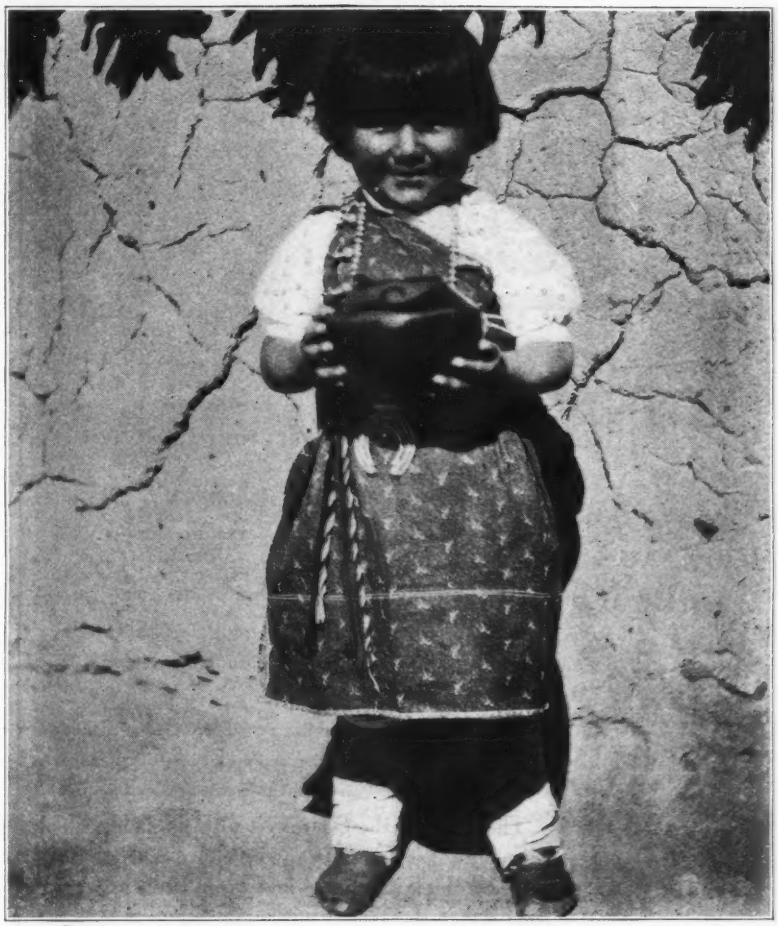
"I don't know what you mean, Miss Lite."

"Brett Arden is marvelously at home with women. He's never afraid of them. Most men are—often very much afraid. In these days especially men are much more afraid of women than women are of men. Haven't you noticed it?"

"I have never thought about it."

"Brett Arden couldn't be afraid of a woman, unless he were to fall really in love with one."

Olivia got up stiffly. Her tall body felt rigid and hot, feverishly hot. "I think he has—with me," she said. "Dear Miss Lite, I must go."



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Certainly I must cross the Atlantic. Think of sitting in one of those sidewalk cafes in Paris and watching folks from all over the world stroll by.

I want to see Carcassonne before *I* die even if that old man never did. And rural England with its hedges and parks and manors and castles. And the heather on the hills of Scotland.

Yet all of that is just the beginning. When I think of the Vale of Kashmir and Dahl Lake and the unspoiled island of Bali—well, I'll have to get started, that's all.

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"Do you know Brett Arden?"

"I don't. But I have known several women who have fallen in love with him; who have, perhaps, loved him."

"Tim!"

Tim had already risen from his corner and was stretching, with his mouth extended in a whole-hearted yawn.

Old Joe watched them going away amid masses of flowers. "Now she'll hate me—but not for long!" She went back slowly to her chair.

Conflicts—conflicts! "I am well out of it here," said Old Jo to herself, as she sat down to go on with Zweig.

A few days later Olivia had to go up to London for one night to draw another portrait for Mr. Blades Bircham. Her sitter on this occasion was a famous young married woman, Lady Marske, who was said to be the loveliest Englishwoman in existence.

Perhaps because she was haunted by the fear of lines, she scarcely ever changed her expression. She had a small pouting mouth and exquisite teeth.

As a sitter she was perfect. She remained still without effort. But Olivia was worried by Lady Marske's lack of expression.

"Olivia, you shouldn't wrinkle your forehead," said Lady Marske, in her cold clear voice. "Those frowns will become fixed."

"But if my nature's full of wrinkles?"

"Don't allow them. I never permit myself to be emotional."

"Perhaps you were born unemotional."

"I was born with a strong will. Life destroys you if you don't govern it with an iron hand."

"Govern! But what about fate?"

"Make your own fate."

"But how can one do that?"

"Partly by keeping a cool head. Look at me. I live in the midst of a turmoil of intrigues and passions of women crazy over men, of men ramping after women, of breakers of commandments, of destroyers of graven images. Society is really a mob of barbarians, with a certain code and a certain clever veneer. But I don't let the mob affect me. I shall be young at forty. But if you don't take care, you won't. How are you getting on with it?"

"Badly. I want more expression from you."

"You won't get it. Draw me as a beautiful doll."

"You wish that?"

"Of course. That's what I am."

"Don't you ever suffer?"

"No. What is the good of it?"

"Good! But how do you help it?"

"I concentrate—on pleasure. And I never give way to the lusts of the body. My husband will never be the father of a family. As to lovers—I keep them as admirers, always in want."

"You are indeed impeccable," said Olivia, feeling half amused, half disgusted.

"I go through life in crystal."

"But if some day the crystal gets smashed?"

"It won't. But if it did I should soon become an ugly old wreck. Nothing so disfigures beauty as indulgence in passion. I shall never need to have *my* face lifted. Now, go on and do me as I am, not as you would perhaps like me to be, all expression and ruts and wrinkles."

When Lady Marske got up to go she said, "Tomorrow, then, at the same time?"

"Yes. And then I can finish."

"Are you staying in town tonight?"

"Yes."

"Then dine at the Embassy with me. A quarter to nine. It will be a desert. But we can talk and pretend to eat."

Olivia said she would come. At the Embassy she found a party of three: Lady Marske, her husband, who was a tall, young-looking man with curly hair and a pink face, and Brett Arden.

Olivia had not expected to see Brett, and was startled. She had thought he was in the country somewhere playing lawn tennis. For once Brett Arden looked tired, and older than usual. He said he had run up because he had just been knocked out in a tournament at Brighton, where he had been playing with Lady Bettine. She was staying at Goodwood. He'd been to see a doctor as he'd been feeling seedy.

"Lawn-tennis match play is a bit strenuous for a chap over forty," said Lord Marske cheerfully. "Polo's better," he added.

His passion was polo.

After dinner they danced, and when Olivia was dancing with Brett he murmured:

"What marvelous luck finding you! Get away early and let me come to the studio."

"Oh, no! It's too late."

"Why? Haven't you got the key? Where are you staying?"

"Great Cumberland Place."

"When you leave go back there. I'll follow you, and we'll drive to the studio together. Who's in the house?"

"Only the caretaker."

"Man or woman?"

"A woman."

"She'll think nothing. Tell her you're going on to a dance at one of the clubs. Leave as soon as possible. I'll be there five minutes after you are and keep a taxi. I have something to say to you—about the doctor today."

Olivia felt something cold between her shoulder blades. "Very well. I'll go with you to the studio, but only for a few minutes."

"Right!"

She looked into his light eyes. For the first time it seemed to her that she saw a glint of sadness in them, a glint because the sadness was fierce or rebellious.

She got away early.

She waited in a downstairs room at Great Cumberland Place and in a few minutes heard a cab drive up. Immediately she went to the door and opened it. Brett was on the pavement. She stepped into the cab. He followed. They drove away.

As soon as the taxicab started he put an arm around her and kissed her violently. Then he took his arm away abruptly and leaned back in his corner. She felt half angry, half afraid. And a strange sensation of womanly pitifulness mingled with anger and fear.

"Is anything the matter?" she said.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"I'll tell you at the studio."

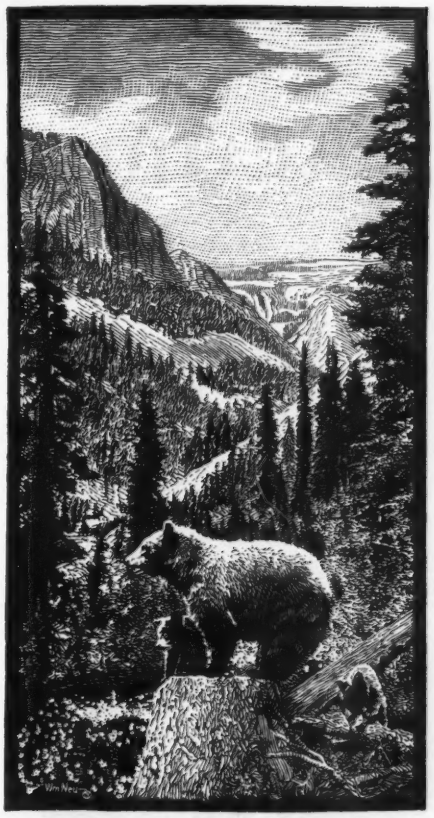
When they got to Clarence Lane she said: "Keep the cab. I meant what I said. I can only stay a few minutes."

While he told the chauffeur to wait she went up the garden and inserted the key in the door.

Inside, she turned on the electric light in the studio. The drawing, the calm, bland, unemotional drawing of Lady Marske, sprang into sight.

No emotion! Iron control of life! Keep away the wrinkles! And Brett with that strange new look in his eyes coming in at the door!

He went at once to Olivia's drawing. "It's good. Better than the one you did of Lady Bettine."



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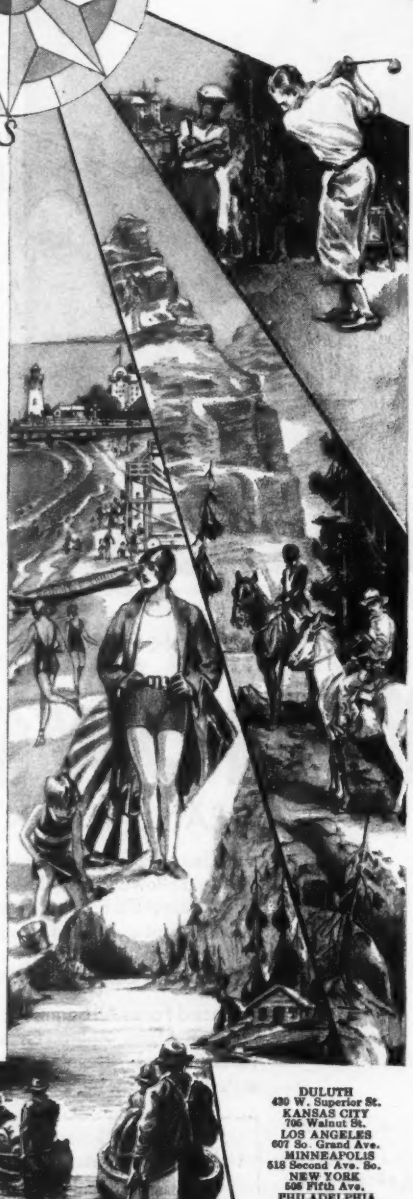

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"Do you think so? I think it's uninteresting."

"It may be. But you've got Eileen Marske exactly."

"And you think I missed a lot of Betty?"

"I thought you made her too ugly."

"I didn't want to. I think Betty's face, though it's not beautiful, is intensely interesting, and full of charm, too, when she's talking and smiling. But she should never look severe."

"As you do so often, Olly!"

She moved away from the portrait and sat on the divan. "Brett, tell me. What's the matter?"

He didn't come to the divan, but sat near it on a chair.

"Well, what is it?"

"It's—that I find I'm not sound."

"Not sound?"

"No. At Eastbourne two or three times I felt rather queer after playing hard. Today I went to a specialist, and it seems my heart's queer. I shan't be able to play any more tennis this season. A bore, isn't it? I was entered for everything with Lady Bettine up to the Hythe meeting, which closes the season on grass."

"Brett, is it serious? I mean, is it very serious?"

"I suppose it is, rather. Anyhow, it's a nuisance; keeps me out of things."

Olivia sat looking in silence at Brett. Usually he looked gay, competent, slightly satirical and sure of himself. Tonight he looked different. There was in his eyes a demand that was not passionate but that was pathetic. He was not the conqueror now; perhaps rather the conquered. Something in her heart went out to him, something that had never gone out to him before.

"How serious is it?"

"Oh, well—those specialists always look gloomy. It's part of their métier, I suppose, to impress us. But it seems as if from now on I shall have to put my youth behind me."

"Your youth—behind?"

"Of course I'm forty-one. But I've been an active fellow all my life. And activity is youth, in my view. Now I shall have to stop—if that chap's right. It's a nuisance. I thought I should like to tell you."

"Have you told anyone else?"

"Not a soul—and don't mean to."

"But what will Betty think?"

"Oh, I'm not going to play the old crock to her. She'd laugh at me. I shall trump up something, some excuse. Say I'm called abroad, I think."

"And will you go abroad?"

"Yes, I think I shall—to make a break." He stared down at the parquet.

"Brett, I'm terribly sorry. Why did you tell me?"

"Because I felt I could."

"Play the old crock—to me!" she murmured.

"What's that?"

"Nothing. Did you think I might help you?"

"Possibly."

"How?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows? But I believe you're an understanding woman."

"And you don't mind my seeing you when you're—down?"

He looked at her sharply, with the keen light in his eyes which she knew well. "What are you after, Olly?"

"What is your feeling toward me in comparison with your feeling toward other women?"

"Other women? What women?"

"For instance—Betty."

"Lady Bettine! Oh, she's my match partner, just that—or was." Again he

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stared at the floor, and she knew he was contemplating himself, as he was now.

"Brett, I should like to help you. But have you run straight with me?"

He looked up, looked her straight in the eyes. "Of course I have."

"Are you sure?"

"What are you trying to get at?"

"There are two or three things."

"What things?" There was a wary expression in his steady eyes.

"That jade cigaret box. Wasn't it a present made to you?"

"Why should you think that?"

"Did you put your name in the lid so that I couldn't ever show it to anyone?"

"I put it in because I thought it was a pretty thing to do, and because it showed how much I trusted you. It seems my trusting nature isn't entirely echoed by yours."

"I want to know how I stand, especially now."

"Why especially now?" But she didn't give any answer to that question. "Well, what else is there?" he said at last.

"Why did you give me that cigaret box?" she asked.

"Because I had an impulse to give it to you."

"An impulse! That was it!"

"Good Lord, d'you think I'm all calculation? D'you think I'm incapable of an impulse, after all you know of me?"

"No. But did you give it to me—to make up for something?"

Brett's face slightly hardened, but he only said in a quiet tone, "I don't know at all what you're driving at, Olly."

"There's one other thing, but I don't know whether——" She paused.

"Is it something to do with Lady Bettine?" he asked.

"Yes, it is. But how should you guess that?"

"D'you object to my playing tennis with her so often? Well, that's over for good."

"I'm sorry. No. But don't you care at all for Betty?"

"As I do for you, d'you mean? Rather not. She's not my sort."

"But that's just what I think she is. And I know that I'm not your sort."

"You are."

Olivia looked at him with searching steadiness. "Am I?" she said. "If I really am—— Wait! I want to know something. What exactly did the doctor say to you?"

"Don't tell."

"Of course not."

"He said that I might live for years, or die like that any moment." He lifted a hand and dropped it sharply.

"Oh, Brett!"

"On the other hand I may live for years, live to make old bones."

"If you're careful."

"Beastly word—'careful'! Takes all the color out of life."

"Poor Brett! You are really going abroad?"

"Yes, I shall. Otherwise people will notice my keeping out of everything."

"Shall I come with you?" she asked, still looking into his eyes. "I will if you really want me; if it will be a help to you. Once I said that if you were free I didn't think I would marry you. But I'm willing to go away with you, as things are now."

"Olly, you'd be ruined—even in these days when nothing seems to matter."

"But I should be doing something worth while if you wished it."

"I wouldn't dare to wish such a thing. It would be sheer wickedness."

"Would it really be any worse than taking me—in hiding?"

"Fifty times worse."

"I don't think so."

"But it would cut out any chance you might have."

"What of? Do you mean marriage? D'you want me to marry some man now?"

"Now? No! But some day. You can't do it, Olly. I'd never let you do it. Olly, darling old girl, I couldn't be such a blackguard."

"That's it! Whenever one wants to do a sincere thing—it's blackguardism. And whenever one tricks people and degrades oneself it's doing the clever thing. I want to come out into the light and you talk about being a blackguard if you let me."

"Olly, I don't understand all this. You must see!"

"I do! I do see! That's enough! I shall always remember tonight as the night when you didn't want me to help you in your trouble."

"Olly, is it reasonable of you to be angry with me because I try to protect you from yourself?"

"I'm not reasonable. I don't want to be reasonable. I'm sick of being reasonable. I would like to be fine. So few of us are. I'd like to feel I was doing something that was truly worth while."

There was a sound of desperation in her voice, a look of desperation in her eyes.

"I had a talk with Eileen Marske here today. She told me not to wrinkle my forehead, not to allow myself to be emotional; to govern my life with an iron will, keep a cool head, concentrate on agreeable things. She said she went through life in crystal. Well, I don't want to. I'm willing to suffer, but it must be for something that's worth suffering for.

"Brett, I've been very fond of you. I've loved you. Now you're in trouble I should like to prove to you that I'm ready—ready! You know what that means, being ready. But I see you don't want a deed from me—only sympathy. I'll give you that. I'd like to give you more, much more. But—you're afraid!"

"Afraid? I'm never afraid of anything. I'm not afraid of death."

"But you're afraid of *me!* I can see it. You dread *me*—bearing gifts."

He was about to say something when there was the sound of a motor horn outside. Olivia started.

"See what that is—what he wants."

Brett hurried out of the studio. When he had gone Olivia looked again at her drawing. A beautiful doll! Unemotional! That was perhaps the better way.

"But it never will be my way," Olivia said to herself. And she had the definite feeling that even if she wished for a smooth life Fate had willed otherwise. "My road is going to be rugged!" she thought.

Brett Arden came back. "The man says he's been out for eighteen hours and he can't wait any longer."

"I'm coming."

Going back to Great Cumberland Place, they talked very little. When Olivia was going into the house Brett caught her hand and said:

"Olly, don't desert me now!"

"I'll do what I can, Brett," she said, very gently.

As she went up the uncarpeted stairs to bed she said to herself, "How strange! He wants me—and he doesn't want me!"

Lady Bettine receives another present from Brett Arden—a gift that results in tragedy for Olivia—Next Month in Robert Hichens' Novel of Mayfair